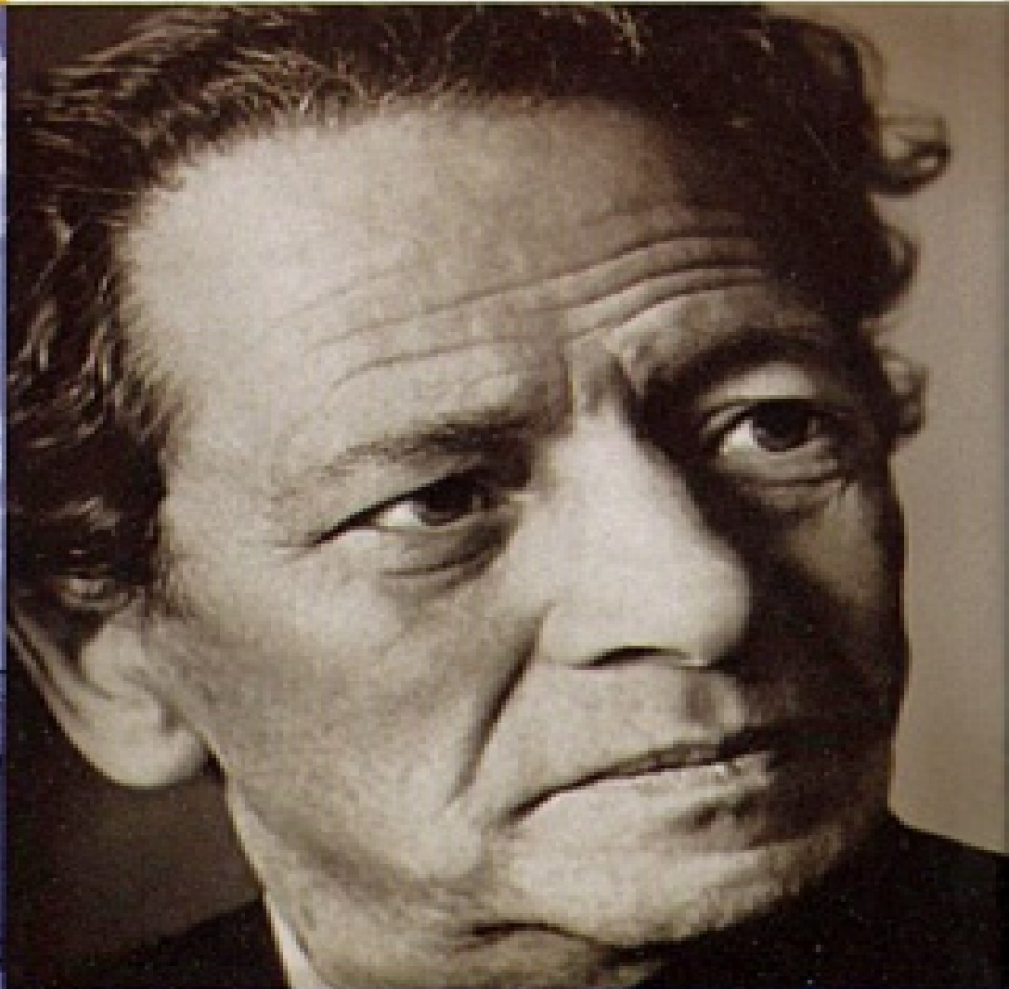


ВОЛЬФ МЕССИНГ



Борис
Соколов



ЖИЗНЬ ЗАМЕЧАТЕЛЬНЫХ ЛЮДЕЙ

Abstract

The name of Wolf Messing, both during his life and after his death, is surrounded by an aura of mystery, which neither his own memoirs nor many books and articles dedicated to him could dispel. Who was this native of Poland, who fled to the Soviet Union from the Nazis, a clairvoyant who foresaw the future, a brilliant artist or a clever charlatan? Why did he hide even from close people many details of his past or deliberately surrounded them with a secret? Was he familiar with Stalin, Einstein, Gandhi, was he in prison, did he solve crimes with the help of his unique gift? The authors of most works about Messing uncritically extol him or, on the contrary, accuse him of all sins. The first biography of the great telepath in the ZhZL series, written by historian Boris Sokolov, unbiasedly examines all known evidence about Messing, bit by bit restoring the picture of his life - not as exciting as in novels and films, but, nevertheless, very unusual.

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Boris Sokolov
Wolf Messing

Introduction

Messing Phenomenon

Relatively recently, a man lived in the Soviet Union, whose originality others did not doubt, but what exactly this originality is, no one could really formulate. After himself, he left almost no texts, with the exception of a thin book of memoirs, where the story of his amazing gift is interspersed with clearly fantastic stories. After him, many beautiful and amazing legends remained. This man's name was Wolf Messing. We will try to restore his biography, about which very little is known, and we will try to understand the essence of his unique abilities, about which, on the contrary, too much is known, but what is known does not at all clarify their nature. It is much easier to write a story or a novel about Messing than a documentary study - since there are almost no documents related to his biography. Who was Wolf Messing? Some considered him a magician, sorcerer and wizard, who received his wonderful gift either from

God or from the devil. Others saw in him a psychic, that is, a person with supernatural abilities, which, however, must have a completely materialistic explanation. However, such a rational explanation for Messing's abilities has not been found to this day. However, it must be admitted that during the life of Messing, the term "psychic" was not in use. After his death, they began to call him psychic No. 1 in the Soviet Union, although Messing himself never called himself that. Volf Grigorievich was most often called a telepath, that is, a person capable of reading the thoughts of other people that were not expressed orally or in writing. In the 60s of the XX century, the words "telepath" and "telepathy" were in vogue. Even Messing was credited with the ability of a clairvoyant, and he himself said more than once that he had to accurately predict important historical events more than once or twice. Rumors were widely circulated that he predicted with surprising accuracy both future events, including the dates of the beginning and end of the Great Patriotic War, and

the fate of different people. However, the surviving eyewitness accounts of Messing's predictions that came true, as a rule, refer to purely mundane and insignificant events.

Even Messing, according to many contemporaries, was a hypnotist, that is, he had the ability to put people into a hypnotic state, similar to sleep, and in this state to force them to perform certain actions. The fact that Messing had the ability to hypnosis seems quite probable. But, at the same time, it must be noted that there is still no reliable evidence that he really arranged hypnotic sessions. In the Soviet Union, he could not do this in any way, since such sessions were prohibited long before Volf Grigorievich moved to the USSR. Therefore, all the stories of Messing's enthusiastic fans about how he made the whole room catch non-existent frogs on the floor or do something even more extravagant, to put it mildly, are highly doubtful. It is difficult to assume that there were no sexots in the hall at the Messing sessions. They would certainly have been present there for a long service and would certainly have reported where it should be that Messing is conducting the most strictly prohibited sessions of mass hypnosis (Volf Grigoryevich, even with his insight, could not accurately calculate all the informers and inspire them that the hypnosis session is actually not was). After that, at best, Messing would have been banned for a long time from performing on the stage, and at worst, they would have been sent to places not so remote. There is also no evidence that Messing performed hypnosis sessions in his homeland in Poland. Meanwhile, from Messing's memoirs it is clear that he was keenly interested in the phenomenon of hypnosis. Could Wolf Messing be a real psychic? And who can even be called that? Extrasensory abilities, according to modern terminology, are the abilities

for supersensory perception, primarily for telepathy (reading a person's thoughts that are not voiced through the second signal system or not translated into written texts) and clairvoyance (obtaining reliable information about any event of the past or future without the participation of the senses). But such abilities have not yet been found in any person on Earth. And messing is not here

exception. As the American psychiatrist Charles Hanzel rightly noted, "although a lot of time, effort and money have been spent, no acceptable evidence of the real existence of extrasensory perception has yet been obtained." He also noted that "quite reasonable people are easily deceived when the beliefs hidden in the depths of their souls dull their ability to observe." At the same time, mind reading is not science fiction. The question

is what exactly is meant by this. If we consider as telepathy any fixation of thoughts from the outside, including with the help of technical devices, then indisputable examples of it exist. Here is one of the latest examples of this kind. As the British newspaper The Independent wrote in March 2010, a team of researchers led by Professor Eleanor Maguire of University College London has developed a method for scanning the human brain to determine what the subject is thinking. In the future, using this method, it will be possible to try to create a machine that guesses a person's thoughts based on the patterns of his brain activity. Studies by a group of British scientists led by Professor Maguire seem to prove that the so-called episodic memory in humans is permanent. This type of memory

uses the same areas of the brain each time, making it possible to identify and interpret memories. The essence of the experiment conducted by the Maguire group was as follows: ten volunteers were shown three short videos in which the actresses performed three simple actions. Participants were then asked to recall each clip, while their brains were subjected to magnetic resonance imaging to identify images that arise in memory in connection with each of the clips. The scans showed that the most vivid and distinct traces of memories are stored in the hippocampus, part of the limbic system of the brain. The hippocampus is a paired structure located in the medial temporal regions of the hemispheres and is responsible for the formation of emotions and the consolidation of memory, that is, for the transition of short-term memory to long-term memory, as well as for orientation in space and time.

Researchers from the Maguire group were able to determine which particular video the participants in the experiment were currently recalling. In the words of Eleanor Maguire herself, "We found that our episodic memories are reproduced in the hippocampus. Now that we know where memories are stored, we have the opportunity to understand how they change over time. While we can't scan people's brains to read their minds, we can use brain activity to guess what they're thinking and remembering. The better we understand how memories are stored, the better we understand how to rehabilitate people with brain injuries."

Of course, before the reading of thoughts, and even more so before their transmission, it is still very far away. However, research by the Maguire group shows that in the future, a technical tool may be found that makes it possible to "read" information about the activity of the hippocampus. Then it will be possible to talk about creating a device for decoding the simplest mental impulses. In this case, it will probably be possible to get an idea about the nature of the images that a person is currently thinking about, as well as about his supposed movements in space. True, it is highly doubtful that with the help of the future "miracle scanner" it will ever be possible to read the abstract thoughts of a person that cannot be reduced to visual images. Interestingly, the hippocampus plays a big role in finding the shortest paths between places well known to man. This circumstance suggests that it is here that mental images related to space, and possibly to time, are produced. It is very curious that a 2003 study from a London university showed that the

hippocampus of local taxi drivers is larger than that of most people, and that the most experienced taxi drivers have a larger hippocampus. During a study of the correlation between gray matter size and time as a taxi driver, it was found that the more a person works as a taxi driver, the larger the volume of the right side of the hippocampus becomes, but the total volume of the hippocampus did not increase. Indeed, taxi drivers need to know more places and the shortest routes between them than the average person. Not

it is possible that Messing's unique abilities were limited to the ability to somehow "read" information from the hippocampus. In this way, he could determine the direction in which a person is going to move, as well as the nature of the image that he is currently thinking about, but only at the level of distinguishing between the simplest geometric shapes. However, if Messing had these abilities in reality, then they did not manifest themselves on a daily basis, but required special physical and, most importantly, mental efforts for their activation, manifesting themselves only at the peak of nervous tension. However, this kind of hypothesis will forever remain a hypothesis. It can neither be proven nor disproved. Messing has always been categorically against any

scientific experiments with his participation, including against taking any readings of his brain with the help of instruments. If such readings were ever taken, then no records of experiments of this kind have come down to us. True, Messing bequeathed his brain for posthumous research. However, in order to try to fix his unique abilities, studies of a living, not a dead, brain were undoubtedly required. Perhaps Messing was just afraid that studies of the activity of his brain would not reveal any unusual indicators or phenomena, which means that the results of the experiment would cast doubt on his gift, in the presence of which he certainly believed and which became for him

the meaning of life.

As for clairvoyant abilities, it must be said quite definitely - Messing did not have such abilities and could not have. The ability to accurately, with absolute certainty predict future events is not given to a person, because if he is sure of the predicted event, then he can take those actions in the present that will make the predicted event impossible. Thus, we find ourselves in a logical impasse that contradicts all the laws of nature. Once the predicted event did not happen, even if as a result of our actions arising from the prediction already made, then this prediction, by definition, becomes incorrect, since the event predicted by it, in principle, cannot occur. For example, in one of the many mockumentary films about Messing that appeared in

recent years, he predicts that on the same day, before seven o'clock in the evening, the portrait of Lenin hanging in the office will fall. But to make this prediction erroneous, it is enough to immediately remove the portrait from the wall. In the same way, you can predict, for example, that the china cup you are holding will break on a certain day next year. In order to refute this prediction, it is enough to immediately break the cup. Of course, not everyone wants to sacrifice a china cup to refute a clairvoyant. Although, if we are talking about celebrities of the level of Hanussen or Messing, the refutation was certainly worth some cup there. If it was about predictions concerning things much more serious than a portrait or a cup, then here the people whom these predictions directly affect will do everything so that these predictions do not come true, and at least in some cases will succeed in this. How to be then? Will they not look at the prediction as a clever provocation, designed to induce them to take certain actions, and the clairvoyant as a provocateur, with all the ensuing consequences? The sad fate of Eric Hanussen once again confirms this.

The predetermination of fate is illustrated by the ancient Icelandic legend about the Viking Odd Arrow, who was predicted to die from his horse. The sorceress predicts Odd: "I can tell you, Odd, that you would like to know that you are destined to live longer than other people ... But no matter how far you are, you will die here in Berurjörði. Here in the stable stands a gray horse with a mane of a different color: his skull will be your death. Odd kills the horse and raises a mound over the grave. At the end of his long life, having made many campaigns throughout Europe, Odd returns to his homeland, comes to the mound where his beloved horse is buried, stumbles upon the horse's skull there, and the snake nesting in the skull mortally stings him. In the Russian chronicle, this legend was transformed into the legend of Prince Oleg, well known thanks to Pushkin's "Song of the Prophetic Oleg". But such coincidences, justifying predictions, occur only in legends.

In reality, all Messing's global predictions regarding the timing of the start and end of the Great Patriotic War, the sad fate of Hitler, if he goes to war against the USSR,

or the death of an aircraft with an Air Force hockey team on board, are known to us only from the words of Messing himself, reflected in his memoirs or transmitted in the memoirs of friends and acquaintances. Meanwhile, thousands of people attended the sessions where predictions about World War II were made. Didn't any of them marvel at the amazing coincidence of the prediction and subsequent events, and didn't capture it in their memoirs? In practice, the surviving testimonies of witnesses about Messing's predictions that came true relate only to small everyday things, such as a person will enter, a car will drive up. Here, the ability of human memory to remember only fulfilled predictions may well play a role.

If Messing really had unique abilities, then he could capture only the most general information related to the direction of movement or the most general visual images. He could not recognize any information in the form of a text and invariably made mistakes if he had to guess textual information, even the simplest one (for example, a four- or five-digit library card number). Therefore, Messing could not be of any interest either to the intelligence services or to politicians in terms of reading the thoughts of potential carriers of important information, and even more so in terms of clairvoyant predictions. 36 years have passed since the death of Messing, but today we know only a little more about his biography than

what we knew during his lifetime. What is most offensive, there are practically no (or remain inaccessible) documents relating to his origin, family, and activities. In fact, we know about Messing's life mainly from his memoirs, and memoirs, as you know, are an unreliable source, especially when it comes to events related to the author himself. Of those who could have known Messing while living in Poland, no one left memoirs mentioning his name. Later in the USSR, Wolf Grigorievich knew many famous artists and scientists, however, with rare exceptions, they did not leave memories of him. Those who nevertheless wrote about Messing spoke mainly about his unique telepathic and clairvoyant abilities, as they thought, but almost did not write about him as a person. Why? We will talk about this in the book.

Unlike many other telepaths, magicians, clairvoyants and psychics who traveled a lot around the world, Messing most likely invented all his travels, which he talks about in his memoirs. In fact, Wolf Grigorievich, in all likelihood, lived without a break in only two countries: until the autumn of 1939 - in Poland, and after - in the Soviet Union. We can say that he led a rather closed way of life, not only in the psychological, but also in the geographical sense of the word. At the same time, both in Poland and in the USSR, Messing did not sit still. He traveled a lot with tours, visited various cities and towns, sometimes did not hesitate to perform in rural clubs. However, the change of landscapes did not matter much to him. In Messing's memoirs, we will not find descriptions of the beauties of nature or urban landscapes, although for more than 30 years he has traveled with concerts almost the entire Soviet Union. For Wolf Grigorievich, both the landscapes and the buildings where he performed were only an external entourage - the main thing for him was contacts with people, the work of human thought. Sometimes Messing is called a great magician or illusionist, but this is not true.

Messing never did any tricks traditional for illusionists, like sawing an assistant or the appearance and disappearance of a scarf (kitten, sword, etc.) in the Soviet Union - although he admitted in his memoirs that in Poland at the dawn of his career he learned the basics of the craft of an illusionist. It is clear that in the USSR it was completely undignified for Wolf to stoop to the role of a simple magician, especially since the Soviet Union had enough of its own illusionists. As in Poland, he positioned himself as a psychologist and telepath, comprehending people's thoughts using strictly scientific methods. The role of an illusionist could only harm him, causing him to doubt his telepathic abilities and predictions of the future.

In this regard, Messing wrote in his memoirs: "Here comes a young man with a somewhat cold, as it seems to me, face. He leads a beautiful girl by the arm.

"Very subtle quackery... Do you remember Kyo? After all, we couldn't figure out his tricks either ... And he didn't hide the fact that he was a magician, an illusionist. The same type and Messing ... Only it's not so easy to expose him here on stage.

I won't lie - it's a shame! Never in my life have I told a lie."

Messing is still an unknown, mysterious figure. And the point is not so much in his unique abilities to read people's thoughts, but in his human properties. What kind of person Messing was, they did not understand, as it seems, even his selfless admirers and admirers. Even today he remains a man of mystery - many publications about him are still titled that way. Wolf Grigoryevich was a truly great artist who played both on and off stage as a brilliant seer who reads the most intimate in human thoughts, but how exactly he does this should forever remain a mystery, despite his willingness to reveal all the secrets of his skill. And his life remained in the dark, as the magician himself wanted it. We were supposed to know only about his meetings with great people, mostly fictitious. His daily life, what is called everyday life, has always remained behind the scenes. One has to judge her mainly from the recollections of admirers, for whom he was almost a living god and from whom it is difficult to expect objectivity.

Messing's popularity was also helped by the fact that, despite many performances in different parts of the country, he remained a semi-forbidden figure - the press was instructed to write less about him and in no case discuss the nature of his incredible gift. Such secrecy, as often happened in the USSR, gave Messing's personality an incredible appeal, exacerbated by his foreign origin - a real "magician consultant" from Bulgakov's novel! The "information blockade" around Messing was dispelled only once during his lifetime - when his memoirs entitled "About Myself" appeared in No. 7-11 of the popular journal "Science and Religion" for 1965. A more complete version of them was published many years after the death of the author, in 1990, under the title "I am a telepath". Messing's memoirs were written by order of the Central Committee of the CPSU for the Sovetskaya Rossiya publishing house, but they never came out as a separate book. Probably, the change of political leadership in the USSR played a role here. After all, memoirs were ordered in 1963, when Khrushchev was still in power, and their journal publication was completed when Brezhnev was in power. It cannot be ruled out that Messing was patronized by Khrushchev's son-in-law Alexei Ivanovich

Adzhubey. According to some evidence, in 1959 Messing predicted Adzhubey, who at that moment was the editor-in-chief of Komsomolskaya Pravda, to move to a more significant newspaper. Two months later, he became the editor-in-chief of Izvestia, which elevated his career to unprecedented heights.

However, it should be assumed that the non-publication of Messing's book was associated with more global reasons than the resignation of Adzhubey that followed Khrushchev's resignation. After 1965, the publication of not only Messing's memoirs, but also several other books on telepathy did not take place. At the same time, telepathy was not declared a pseudoscience, as happened earlier with genetics and cybernetics. Wolf Grigoryevich successfully performed his psychological experiments for another decade, without encountering any obstacles. It must be borne in mind that Messing's memoirs, as well as other books on telepathy, were prepared as part of Khrushchev's broad anti-religious campaign in the first half of the 1960s. This kind of literature was supposed, on the one hand, to distract the people from religion, demonstrating to them new miracles that were by no means of a religious nature. On the other hand, Messing's memoirs and popular science books about telepathy were supposed to prove to the public that all miracles, including hypnosis and mind reading, have a completely scientific, materialistic explanation. Therefore, religious miracles can be just as successfully explained from a scientific point of view. But Brezhnev quietly curtailed the campaign against religion, and the urgent need for books on telepathy disappeared. In addition, some of the zealots of ideological purity might get the impression that the supernatural abilities discussed in books about telepathy can, on the contrary, convince readers of the existence of God or the devil.

Messing wrote his memoirs with the help of the once famous journalist Mikhail Vasilievich Khvastunov, a popularizer of science, head of the science department of the Komsomolskaya Pravda newspaper, published under the pseudonym Mikhail Vasilyev (friends called him Mihvas). Until the end of his life, Volf Grigorievich himself wrote poorly in Russian, and even spoke with a slight accent. According to the Polish-Jewish translator and poet Ignatius (Igor) Shenfeld, who met with

Messing in Tashkent in 1942 and who wrote a documentary story about Messing "Rabbi from Mount Kalvariya", Khvastunov took 80 percent of the fee for the literary recording of the material. It is difficult to say where Schoenfeld borrowed this data from - it is possible that one of his Moscow friends brought the rumors circulating around Moscow to him. It can also be assumed that Schoenfeld simply invented this figure. True, it runs counter to the general line of his "documentary story", in which, in fact, there is nothing documentary. Contrary to what Messing reports about himself in his memoirs, as well as what enthusiastic fans and admirers wrote about him, Schoenfeld draws him as a clever deceiver, inspiredly fooling ingenuous spectators. Messing also appears in the story as a stingy man who loves money and is forced to part with his considerable savings only under pressure from the NKVD. And then suddenly, with extraordinary ease, he gives way to the co-author of 80 percent of the fee! It's kind of illogical. True, in comparison with the payment for performances, the fees for the publication of memoirs were mere pennies for Messing, but these memoirs were supposed to give additional advertising to the great telepath and attract new viewers to his performances. This, in turn, was supposed to increase his income - although Messing, according to people who knew him, was quite indifferent to money. It is unlikely that we will ever find out in what proportion the fees of Khvastunov and Messing

were divided - especially since the book was never published. However, the writer never received more than half of the royalties, and usually his share was much less. There is also no doubt that all the obvious fables contained in Messing's memoirs were invented by Wolf Grigorievich himself. Firstly, these stories with different variations, but with constant references to Messing, are present in the memories of people who knew him closely. It is hard to imagine that Messing conscientiously memorized other people's inventions. Secondly, Khvastunov's descendants claim, referring to his father's stories, that in Messing's memoirs he himself wrote only excursions into the history of hypnosis and telepathy, and all the stories about Messing's meetings with various great people, as well as other details of his biography, belong to the telepath himself. Khvastunov's accusations coming from Shenfeld that he is in many ways

invented a biography of Messing, are unfair and generated by the revealing pathos of his story, as well as envy of Messing's fame. The story of

my acquaintance with one of the descendants of Mikhail Khvastunov is amazing in itself. I have an old friend - Mikhail Mikhailovich Golubkov, a well-known literary critic, doctor of philological sciences, professor at Moscow State University. He is also a talented writer, the author of the triptych novel Miuskaya Square, where Wolf Messing acts as one of the characters. In 2007, in a review of this novel in the Kultura newspaper, I wrote: "Miuskaya Square is the first book by Mikhail Golubkov, a philologist by profession. The triptych novel, which consists of three stories, takes place from 1933 to 1952, almost entirely covering the Stalin era. This is well-written mature prose, where there are no superfluous words. Some plot moves make you remember Mikhail Bulgakov and other writers of that time, but in general the action-packed plot is quite original. Golubkov manages to combine the authenticity and conventionality of what is happening ... The writer deliberately does not reconstruct the small details of life and thought, relying more on intuition and the eternity of the problems that concern people in our country. The idea of "Miuskaya Square" is that invisible threads connect the fates of people through generations, and cruel regimes that rule over the masses are a kind of fate. Not without reason, among the historical figures acting in the novel is the famous hypnotist Wolf Messing, whom contemporaries and descendants considered clairvoyant. Perhaps such people can really look into the future?

Reading the novel, I did not yet know that the story of the famous telepath is, in a sense, also the family story of Mikhail Mikhailovich. We met Mikhail Golubkov back in 1990, when we worked together at IMLI, and then we became friends. We met more or less regularly, but once there was a break for nine months for objective reasons: either he went abroad, then I, and then there were some other things, and we postponed the meeting over and over again. We only met in February 2010. We sat, talked, and when we left the cafe, I mentioned that I was writing a biography of Wolf Messing for the ZhZL series. And reminded

that he seems to have messing in the novel. Mikhail perked up: "Then you certainly can not do without the work of journalist Mikhail Vasilyev." - "Why Vasilyeva? I was surprised. "His name was Mikhail Khvastunov." "Of course, Khvastunov," agreed Golubkov. - Its my father". A few days later we met again, and Mikhail told me about his father and his friendship with Messing.

Unfortunately, Khvastunov did not long survive Messing, who was 21 years older than him - he died in 1978 at the age of 58. Here is what Mikhail Golubkov told me about the history of the creation of Messing's memoirs: "Mikhail Khvastunov was

drafted into the army in 1940. On June 22, 1941, he met the war as an infantry sergeant. He fought near Murmansk, where the fighting ended in the autumn of 1944 in Norway. Then he was transferred to Germany. He had no serious wounds during the war, only scratches. Only once, during the retreat, he was forced to sit for almost a day in a swamp, he caught a cold in his kidneys, which after the war led to hypertension, which, in turn, caused the early death of Mikhail Vasilyevich. The father told a characteristic episode. They crossed the river on rafts. The Germans opened heavy fire. Suddenly, the father felt that the tunic did not fit snugly to the body, and the trousers were falling off. It turned out that a shell fragment cut through the waist belt, but did not even tear the tunic. Of the languages, Mikhail Khvastunov knew only German, which he learned when he served in Germany. I know about Messing mainly from my mother, Valentina Alekseevna Golubkova, the wife of Mikhail Khvastunov. She had her own

considerable experience of communicating with Messing when she was in charge of the editorial office of popular science literature at the Soviet Russia publishing house. One day a call came from the Central Committee. They said that a book was needed that would explain the phenomenon of the amazing artist Wolf Messing from a materialistic point of view. It was necessary to contact him and find out in what form he prefers to see a book about himself - either in the form of memoirs, or whether a journalist should write a book about Messing. It quickly became clear that Messing wanted to be an author, but he could not write anything himself. He does not speak the literary language, he is not able to separate the secondary from the main, to build a plot. But messing

I didn't realize all this...

When my mother realized that he would not be able to write a book, she said: "Wolf Grigorievich, you need an assistant." And he agreed. However, Messing rejected several proposed lithoprocessors after meetings with them, without explaining the reasons. Then she offered her husband, journalist Mikhail Khvastunov, as a lithoprocessor. They met, and Messing immediately agreed. My father said that he did not know why Messing chose him, but I think he felt: his father is disinterested, he is driven by a purely human interest in his extraordinary abilities. And he immediately read selfish motives in the minds of other potential writers and therefore rejected them. He and his father became friends, he began to visit Khvastunov's apartment on Begovaya Street - in this house there is now a Chip and Dale computer store.

And here is how this episode is reflected in Mikhail Golubkov's novel Miuskaya Square. The prototype of the editor of the Kulpolitprosvet publishing house mentioned here is the director of Soviet Russia, Boris Gavrilov. "It's understandable why they were alarmed," Bob thought cheerfully, recalling this morning's visit to the Old Square. Of course, the whole city is plastered with posters. "Psychological experiments of Wolf Messing"! Variety theater! Hermitage Garden! GBL Assembly Hall! Is it possible, dear Boris Alexandrovich, to publish, and preferably as soon as possible, such a small popular science book? From which our Soviet reader could learn that there is nothing supernatural or, God forbid, mystical and inexplicable in the psychological experiments of Wolf Messing, that their nature is completely material and the basis of these experiments is an accurate knowledge of psychology ... what else is there? biology? medicine? In general, decide for yourself what, but that there was a book! And without the heave! So, Bob, don't let me down! Not that friendship is friendship, especially front-line friendship, but I can't help you out! From the very seven skins will be lowered! We are, you know, fighters of the ideological front. And what kind of book, who will write - think for

yourself, you and the cards in your hands! I also met Khvastunov's eldest daughter Natalia Mikhailovna. She was directly present at the writing of Messing's memoirs and told me how it happened: "In the summer of 1963, my father got a call from the Soviet Russia publishing house. Dad said: we will write a book about such an outstanding personality as

messing. I was then 13 years old. They wrote this book like this: Messing and I settled at our dacha in Barybino for two or three weeks, and my father came to us and worked with Messing. At that time it was deserted, almost no one lived in the village. I was afraid that Volf Grigorievich was reading my thoughts, and I thought about all sorts of nonsense. Messing understood this and only smiled. I remember such a case. We were going to go fishing with him in the morning. I was afraid that I would oversleep - I had to get up at six in the morning. Wolf Grigorievich reassured me that he would wake me up. And I woke up exactly at six in the morning, fresh, rested, and got up easily. He was already coughing outside the door,

and I'm sure he woke me telepathically. Messing lived at our dacha for two or three weeks. Shortly before that, in May 1963, my mother died. Father several times, not every day, came and stayed overnight. He told me that Volf Grigoryevich would come by taxi. I was surprised: why not by train? To come in those years from Moscow to our dacha by taxi was something. There were few cars then, a trip out of town was expensive. Dad replied that Messing was brought up in such a way that he would not be able to sit on the train when a woman was standing, he would give way, and he would have to stand on his feet all the way. He was very polite. There was a pre-revolutionary upbringing that we no longer had. No one locked him in our dacha, as this man (Shenfeld. - B. S.) claimed, he himself expressed a desire to relax outside the city. And my father did not demand any money for himself. He was a selfless person. I was present at their conversations during the writing of memoirs. It was very difficult for both my father and me to understand where Messing got such abilities. Dad then told me about time as a way of existence of matter (according to Lenin) and that scientists know very little about time. A

pencil portrait of Messing, made then by Natalya Mikhailovna, has been preserved. On its back, Mikhail Vasilievich wrote: "V. G. Messing on January 16, 64 while reading the first chapters of his manuscript. This is one of the few documentary evidence that accurately dates the time of Messing's work on his memoirs. By the way, according to Natalya Mikhailovna, Messing was unpretentious in everyday life, he ate everything - fish, meat, vegetables, and fruits. It refutes

claims by some people who allegedly knew Messing that he was a vegetarian and never ate meat. It is

interesting that the conversation about time mentioned by Khvastunov's daughter is almost verbatim reproduced in the first part of Mikhail Golubkov's novel Miuskaya Square. There, Soviet diplomat Konstantin Grachev and German engineer Walter von Stein, who went to a housewarming party with Konstantin's employee, student Anna, talk about the time in the 1930s. Walter took with him a bottle of wine, which he presented to Anna, although he seemed not to know in advance about his meeting with Grachev, as well as that he would invite him to visit Anna with him:

"This is impossible even theoretically. We met a few hours ago. You did not have the slightest possibility of knowing about my chance meeting with Anna and about her invitation ... even if you take into account your strange confession. The decision to come to Anna, and even together with you, arose spontaneously when we were going down the stairs of the people's commissariat. How can you know something that simply does not exist yet.

"I can't tell you for sure, but I have some ideas...if they don't sound crazy to you. You see, we live in a world of illusions, and perhaps the biggest illusion is time. Perhaps there is no time. That is, there is no past that seems to be behind us, there is no future that seems to be ahead. That is, they exist, but, how to put it, at the same time. What was, has not gone anywhere, but exists next to us, and the future is also there, and also nearby. Time, so to speak, turns into space, if you take this point of view, and you and I, as it were, walk along this space in a strictly defined direction - from the past to the future. But some people sometimes manage, well, not just to walk around this space, choosing routes themselves, although this is possible, but to look a little ahead, to see something like a path along which you are heading. Here's what happens to me sometimes. How do you like this hypothesis?

A strange feeling took possession of Konstantin Alekseevich: it was the feeling of a fisherman, in the very heart of which the jerk of a rod with a large fish resounds, and at the same time it was something similar to what a carp or catfish most likely feels when swallowing the bait and

feeling in the mouth or in the throat the point of a hook, which, as it seems, can still be spit out. He felt like both a hunter and a victim at the same time and could not understand whether he was lucky to meet a person who could possibly understand the riddles of Hanusen, or whether he would help someone understand something in a game hidden from him.

"Yes, all this is very interesting: the physics of time, Einstein, the theory of relativity," Konstantin Alekseevich said somewhat carelessly, but the carelessness turned out to be feigned. What a pity that I do not understand the language of formulas! "Ah,

Konstantin Alekseevich, Konstantin Alekseevich! Let today be the day when I am frank with you, but I have no chance of mutual frankness. I'll wait - after all, it will be tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. And, looking ahead, what if I can do it even now, see what is there, on the path of the future, where we are heading? - I will say: I am patient, and my patience will be rewarded ... No, just think what wonderful prospects are opening up for all of us: after all, if we see the future, we can change it, correct it at our discretion. Well, let's say, two serious people, a Russian and a German, young and strong, pragmatically minded, patriotic, having some opportunities in their departments, will be able to look ahead and correct something, just a little bit. Otherwise, things can go in the wrong direction at all, huh, Konstantin Alekseevich? Oh, you blond bastard! And then you don't know that all this is already there! That your colleagues have long attached this unfortunate Hanusen

to your Hitler, and that they inspire strength through him, whatever they want!

Indeed, attempts to explain the phenomenon of clairvoyance, accurate prediction of future events and determination of the actual course of events of the past, about which the clairvoyant seems to know nothing, are usually based on the concept of time as a special dimension that only those with extremely rare specific abilities can look into. (speaking the language of mysticism - initiates). Here comes to mind British writer Edward Bulwer-Lytton's *The Coming Race*. This science fiction work describes the underground civilization of Vril-Ya, the creators of which mastered the mysterious energy "vril" (Vril). The protagonist of the book

speleologist, that is, a cave explorer. During one of his travels, he falls into a crack and finds himself in the underworld, inhabited by a powerful tribe of superhumans Vrilya, who have access to this magical energy, with which you can cure any disease, read minds, and, if necessary, destroy all of humanity. Many readers have taken this fantasy seriously, and legends of the all-powerful secret society Vrilya persist to this day. Further, Bulwer-Lytton's ideas were developed in the writings of those who believed that the energy of

electromagnetic waves could transmit human thoughts, which could thus be captured either with the help of specially designed instruments, or using the unique abilities of individuals. These ideas also inspired the Soviet science fiction writer Alexander Belyaev to create the novel *The Lord of the World*, which we will discuss later in this book. In the meantime, let's return to the novel *Miuskaya Square*. The purpose of the upcoming business trip of Konstantin Grachev to Germany is precisely to collect information about the clairvoyant

Ganusena and make contact with him.

The dialogue between Konstantin and Walter about time continues on the train on the way

to Berlin: "However, Konstantin Alekseevich, you broke your rule - do not smoke before

meals. - The road sets up and brings a different rhythm, time on the road flowing to

another ... - That's it, time, you very accurately noticed it, - he perked up Walter. However, how can something flow that

does not exist? - What is

missing? No time? - Certainly! Can you feel it, touch it? Finally, what is it? Maybe it's pure speculation? Why do we imagine the future somewhere ahead of us, while the Japanese think that it is behind us? And which of us is right - us or them? However, God bless him, over time - let's at least drink a good cigarette! - Kostya involuntarily glanced at Walter's jacket, thinking to see a bottle of wine under the hollow. "Well, no, this time we will do without tricks for the ladies. Nothing fancy this time.

will happen, I knew perfectly well that there was a train ahead, and on the train I prefer to go with a bottle of good cognac.

Walter took out a yellow leather bag from under the sofa, and in it a bottle of cognac appeared in his hands.

- "Ani", six years old. It seems to me that one of the best Soviet cognacs. Armenian! Let's drink to our unexpected meeting, which, I hope, will result in a strong friendship, and to the fact that our goals are common. This makes them easier to reach.

Only now Kostya missed the bag that Boris handed him. She must have stayed at the station. Well, yes: they took out tickets in the waiting room, put the bag on a marble bench, and the suitcase next to it, on the floor. Wow, what a pity! Both mother and sister tried, they collected for him ... Clutzy! Okay, no snacks.

So what about time? asked Konstantin Alekseevich, warming a glass of thin glass in his fingers and inhaling the tart cognac aroma. - Even if we imagine it, as you suggested it with Anya, in the form of a certain space, then what does this give us? And if two really patriotic people, as you defined us just now, try to walk around this space, will they be able to change something? After all, if your hypothesis is accepted, then it turns out that everything already exists, exists, is predetermined, then? - Judge for yourself. We calmly move around our earthly space, say, around a summer cottage, if we have one, of course, and at the same time we can easily change it: we can dig up a garden bed, we can not dig it

up, we can plant roses and take care of them, or we can not plant and throw in the ground: then thistles will grow.

"I would then propose a toast to the cultivation of roses and to the fight against thistles!" Konstantin said, holding the glass at eye level and admiring the color of the cognac. Anxiety receded - was the cognac the cause of it, or was the vague cause of the anxiety itself somewhere

departed.

- That's it! But I'm afraid that some of us and you are already cultivating some beds, cultivating thistles, no matter how sad it may be. Therefore, I am very glad that it is you who will try to somehow find this strange hoaxer, Ganusen, that your colleagues want to influence him, although I know that this is not easy, but

maybe impossible. Let's drink for frankness - how do you like such a toast?

Here, in an allegorical form, it is made clear that clairvoyants, by their actions, can make changes in the future course of events. As already mentioned, this is contrary to the laws of logic, for if the future is changed, then the prediction or foresight on the basis of which this change is made automatically turns out to be wrong. But let's get back to Messing's memoirs, which, as the reader will see, contain a

lot of unreliable information about the author's biography. Obviously, Wolf Grigorievich deliberately mystified readers in a number of cases. However, a number of the allegations contained in the memoirs have to be taken on faith, since it is currently not possible to verify or refute them.

possible.

The second most important source of information about Messing is traditionally considered memoirs, more precisely, the already mentioned "documentary story" by Ignatius Schoenfeld, which was first published in 1989 in the Russian-language magazine "Frontiers" in Germany. Many researchers tend to consider them a reliable source for the true biography of Messing. Especially convinced of this are those who are critical of the telepath and are trying to refute the allegations not only about his supernatural abilities, but primarily about his high moral qualities. As will be shown below, in fact, Schoenfeld's memoirs about his meetings with Messing contain very few real facts. Another important memoir source of information about Messing's life is the book by his ardent admirer Tatyana Lungina "Wolf Messing - a man of mystery", published in the USA in 1989. Lungina largely

retells Messing's memoirs or reproduces his oral stories on the same topics, interspersing their own impressions of communicating with the great telepath and clairvoyant. Some of her testimonies about meetings with Messing, as well as about the life of Wolf Grigorievich in the USSR, which remained outside his own memoirs, are of significant interest.

The only biography of Messing, where the author is seriously trying to comprehend the personality and deeds of Messing from the standpoint of scientific criticism, is written by the former Irkutsk investigator Nikolai Kitaev and is called "Forensic Psychic" Wolf Messing: Truth and Fiction. She came out in Irkutsk in 2006. Kitaev, from a professional standpoint, exposes many myths created by Messing himself, primarily about his meetings with the great people of the 20th century, from Sholom Aleichem to Stalin, as well as about his investigation of a number of high-profile crimes both in pre-war Poland and in the USSR. He also shows, based on the publications of a number of scientists made during Messing's lifetime, that in his "psychological experiments" we are not dealing with telepathy, but only with the ability to read ideomotor acts. However, Kitaev, destroying some myths, simultaneously creates others, in particular, relying too much on the "documentary story" of Ignatius Shenfeld. In the critical heat, the author denies Messing any paranormal abilities, and at the same time positive human qualities, creating the image of a deceiver, a money-grubber and almost a traitor to the Motherland - it was not in vain that he tried to escape from the USSR to Iran during the war years, although this we know only from the dubious data of the same Schoenfeld. As a result, Kitaev's "denigrating" book creates the same distorted portrait of Messing as his memoirs. All other books and articles about Messing,

including those written by people who personally knew him or attended his sessions, as a rule, are limited to a retelling with some fantastic additions of the episodes reflected in Messing's memoirs. One of the few exceptions are the articles of the illusionist Yuri Gorny and a number of other skeptical scientists, who testified that with the appropriate preparation of the inductor and his focus on not giving the medium ideomotor clues, Messing's experiments ended in failure.

Summing up the introductory part of our book, it should be said that Messing has always sought to appear before the public as a mysterious person. To many, he seemed to be a magician and wizard, almost communicating with otherworldly forces, although the artist himself, being in a country of state atheism, of course, categorically rejected such assumptions. Messing managed to keep the mystery

not only on stage, but also in life. There are negligible documents about his life, and the vast majority of them are of no interest to historians. His epistolary heritage is limited to short notes. It can be assumed that Messing did not create any large texts at all - after all, as is clear from the above evidence, Wolf Grigorievich was completely devoid of literary abilities. Of course, Russian was not his native language, but there is no evidence that he wrote anything in languages that he knew much better - in Yiddish, Polish or German. There is also not a single more or less detailed recording, audio or television recording of Messing's sessions. There are no documents about the time and place of his birth, so we can build all judgments on this subject only from his words.

We know about Messing's life in Poland only from his memoirs, as well as from the only article quoted there from an unnamed Polish provincial newspaper. Messing's biography during the Great Patriotic War has very scarce documentary sources. This is an undated telegram from Stalin to Messing with gratitude for the contribution to the construction of a combat fighter and an article by Hero of the Soviet Union Konstantin Kovalev, who fought on an airplane built at Messing's expense, about his meeting with Wolf Grigoryevich; it was published in the newspaper "Pilot of the Baltic" dated May 22, 1944. The post-war years of Messing's life and work are also not rich in sources. These are several accounting documents related to his concert performances, memories of the audience who attended his sessions. Messing's archive has not been preserved; moreover, according to the testimony of people familiar with this archive, it contained mainly letters to him, containing gratitude for the sessions of psychological experiments, admiration for Messing's talent and requests for help in the treatment of certain diseases. Speculation that after the death of Messing, his archive was confiscated by the KGB and has been stored there since then has no evidence. In addition to memoirs and not too reliable oral stories, Wolf Messing did not leave us information about his life and his unique gift. After his death, there were no relatives or people close to him left. But there are numerous legends that are passed from mouth to mouth, from generation to generation of his

numerous

fans

And

few

ill-wishers. In this

book, I do not set myself the task of reconstructing the true biography of Messing. At the moment, this problem cannot be solved, and it is difficult to say whether it will be possible sometime in the future. Probably, Messing will forever remain a mysterious and many-sided figure, in which everyone reflects their own ideas about the supernatural and the unknown. We will only try to understand what kind of person Messing was, what he thought, what he experienced, how he treated his gift, and finally, how honest he was with the audience and with himself. And also let's try to guess what is the essence of those phenomena that in the minds of the public were inextricably linked with the figure of Wolf Messing. These are hypnosis, telepathy and clairvoyance. I would like to express my heartfelt

gratitude to the people who helped me with their stories in writing this book. Ego - Mikhail Mikhailovich Golubkov, Natalya Mikhailovna Khvastunova and Marina Andreevna Martynova.

Chapter One The Magician's Childhood

Wolf (Velvel) Messing, as he himself writes in his memoirs, was born on September 10, 1899 in the town of Gura Kalwaria near Warsaw. It is worth saying that at that time the Jews in Poland usually, along with the first, proper Jewish name, also had German names taken from Yiddish. Velvel in Hebrew means "howl, moan", and Wolf in Yiddish, like in German, means "wolf". His father's name was Hirsh or Gersh. According to Ignatius Shenfeld, Messing's father's name was Chaim, but this is hardly true. It is doubtful that during a short acquaintance Messing would tell Shenfeld the name of his father, and it is equally unlikely that Ignatius knew Messing's father before. Since Messing's patronymic was written as Gershikovich in the Soviet passport, it can be assumed that his father's name was Gershka (a diminutive of Hirsh).

Here it is necessary to make a reservation that the date and place of birth of Messing is known only from his words. During World War II, almost the entire population of Gura-Kalvaria, as well as the vast majority of Jewish towns in Poland, was destroyed by the Nazis, and metrical documents perished in the fire of hostilities. However, Messing, at the time of his transition from Poland to the Soviet Union in the fall of 1939, probably had a Polish passport with him, on the basis of which he was issued a Soviet one. And in the Soviet passport of Messing was exactly this date - September 10, 1899. Therefore, it can be assumed that the date of birth indicated by Messing in the passport and all questionnaires is true. Let's make a small

digression about Messing's "small homeland". The town of Gura Kalvaria has been known in chronicles since 1252, and in 1670 it received the status of a city. In 1815, Gura-Kalvaria was incorporated into the Russian Empire and later became part of the Gruecki district of the Warsaw province. Back in 1808, only 60 Jews lived here, making up only 11.2 percent of the population, but already in 1827 their number reached 500, and the share was 40.7 percent. In 1897, according to the first All-Russian census

population, there were 2019 Jews in Góra-Kalvaria, and in 1921 their number increased to 2961 people, which accounted for 53.9 percent of the total population. On the eve of World War II, the number of Jews in Góra-Kalvaria, according to some estimates, reached 3.5 thousand people. People who left a noticeable mark in Jewish

history happened to live in the city. As early as 1859, Yitzchok-Meir Alter, the founder of the Gur Hasidic dynasty, settled in Gur-Kalvaria. The Hasidim called Gur-Kalvaria "Polish Jerusalem". On the holiday of Rosh Hashanah (translated from Hebrew - "head of the year", an analogue of the New Year's holiday, on this day the fate of a person is determined for the whole next year) and Yom Kippur (translated from Hebrew "Day of Atonement", the most important Jewish holiday, the day of fasting, repentance and absolution) up to 15 thousand Hasidim flocked to Gur-Kalvaria. In 1909 a large synagogue for three

thousands of places.

What is Hasidism, one of the centers of which was Gura Kalvariya? This is a trend in Judaism that arose at the beginning of the 18th century. Its name comes from the Hebrew word "hasidut", which means "teaching of piety". Half a century before the emergence of Hasidism, the Jewish communities in Ukraine and Belarus experienced the first genocide at the hands of the Ukrainian Cossacks, Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky, who raised an uprising against Poland. These sad events were called "Khmelnytsky", and in Hebrew "Gzerot Takh" ("God's punishment"); in the course of them, up to 50 thousand Jews, or a quarter of the Jewish population of the Commonwealth, perished. The Ukrainian historian of the 19th century Nikolai Kostomarov described what happened then, based on the testimony of his contemporaries: "The people showed the most terrible frenzy towards the Jews: they were condemned to final extermination, and any pity for them was considered treason. The Scrolls of the Law were retrieved from

synagogues: the Cossacks danced on them and drank vodka, then they put the Jews on them and slaughtered them without mercy; thousands of Jewish babies were thrown into wells and covered with earth ... In one place, the Cossacks slaughtered Jewish babies and examined the entrails of the slaughtered before the eyes of their parents, mocking the usual Jewish division of meat into kosher (what you can eat) and clubs (which

you can't eat), and they said about some: this is kosher - eat, and about others: this is a club - throw

it to the dogs! Hasidism became a kind of reaction to the genocide, albeit separated from the Khmelnytsky era by a temporary distance of several decades. This is a mystical teaching that claimed that God is by nature good and not punishing. Man is the center of creation. Hasidim strive for an intimate connection with God through the expression of delight, through songs and dances. Achieving fun is the basis of religious practice for Hasidim. This way of communicating with God was supposed to help the Jewish communities overcome the horror experienced during the years of the genocide. The founder of Hasidism was the preacher Rabbi Yisrael Ben Eliezer (1698-1760), who lived in Medzhybizh in Ukraine and is also known as Rabbi Yisroel Baal Shem Tov, or Besht for short. On the basis of the mystical tradition in Judaism, preserved in Kabbalah, Besht created a teaching that religious ecstasy and direct mystical experience place above both Talmudic learning and ascetic practices of the same Kabbalah. Hasidism quickly spread from Podolia to the rest of Ukraine, to Galicia, penetrated into Transcarpathia, Hungary, Bessarabia, Romania and Poland itself, and also spread among a number of communities in Belarus. According to Ignatius Schoenfeld, almost

a third of the Jews in Góra Kalvaria bore the surname Messing. Wolf himself, unlike many other local Jews, was not a Hasid, but he was probably familiar with Hasidic teachings. In his memoirs, he claims that his father rented an orchard and his whole family was fed from the income from the sale of fruits. Wolf recalled: "A small wooden house in which our family lived - father, mother and us, four brothers. The garden in which my father fiddled with trees and bushes all day long and which did not belong to us. But still, it was this garden, rented by my father, that was the only source of our existence. I remember the heady aroma of apples picked for sale... I remember my father's face, my mother's affectionate gaze, childhood games with my brothers. Life then turned out to be difficult, I, like many of my contemporaries, had a chance to go through a lot, and the vicissitudes of fate turned out to be such that nothing remained of childhood in my memory, except for separate scattered memories.

Schoenfeld forced Messing to talk about his childhood much more colorfully, with a lot of words and phrases in Yiddish, to emphasize that in 1942 he knew the Russian language still unsteadily. By the way, in reality, they probably spoke Yiddish among themselves, and not Russian. In Schoenfeld's presentation, Messing's story sounded like this: "My father - I don't want to say of blessed memory, I want to believe that he is alive - rented gardens, with which there was fuss from dawn to dusk. This gesheft had both its own fear and its own risk: who could have known what the harvest would be like in the fall? Rot your back all year, invest money, and only in the fall you will find out whether you have hit or miss. If raives (profit. - B.S.) turned out, the father paid off his debts from this profit and stocked

up on food for the long winter. I was my father's first assistant. Mother - may her name be sacred! - exhausted by childbirth, miscarriages, hard work, she grew old early and was often sick. Of the children, besides me, two of my younger brothers survived.

The garden was a real punishment for me. He was almost always away from the town, my father did not have time to take care of trees and bushes alone, fight pests, and I had to deal with fumigation. Do you know what it is? The eyes are inflamed, the tears are flowing, the throat is tearing, you are directly suffocating. And then, when the harvest was ripe, the garden had to be guarded from the village tomboys, who swooped in in gangs, shook the trees and cut off the bushes. I was more afraid of the evil dog, which was given to me as an assistant, than these shagets (naughty ones. - B.S.). The hut in which I hid from the rain was blowing through, and at night I shivered from cold and fear. Oh, tsoref yn layid (bitter grief. - B.S.)! Unforgettable events in my life were then two trips with my father to Warsaw: we handed over goods to merchants in the Mirovsky trading rows there. Second-class fruits, or those with rottenness, the

mother took out to the local market. It is difficult to say whether Schoenfeld conveys the story he actually heard from Messing, albeit colored with artistic details, or whether he completely invented this story. I proceed from the fact that Schoenfeld and Messing really had a chance to meet in Tashkent or somewhere else in Central Asia - otherwise the interest of the poet and translator in the figure of Messing is inexplicable. However, it is impossible to establish what they actually talked about

Schoenfeld's story is a work of art, and the author's legitimate fantasy obviously prevails over the facts. Messing himself does not report anything

about the death of his brothers and claims that the family had four children, not three. I am more inclined to accept his version, since he had no reason to hide these sad circumstances. On the contrary, according to Soviet biographical canons, this should have emphasized the difficult conditions in which the Messings lived under "damned tsarism." Shenfeld wrote his documentary story with the intention of refuting Messing's memoirs, debunking the legend created by the great telepath. Therefore, he could well have deliberately exaggerated the poverty and suffering of the Messing family. Of course, the income of the tenant directly depended on the harvest. In the harvest years, he was quite decent for a family of six, but when there was a crop failure, Messing's parents barely

made ends meet.

According to Messing's memoirs, at the age of six, his parents sent him to a cheder. Wolf recalled: "People below average income, like my parents were, and even in a poor Jewish town, could only teach their children in a cheder, a school organized by a rabbi at the synagogue. The main subject taught there was the Talmud, the prayers from which page after page we learned by heart ... I had an excellent memory, and in this rather meaningless lesson - cramming the Talmud - I succeeded. I was praised, set as an example. It was this ability of mine that was the reason for meeting Sholom Aleichem... But the general religious atmosphere that reigned in the cheder and at home made me extremely pious, superstitious, and nervous." Here the memoirist and his writer followed the Soviet tradition of memoirs. It was supposed to curse the "religious dope" in every possible way and testify that you got rid of it in childhood

or, in extreme cases, in early youth. Also, a common place in the memoirs was lamentations about a difficult childhood, so that the bright life in the Soviet Union looked like the best contrast with it.

In his memoirs, Messing claimed: "I didn't have a childhood. There was the cold cruelty of a father embittered by life. There was soul-killing cramming in the cheder. Only rare and hasty caresses of the mother

I can remember warmth. And ahead was a difficult nomadic life, full of ups and downs, successes and sorrows. However, I would hardly have agreed to change it to any other today." What was the

header so unloved by Messing? This word in Hebrew means "room". Cheder is a Jewish elementary religious school. At the end of the 19th century, the so-called reformed cheders arose in the Russian Empire, where, in addition to religious texts, they studied the history and geography of Israel, as well as Hebrew. This was due to the development of the Zionist movement, which advocated the need for Jewish emigration to their historical homeland in Palestine and the revival of Hebrew as a living spoken language. But there were few such cheders, most Jews considered them "fake". Gersh Messing, according to Wolf, was a very Orthodox Jew and probably gave his son to a traditional cheder. Yes, and the story of Messing himself about what he taught in the cheder testifies that the training there was carried out in the old fashioned way. Kheder was a private school and its teacher (melamed) was paid by the students' parents. Consequently, Messing's father had sufficient income to pay for his son's education in the cheder. The training was usually conducted in one of the rooms of the teacher's apartment.

In the version of Schoenfeld, Messing said: "When God was merciful and there was a big harvest, and even managed to sell it profitably, my father sent me to the cheder so that I could learn a little. Then I was allowed to put on shoes, otherwise, doing honor to my father's nickname, I ran barefoot until late autumn. Pants and a jacket were sewn for me from turned over old father's clothes. We had food: black bread, potatoes, onions, turnips, a piece of rusty herring for dinner and coffee from barley and chicory, which my mother cooked in the morning for the whole day in a large saucepan ... "

Note that in his memoirs, contrary to the Soviet tradition, in which it was considered good form to emphasize the poverty of his parents, Messing carefully says that they were of average income. The author has romantic memories connected with his father's garden, and he did not cause any negative associations in his later life. Schoenfeld, in his story, starting from Messing's memoirs, seeks to build his alternative biography on the principle of opposition. Therefore, Schoenfeld

Messing recalls with hatred his father's garden, where he had to work tirelessly, and his family, it turns out, lived almost in poverty. He allegedly went to the cheder in fits and starts, only when there was money in the family. But after all, the header was free, and a family could well have bought one pair of boots in a harvest year. And it would be unlikely that Messing, visiting a cheder from time to time, would have done so well that he would then be sent to a Jewish school of a higher level that trained rabbis. In this case, Messing's memoirs look much more reliable than Schoenfeld's documentary story.

Messing recalled: "Noting my piety and ability to memorizing the prayers of the Talmud, the rabbi decided to send me to a special educational institution that trained spiritual servants - the yeshiva. My parents never thought to object to this plan. Since the rabbi said it, then it must be so!.. But the prospect of putting on the black dress of a clergyman was by no means smiling at me..."

Yeshivot (more precisely, yeshiva - in Hebrew literally "sitting, sitting", in the plural "yeshivot") is the name of a higher religious educational institution where the Talmud and other religious texts are studied. A graduate of a yeshivot becomes a rabbi. At the beginning of the 20th century, there was a tendency in some yeshivot of the Russian Empire to expand the curriculum to include other subjects, in particular the study of the Bible, Jewish history and Hebrew, the Hebrew language, which had recently been revived in Zionist circles. Since Messing directly wrote in his memoirs that he knew Hebrew, it can be assumed that he studied in one of these reformed yeshivot and, most likely, graduated from it. After all, there was no other opportunity to systematically study Hebrew with Messing in his life. It should be said that from the end of the 19th century, arithmetic and the Russian language were also studied in yeshivot in the Russian Empire in the scope of elementary school, and classes were held outside the territory of the yeshivot, in special rooms. Here is a typical daily routine of a yeshiva in the Belarusian town of Volozhin in the 1880s. Messing definitely did not study at this school, since it was closed in 1892, but the daily routine in most yeshivot was approximately the same. Here unmarried people (bahurs) received a stipend of two to four rubles a month, and

married - from four to ten rubles. This money was not enough to meet even the most basic needs. Each student of the yeshiva had to appear at eight in the morning for a common morning prayer. Then came breakfast. For those who had breakfast at school, the head of the yeshiva read the corresponding chapter from the Pentateuch with comments. From ten o'clock until one o'clock in the afternoon there were classes on the study of the Talmud. Each student could choose a treatise to his liking. All this time, the caretaker was with the students, who carefully watched so that no one shied away from classes. From one to three in the afternoon, the students listened to a lecture on the Talmud. Then there was an hour break for lunch. At four o'clock prayer followed again, after which the classes continued until ten o'clock in the evening. Then, after evening prayer, supper followed. Then some of the students studied until midnight, others slept until three in the morning, but then they studied until the morning.

After 1891, arithmetic and Russian were taught in yeshivahs between nine and three in the afternoon. The total duration of daily classes was not to exceed ten hours a day, and nighttime classes were not allowed. Similar reforms took place in most other Yeshivot of the Russian Empire. So Messing already ended up in a fairly "liberal" institution, where he, at least, did not have to study the Talmud for almost a day and a half. He probably also studied Russian, but due to the almost complete absence of language practice, until 1939 he practically could not speak Russian. Many yeshiva students came from other cities and towns and lived at the school, performing all the duties of cleaning and

repairing it. They had to eat according to the schedule in the homes of local residents, and most often they were fed from hand to mouth. True, at the beginning of the 20th century, there was a tendency to replace this old custom with monetary scholarships or a common kitchen at the yeshiva. Messing during his studies also lived at the school - he reports that his yeshivot was not in Gur-Kalvaria, where the influence of the Hasidim was strong, but in another city. Most likely, it was not Warsaw, otherwise Messing would hardly have forgotten to mention that he studied in the Polish capital. He claimed: "I remember the yeshiva. It was located in another city, and that was the beginning of my life away from home. Again the Talmud, the same prayers as in the cheder. A wider circle of teachers who succeeded each other

teaching us different sciences. He fed - for days - in different houses. Slept in a prayer house. So two years passed. And so, probably, they would have made a rabbi out of me, if not for one chance meeting." In order to

convince the obstinate to go to the yeshiva, the father arranged for his son a scene with the appearance of God, an old man with a large white beard, who convinced the boy: "My son! From above I was sent to you ... to predict your future in the service of God. Go to yeshivah! Your prayer will be pleasing to God ... "Impressed, Wolf agreed to enter the yeshiva. However, he soon met a tramp, like two drops of water similar to the God revealed to him, and realized that his father had deceived him and simply persuaded the old man to play the role of the Almighty for a couple of pennies. Then, according to Messing, he was forever

disappointed in religion. The latter, however, is open to doubt. Speaking in the Soviet Union under the flag of exposing religion, Messing was supposed to position himself as an atheist, but, according to many testimonies, he remained an orthodox Jew until the end of his days. In principle, it cannot even be ruled out that he nevertheless graduated from a yeshivot and became a rabbi, remaining one, only a secret one, in the USSR. True, his escape from the yeshiva and subsequent admission to the circus by the Soviet public should have been perceived as a decisive break with the religion of their ancestors. However, it can be assumed that Wolf did not run away anywhere, but calmly entered the circus after completing his education. Moreover, as we will see later, the first years of his stay in the circus are clearly

fantastic tours in Berlin. It is also quite possible that the whole episode with the escape to the circus and subsequent performances there, first as a clown, then as a fakir-illusionist, and finally as a telepathic clairvoyant, is pure fantasy, inspired by a rich literary tradition, including the memoirs of the famous clairvoyant Hanussen. It is possible that Messing entered the stage only in the early 20s, having already served in the army, and immediately began performing with his psychological experiments not as part of any circus, but individually, demonstrating to the public the wonders

of telepathy. In his memoirs, Messing explains his escape to Berlin and the subsequent joining of a traveling circus

disappointment in religion: "I had nothing more to do in the yeshiva, where they tried to teach me to serve a non-existent God ... I could not return home to my father who had deceived me. And I did what young men of my age often did, disappointed in everything that was sacred to them in life: I cut off the long hems of my clothes with scissors and decided to run. But for this, money was needed, but where to get it? And then I committed three crimes one after the other."

We will talk about these crimes a little later. In the meantime, we note that, according to Messing, his parents told him that in childhood he suffered from sleepwalking, from which he was cured by placing a trough with cold water by the bed. Getting up in the middle of the night, he immediately put his feet in the trough and woke up from the cold. According to Messing, the father raised the children in strictness in order to "grow animals out of us, capable of) holding out in a cruel and merciless world." Messing also spoke about his meeting with Sholom Aleichem. As if to him, already a famous writer, who stopped on his way to Gura-Kalvaria, they showed Wolf, "a nine-year-old boy who studied more successfully than others." Since Messing was then nine years old, it means that their only meeting was to take place in 1908. However, it is well known that Sholom Aleichem (Solomon Rabinovich), who, by the way, was a rabbi, after large-scale Jewish pogroms at the end of 1905, left Odessa, where he had lived since 1891, and never returned to the Russian Empire until 1914. He first emigrated to the United States, then settled in Switzerland, spending the winter on the French or Italian Riviera (doctors discovered he had tuberculosis). Only in the spring of 1914, Sholom Aleichem went to give lectures, first to Russia, and then to Germany, where he was caught by the outbreak of the First World War. With great difficulty, the Russian citizen Sholom Aleichem, who was threatened with internment, managed to get out to neutral Denmark, and from there to leave for the United States. Thus, in 1908 or 1909 he could not visit Gura-Kalvaria to meet the young child prodigy. The meeting with Sholom Aleichem is the first of a series of invented meetings with great people who were supposed to create for Messing the image of a great telepath recognized by celebrities. All these people, as one, admired Wolf and said that he would go far. That's

Sholom Aleichem "gently patted my cheek and predicted a great future." Just in 1909, the Jewish

communities of Europe widely celebrated the 50th anniversary of the birth of Sholom Aleichem. Because of this, perhaps, Messing attributed his acquaintance with the writer to this year, believing that in connection with the anniversary he traveled all over Europe. Although, even if Sholom Aleichem suddenly came to Russian Poland, why did he have to visit Guru-Kalvaria? After all, he was not a Hasid. And to say that already at the age of nine Wolf Messing became known to all European Jewry, even he himself did not dare in his memoirs. To do this, it was already necessary then at least to be able to read other people's thoughts or move glasses with your eyes.

There is no doubt that Messing really read the works of Sholom Aleichem. In his memoirs, Messing mentioned the writer's novel "Wandering Stars", where the daughter of a poor cantor and the son of a local rich man, subdued by the performances of a traveling theater, flee from their native places to devote their lives to the stage. This novel was mentioned by Messing not by chance - like his heroes, he also ran away from home to join a traveling circus. So, at least, he claimed in his memoirs. It is possible, however, that this is Messing's fantasy, inspired by Sholom Aleichem's novel. But even if Messing invented about running away from home and the circus, his later life as an artist was in many ways akin to the life of the heroes of Sholom Aleichem. He spent most of his time touring

away from home.

Chapter Two

What is telepathy?

In order to understand the further fate of Messing, it is necessary to get acquainted with what modern science understands by telepathy. After all, Volf Grigorievich was most often called a telepath, and he wanted to title his memoirs in a separate edition "I -

telepath."

The term "telepathy" itself, meaning the transmission of thoughts at a distance without any carrier and the participation of known sense organs, comes from the Greek words "tele" (far, away) and "pathos" (thought). Telepathy is the art of capturing people's thoughts from a distance. There are two main theories of telepathy. One of them claims that telepathy is the art of reading muscular reactions to impulses sent by the brain, the so-called ideomotor acts. According to another theory, telepathy is a process that can be explained within the framework of physics, either with the help of a special, yet undiscovered telepathic (astral) field, or with the help of some ranges of electromagnetic wave radiation. Ideomotor acts are also called "micromotor" or "rudimentary" movements. These are barely noticeable movements unconsciously performed by a person at the moment when he mentally imagines any movement or action. Ideomotor acts are manifested the more clearly, the more a person is excited. For example, if a person thinks about a high tower, then the eye muscles spread the eye axes in the same way as it happens when we look at a tall object. The first "mind-reading" performances date back to the 1870s. However, very soon this phenomenon, which seemed to be a gift of either God or the devil, found a completely rational explanation. As early as 1874, the term "muscle reading" appeared in America. It was introduced by psychologist George Bird to explain the phenomenon of the telepath Jacob Randall Brown. By carefully observing

Brown, Bird came to the conclusion that the artist has an extraordinary sensitivity that allows him to capture the smallest

nerve impulses emanating from the medium's brain and turning into involuntary muscle contractions. Subsequently, similar observations formed the basis of the "objective psychology" of William James. The principle of muscle-reading, or, in other words, reading ideomotor acts, is used today in the polygraph (lie detector). However, at the beginning of the last century, the secret was mainly the property of variety "telepaths". In the USSR, the heyday of "parapsychology" came in the 1960s, roughly coinciding with the Khrushchev thaw. At this time, Messing had competitors - "variety telepaths". However, their fame, as a rule, did not go beyond the region where they lived. All-Union glory was gained only by Wolf Messing. This proves that he excelled his rivals both in the art of ideomotorics, and in artistry and the art of self-promotion, which was served by his many stories about meetings with great people. In addition, Messing had a lot of experience. Indeed, by the time of his arrival in the USSR, Wolf Grigoryevich had almost two decades of performances with psychological experiments

in Poland. But let's go back to the 19th century. As far back as 1874, the aforementioned George Bird demonstrated to a scientific audience in New York a hundred trained people who "read minds", capturing the light unconscious movements of an inductor. Soon, a newfangled hobby came to Russia. Here, in the 1880s, Englishman Irwin Bishop performed mind-reading sessions. Further research into ideomotorics continued. Preyer, a professor of physiology at the University of Jena, stated in 1885: "Every person reads from muscle movements, but not everyone is able to achieve the greatest degree of dexterity in this art." Thus, it turns out that not every person is able to comprehend the art of reading ideomotor acts. Messing, in this respect, undoubtedly, possessed the most outstanding abilities. The

great Russian physiologist Ivan Petrovich Pavlov defined ideomotor acts as follows: "It has been scientifically proven that once you think about a certain movement, you involuntarily produce it. The same - in a certain trick with a person solving a problem unknown to him: to go somewhere, to do something with the h

who knows the task, but does not think to help. But for real help, it is enough for the first to hold the hand of the second in his hand. In this case, the second, without noticing, pushes the first in the direction of the goal and keeps it from the opposite direction. Such movements are called "ideomotor acts" (from the Greek word "idea" - "thought" and the Latin "motor" - "setting in motion"). Muscles move as a result of nerve impulses coming to them from the brain along the motor nerves. Here is the opinion of another prominent Russian physiologist,

academician, Prince I. R. Tarkhanov, who in 1905 in the book "Suggestion, Hypnotism and Mind Reading" commented on the variety "mind reading" technique in 1905: pleasant and sometimes even piquant entertainment, and all this, of course, does not represent the slightest harm to the audience; it's not at all the same, however, as soon as these experiments begin to attach special scientific significance, supposedly opening up new horizons, new forces ... Here the line of harmlessness is crossed, since such views, arising from involuntary self-deception, support false views on natural phenomena and strengthen that mystical mood that undermines the common sense of man. And here is how professor-physiologist Grigory Ivanovich Kositsky defined Messing's talent: "Our thoughts cause the appearance of muscle reactions even when they remain

unspoken. But why don't we see such reactions? Why can't each of us do these experiments? Thanks to long exercises, Messing managed to develop natural abilities, capturing the subtle muscle reactions of another person, which for many remain invisible and can only be detected with the help of sensitive instruments. Messing's experiments are the result of a huge, hard work. Messing was a great talent!" Ideomotor research was actively developed in the Soviet Union in the 1920s. In 1928, A. V. Dubrovsky, an employee of the Leningrad Institute of the Brain, made a scientific report "On the so-called "muscle reading"", which revealed both the technique of reading

ideomotor acts and the features of the impact of "variety telepaths" on the public. Thanks to the latter, capturing

ideomotor movements of a person is perceived by the audience as real telepathy, that is, reading thoughts at a distance. Dubrovsky pointed out: "Barely noticeable ideomotor movements of the muscles of the object of experience are perceived unconsciously (unconsciously) by the peripheral branches of the nervous system, the so-called skin transformers of the experimenter, and through the nerve conductors in the form of a nerve current reach the central nervous system, in particular, those areas of the cerebral cortex that control the response of the experimenter in the form of a series of motor acts that lead to the fulfillment of the experiment conceived by the object ... Each person, through appropriate mental training, through the culture of personality, can develop the above-mentioned abilities, and there is nothing miraculous, supernatural in the latter. In fact, an undoubted exaggeration has been made here, although, looking ahead, I will note that successful experiments on teaching ordinary people to read ideomotor acts took place in our country as well. So, in 1968, Valentin Stepanovich Matveev (the author of the famous book "On the mysterious in the psyche") trained four schoolchildren in reading ideomotor acts in 50 minutes. The experiment took place in the editorial office of the magazine "Ural" in the presence of journalists and psychologists. The students completed all tasks. Here is an example of a task: "Go to the table near the closet, take the magazine "Youth" from a stack of four magazines (3rd from the top), open it on page 53, show the word "servant" in the title of the story, then go to V. S. Matveev and give him the magazine in his right hand. However, not every person can be taught to read ideomotor acts. It is possible that Matveev made a selection among schoolchildren in advance, choosing those who were potentially the most susceptible to ideomotor acts.

Ideomotorics among variety artists was also called "mnemonics" (mind reading). The French physiologist Charles Richet, Nobel laureate in physiology or medicine in 1913, in his book *Treatises of Metapsychology*, described this process as follows: "Subject A, sensitive or supposedly sensitive, at least quick, declares that he can, holding someone hand, guess the thoughts of this person. He brings subject B, chosen at random from the crowd, onto the stage. Unhappy B, embarrassed by being looked at, indecisive,

clumsy, holding A's hand. Subject A forces him to walk beside him—quickly or slowly—and from B's movements, due to some insight, he immediately guesses where B wants to lead him. Thus, he goes straight to some place in the hall (this is the place conceived by B). He stops in front of one of those present and, continuing to hold the hand of B, who still directs him with his movements, rummages in the pockets of the spectator, pulls out a handkerchief and takes it to the other end of the theater, to the enormous surprise of those present, especially B. himself, who had in mind all these maneuvers and who imagines that A has read his mind. In reality, A was only deftly interpreting the unconscious, involuntary, naive movements of this most naive B, who does not even imagine that with a slight movement of his muscles he gave extremely precise instructions. And the audience leaves the hall, convinced that they saw telepathic phenomena. Thus, a belief in telepathy is created among the crowd, which turns out to be a phenomenon so simple and obvious. In all this, however, there is as much telepathy as in the contractions of the muscles of a frog excited by the current of an electric battery. Let us emphasize that it is said here that a “pseudo-telepath” must still have certain abilities to capture ideomotor acts. In fact, these are telepathic abilities, if we understand by them not the transmission of thoughts at a distance, but simply the transmission of thoughts through the second signal system, that is, due to involuntary gestures, muscle movements, changes in pulse and breathing

rate. In this understanding of the term, both Messing and many of his colleagues are quite legitimate to call

telepaths.

In an interview, Messing frankly explained: “This is not mind reading, but, so to speak, “muscle reading” ... When a person thinks hard about something, brain cells transmit impulses to all the muscles of the body. Their movements, invisible to the naked eye, are easily perceived by me. Let's say that while doing a task, I make a mistake at some point. And then the inductor completely unconsciously, against his will, “tells” me about it. His hand will offer elusive resistance, and

you need to have great sensitivity to perceive this ... I often perform mental tasks without direct contact with the inductor and even blindfolded. Here I can be guided by the respiration rate of the inductor, the beating of his pulse, the timbre of his voice, the nature of his gait, etc. The fact that my eyes are blindfolded has the greatest effect on the audience. It's even more convenient for me to work blindfolded: I concentrate better. This is basically my mind-reading technique." At the same time, Messing often successfully

completed all the tasks of the audience, without even holding the inductor by the hand. On this occasion, Professor, Doctor of Physical and Mathematical Sciences A.I. Kitaygorodsky wrote: "Many talented magicians perform the above-described number without holding the experimental partner (he is called an inductor) by the hand. However, this does not change the explanation. The illusionist hears breathing, timid or decisive steps of the inductor, which is enough to choose the right path. The magician sometimes offers to blindfold himself, which, of course, also does not prevent him from accurately performing his number. But none of

the illusionists was able to complete the task, which would be transmitted by an inductor, calmly sitting in his place or following the magician, but blindfolded, so that the inductor himself did not see whether the magician was acting correctly or not, and could not involuntarily correct. The ability to guess is an

undeniable talent. Probably, among your acquaintances there are those who are surprisingly good at guessing which hand is holding a coin. It would seem that the number of successes and failures should be the same, but come on ... The guesser rarely makes mistakes, and you feel annoyed, as if you were tricked.

And people who are good at playing such "children's" card games as a point or poker! It would seem that luck should be a matter of pure chance. And yet there are good players and there are bad ones. A short observation shows that the good ones are those who know how to guess the partner's cards, carefully observing his behavior. I am ready

to agree that among those who have extraordinary abilities as guessers, there are those who are convinced that they actually read minds. It can be assumed that the observation

the situation in such people is transformed into decisions and behavior without the participation of

consciousness. Messing was such a brilliant "guesser". But Volf Grigoryevich himself strongly objected that his gift was reduced to reading ideomotor acts, although he made it clear that he mastered this art to perfection. He insisted that he also possessed some mysterious ability that allowed him to read the minds of other people and, in turn, inspire them with his own thoughts.

The only theoretically possible explanation for telepathy proper, according to Professor Kitaigorodsky, is the assumption that "there is some special "matter" – you can call it astral, mental or whatever you like – which is emitted only by the brain and perceived only by the brain. However, the search for this kind of matter is useless, since at our disposal, despite tens of thousands of experiments, there is not a single proven fact of telepathy. Messing did not agree with this thesis, arguing that he was able to read human thoughts. Corresponding Member of the Academy of Medical

Sciences of the USSR D. A. Biryukov, who watched Messing's performances shortly after World War II, described his abilities as follows: "Messing and some other mind solvers have the ability to capture the most subtle ideomotor acts, and this does not have to be movement, it can only be muscle tension ... Messing takes the inductor, that is, the person who is entrusted with the task, by the hand and holds it all the time. At the same time, Messing creates a nervous atmosphere in various ways. He himself is very impressionable, has a peculiar appearance, quickly moves around the hall with his inductor; conditions are created under which ideomotor reactions are manifested more clearly.

Messing himself in his memoirs described his gift as follows: "My friend writer Mikhail Vasiliev (M.V. Khvastunov. - B.S.), a scientific popularizer and science fiction writer, asked me a question many times: - Tell

me, Wolf Grigorievich, how is it with you it turns out? How are you are you doing this?

I knew that it was not idle curiosity that tormented him, that he needed to know the answer to this question. After all, he was then collecting materials for

the last volume of his series of books "Man and the Universe". This volume was called "Man alone with himself." But what could

I answer his question? Essentially nothing. For I don't understand how it's done.

Just don't think, please, that I want to present my abilities in the field as something unknowable, ~~supernatural~~, mysterious. There is nothing supernatural or unknowable in them. In any case, no more than in any other human abilities ...

They turn to me with another question: - Teach me, Wolf Grigorievich! I usually just shrug. Apparently, it is possible to develop this ability, like any other, well, let's say, the ability to paint. No wonder there are a variety of art schools. But if a person does not have the talent of an artist, he will not write great pictures, no matter how much he is taught ...

This dialogue can go on almost endlessly... I look at such a mind-reading session with a double feeling. On the one hand, I enjoy, like everyone in the hall, the art, the training of the "telepath" and his assistant. In the same way, it is always with the greatest pleasure that I observe the manipulative art of a good magician, such as Dick Chitashvili. I am annoyed that these very clever people do not have the principled honesty that Chitashvili fully possesses. Snatching nine already lit cigarettes in a row right out of the air in front of the astonished spectators, he does not claim that they are made of solar fluids. On the contrary, he is ready at any moment to tell you the address of the nearest tobacconist where he bought them. Dick does great tricks - and does not hide it. He demonstrates his skill as a manipulator, an art that few people have. He is even ready to reveal his secrets to you - you still won't be able to repeat his tricks without a long preliminary training ... "In his memoirs, Messing cites an interview published in a Polish provincial newspaper in the 1930s. "Conversation with Professor Messing", conducted by a certain Shimon L.,

titled "Mysterious Science in Illumination of a Famous Telepath". It said: "Being strongly interested

in the personality of the famous telepath, who became widely known to our public with his wonderful and surprising speeches, we decided to visit the professor and share with readers our

impressions.

Professor Messing received us in the elegant room of the Varshavsky Hotel and, looking with his deeply penetrating, intelligent eyes, immediately guessed the purpose of our visit. Due to lack of time, the

professor agreed only to give answers to our questions. - Can you explain

in detail what telepathy is? - "Telepathy" is a Greek word: "tele" is far, "pathos" is a feeling, that is, a feeling of the distant, clairvoyance. Telepathy is still a mystery to us. Telepathy also includes the ability to see events, places and people that are far away from us and inaccessible to our eyes. What can you say about hypnotism? Hypnotism is a sleepy state. This name

is also adopted to denote magnetic phenomena in animals. The success of the experiments shown by Heidenhain, Harkot and others depends on a certain state of the nervous system.

Can everyone be hypnotized? - No. This is most easily achieved in people with a receptive nervous system, even easier in hysterics. The same sleepy state can be induced in animals by the same means. - What are the means of sedation? -

These are monotonous impressions, such as, for example, gazing at a shiny object. The movements of the hypnotist's hand cause a sleepy state in a certain part of the central nervous organs. This is followed by a partial loss of self-control, and often in the state of sleep there are changes in the sphere of movement, feelings and intellect. The first come into a state of catalepsy, the second into a state of increased sensitivity (hyperesthesia), which explains to us such phenomena as catching the sound of a clock at a distance, a feeling of warmth emanating from the hand

hypnotist at a distance of half a meter. From a scientific point of view, hypnotism can be useful in studying the nervous mechanism. Is hypnotism harmful? -

Generally speaking, no. However, such experiments should take known precautions.

- You said that a telepath in a state of catalepsy can foresee the future. Is it so?

"I know this from my own experience. Speaking in *jódy*, I predicted in this state half a year before the elections that Professor Mościcki would be elected president for the second time. Is it possible

to determine the character and abilities of a person by the manner of writing?

- To some extent it is possible. You are probably wondering why I usually require the object name to be written. This is very important, since a person often writes his name without thinking, unconsciously. But this spontaneous movement of the pen gives an idea of the character of a person. Just as often, a person writes his last name. But I do not require this, because I do not want to be suspected of any kind of fraud ... - Tell me, can you indicate

the lucky number of the lottery ticket? "You see, the word "lottery" itself

means an accident... I will tell you with conviction that such accidents cannot be predicted with the help of telepathy. On the contrary, point me to a telepath who would win the lottery on the ticket he chose. If I had this superhuman ability, I would have been a millionaire long ago. The professor got up from his seat, obviously exhausted by the day. Taking

this into account, we ask the last question:

- How many have the ability to telepathy? - I must say yes! the professor replies confidently. "Just as many have other abilities that they don't know about and that are discovered by chance. These abilities must be developed, crystallized. Just as a person with a good voice must graduate from a conservatory to become a professional singer, in the same way a person gifted with clairvoyance must graduate from a psychological institute.

There is no doubt that Messing brought this article with him from Poland when he appeared in the USSR. It is unlikely that he managed to find a pre-war provincial Polish newspaper in Soviet libraries, even the largest ones. But if he managed to bring the article with him, the version that he fled to the Soviet Union directly from the Gestapo cell collapses. It is unlikely that Messing always carried a newspaper clipping with him, as some carry photographs of relatives and friends in their wallets. But if he fled from his native home, then he probably should have taken with him this kind of article, which was supposed to serve him as a kind of calling card in his new homeland. It is no coincidence that in the Soviet Union Messing was called a "professor", as evidenced by at least a dedicatory inscription on a fighter built at his expense. And in the cited article he is just called a professor, although there is no doubt that he never held a professorship in his life. From this interview it follows that the words "telepathy" and

"clairvoyance" Messing used as synonyms. It seems that he believed that telepathy is akin to hypnosis and comes from the impact on the same parts of the brain as in conditions of hypnotic sleep. That is why he spoke about the state of catalepsy, in fact, the limiting state of hypnosis, in which he seemed to be able to predict the future (we will talk more about catalepsy in one of the following chapters). True, as an example of prediction, an example is given that is more than banal. There is no talk of any future German attack on the USSR. Messing only claims that in six months he managed to predict the re-election of Polish President Ignacy Mościcki for a second term. However, this kind of prediction is by no means Newton's binomial. Professor Mościcki was a puppet president under the sanation regime established by Marshal Józef Piłsudski in a military coup in May 1926. For the first time, Mościcki was elected president as early as June 1, 1926, and subsequently held this post until September 1939, being regularly re-elected in completely controlled elections. In order to predict his victory in any next election, it was not at all necessary to be seven spans in the forehead or fall into a state of catalepsy.

Messing also claimed that handwriting can determine the character of a person. Well, such a dependence really exists - by handwriting it is possible with a high degree of probability to determine the degree of suggestibility of a person and, consequently, the degree of manifestation of his ideomotor reactions. But Messing categorically refused to predict the winning lottery ticket or the stock price on the stock exchange, arguing that he could not predict random phenomena. In fact, he could not make any predictions other than those that could be made based on the laws of logic. Such predictions had nothing to do with clairvoyance. And Messing on this occasion criticized one obvious charlatan: "I remember the psychographologist Schiller-Shkolnik. This one determined the character, read the past and predicted the future only on the basis of handwriting. The great Johann Goethe, who had a colossal collection of autographs, also, by the way, had no doubt that the character and spiritual structure of a person in general are expressed in a letter, by which one can determine the character of the writer's individuality. It is difficult for me to judge how accurately certain inclinations of character are reflected in the handwriting, but I am absolutely convinced that neither the past nor the future can be recognized from the handwriting. Schiller-Shkolnik also undertook to predict the numbers of lottery tickets, which should receive winnings in the next draw. When I was told about this, I asked only one question: why wouldn't the graphologist himself buy these numbers, if only in order to be able to quit his dubious and risky profession? This question has usually not been answered.

Messing also believed that telepathic abilities were not unique, that, besides him, many people in the world have such abilities who simply do not suspect about them. Indeed, psychologists have further demonstrated that humans can be trained to "read" ideomotor responses. However, it is hard to believe that all people equally possess telepathic abilities, otherwise even in the USSR Messing would suddenly have a lot of competitors. However, there are still very few artists in the world performing in the same genre as Messing. From this circumstance, we can conclude that the ability to "read"

Messing's ideomotor acts were expressed very strongly and few people here could compare with him.

Messing wrote in his memoirs: "I dwell on all these" occultists "for such a long time precisely because I saw them close, I saw them behind the scenes, I touched the secret mechanisms of devices with which they fooled gullible spectators. I don't like cheating. And I much like the honest fakir Ben Alli, who used to perform in the Warsaw circus. One of his numbers was that he was shot with a pistol, and he caught bullets with his hands. He did not hide the fact that this was a clever trick, he did not refer to otherworldly forces helping him. And when one officer suggested that he shoot him with his pistol, he answered seriously:

— Pan! Would you agree, being in my place, for some five zlotys a day to be killed?!

And despite the fact that he showed tricks and tricks them called, he was one of the biggest favorites of the public.

And the second. I tell this in such detail in order to separate mysticism and quackery from telepathy, which has nothing to do with them. Telepathy is quite materialistic. Unfortunately, this phenomenon is very poorly understood. First, he was compromised by charlatans, who have always been incomparably more than true telepaths. Of course, there were scientists who tried to understand the essence of telepathy, to study this phenomenon. But, having encountered charlatans once and twice, they came to the conclusion that all telepathy is sheer charlatanism. There is a second reason for which the telepaths themselves are to blame. Some tried to inflate rumors about their abilities in order to use them for dishonest purposes, others, on the contrary, hid them, and others did not even know that they had these properties.

At the same time, Messing sought to find his eminent predecessors in the mists of time. He divided all telepaths in history into two large categories - honest and dishonest. Of course, he considered himself to be an honest telepath who does not use his telepathic abilities for personal gain and does not stoop to deceiving anyone. They are ready to put their unique abilities at the service of people and even all of humanity and do not descend to the occult and magic, considering telepathy a scientific phenomenon. But dishonest telepaths who look at their

telepathic abilities only as a source of profit, often resort to deceiving the public and throwing occult fog on their abilities, Messing criticized quite sharply. He stated: "Apparently, the famous international adventurer Count Alexander Cagliostro possessed significant telepathic abilities. His real name is Giuseppe Balsame. He was born on the island of Sicily in 1743 and died in 1795 at Fort San Lion near Urbino, where he was imprisoned by order of Pope Pius VI. He played the role of a doctor capable of healing all diseases, a naturalist, an alchemist who owns the secret of the philosopher's stone, a clairvoyant, to whom the future is open ... He assured everyone that he was immortal, that he was already several thousand years old. Unfortunately, he did not leave any diaries or notes: the memoirs attributed to him are false. His mysterious image attracted the attention of many writers - from Alexander Dumas to Alexei Tolstoy. But they drew the figure of this man, mainly based on legends and traditions ... At one time I became interested in the personality of Cagliostro and analyzed some records and testimonies of contemporaries. Yes, he was a very clever rogue, but, undoubtedly, in the arsenal of his means by which he sought to achieve success, there were also very strong telepathic abilities. Cagliostro, of course, belonged to the first group of telepaths - those who exaggerated their capabilities

wildly. In this, Hannusen Lautenzack, already mentioned more than once, was related to him, arguing, for example, that the souls of the dead could speak through his mouth. To do this, he learned to change his voice, tried to master ventriloquism ... Both of them - both Cagliostro and Hannusen - belong to the first group of telepaths we have identified, seeking to use their abilities for personal selfish and dishonest purposes. Of course, the desire of a scientist who would want to objectively establish the level of abilities of these people would run into their energetic resistance. Is it possible to conduct a study of the capabilities of a telepath if he does not want to help in carrying out these studies with all his might? Of course not!"

It should be noted here that Messing does not give specific examples of telepathic abilities either Cagliostro or Hannusen, which, of course, weakens his argument. In favor of existence

Telepathy Volf Grigoryevich gave general arguments - on the example of the activities of honest telepaths. Arguing with Professor Kitaygorodsky, he wrote: "Fortunately, not all telepaths act like Cagliostro and Gannusen. There are telepaths with a completely different psychology. Recently I was told about a very interesting meeting attended by about 30-35 people, a young amateur telepath Karl Nikolaev and a well-known opponent of telepathy, who denies the very possibility of direct transmission of an image from brain to brain, Professor Alexander Kitaigorodsky. A respected, skeptical professor published an article in Literaturnaya Gazeta. The main thesis of this article is that since it is impossible to explain this direct transmission of images, sensations, thoughts directly from the brain to the brain by the participation of any kind of electromagnetic waves, then there cannot be telepathy in principle. And then a man who knew some telepathic abilities in himself came to the editorial office of the journal "Knowledge is Power" and said:

"I agree to meet with Kitaigorodsky only so that he can conduct absolutely impartial experiments with me and establish the truth. The professor has simply never seen telepaths. It is not good that he judges things that he has not studied himself. I will try to convince the scientist, to serve as a guinea pig for him ... This is a completely new

approach to the issue on the part of telepaths! A few words about the arguments

of Professor Kitaigorodsky against telepathy, that there is no field that could participate here. This is a very old and very naive objection. First, a long time ago

It has long been known that human thought

accompanied by the appearance of biocurrents in the brain. They are perfectly able to shoot and write down in the form of jagged curves on wide sheets of paper (meaning the encephalogram first obtained by the Austrian psychiatrist Hans Berger in 1928. - B.S.). Moreover, the more energetically, the more intensely a person thinks, the sharper and larger these curved lines. This means that at the birth of a thought both biocurrents and the accompanying electromagnetic field are born. Why not consider it the material substance that participates in the transportation of thought? This is usually objected to: but these currents

are too small and the electromagnetic field generated by them is correspondingly too small. Its voltage is so negligible that even at a short distance it is impossible to measure it. But this is also a frivolous objection. At the same meeting with the telepath, Kitaigorodsky gave several examples of the amazing subtlety of human feelings. He recalled the experiments of academician Sergei Vavilov, who proved that the human eye is capable of capturing, feeling even individual light quanta... He reported on the amazing trick of American businessmen who insert only one advertising frame into a feature film. When a movie is shown, the viewer does not notice this frame,

flickering behind $\frac{1}{25}$ seconds, and at a completely different time this advertisement suddenly appears in his brain ... So why shouldn't a respected scientist try - albeit in the form of a hypothesis - to accept the assumption that the sensitivity of the human brain to biocurrents born in another brain is much higher than on our devices? Why not assume that just one or a few quanta of the electromagnetic field that have fallen into this perceiving mechanism can cause a resonance, a kind of avalanche process, increase significantly and cause sensations similar to those that dominated in the radiating brain? The second objection against the electromagnetic field of biocurrents as a carrier of information is that it is

considered not the main phenomenon in the process of thinking, but something purely secondary, like smoke from factory chimneys. I readily agree with this, but I want to remind you that you can tell a lot about production from the smoke from factory chimneys. The smoke of open-hearth furnaces will tell the specialist about the emerging steel. The smoke of cement kilns is different from this smoke. The smoke from the chimneys of the plant, in the furnaces of which the ore, mercury is roasted, cannot be confused with the smoke from the CHP boiler room. And again, arguing by the methods of analogies (for what other methods can I use in this dispute with skeptical scientists?), I can say: why not assume that some people have subtle analyzers that not only accurately fix the composition of these "smoke", but also clearly defining, as a result of which these "smoke" turned out, and capable of answering what kind of "product" the "plant" produces ... "

In principle, one could agree with Messing's argument, perhaps partially suggested to him by Mikhail Khvastunov. The only thing that interferes is that during his lifetime, Messing did not allow any experiments to be carried out on himself, including taking an encephalogram of his brain. Therefore, we are deprived of the opportunity by any scientific method to objectively fix the presence or absence of telepathic abilities in him, or at least any other unique properties. There are three possible

answers here. It can be assumed that Messing skillfully fooled scientists and spectators, not actually possessing any supernatural abilities, but relying only on the decoding of ideomotor reactions, supplemented by the code words of the assistants and the "decoy ducks" in the hall. But in his memoirs and public speeches, Wolf Grigorievich repeatedly criticized other psychics who use such methods of deceiving the audience, and categorically stated that he works honestly on stage, never resorting to such tricks. The second version may lie in the fact that Messing used only his abilities to capture ideomotor acts, sincerely considering these abilities to be telepathic. Finally, the third version is that, in addition to the ability to perceive ideomotor acts, Messing also had the ability to pick up brain impulses that made it possible to determine some of the simplest images that the inductor was thinking about at the moment. These impulses significantly increased the percentage of guessing during the experiments conducted by Messing, but did not allow deciphering texts or complex actions. The second and third versions seem more plausible to me, but it is not possible to prove which of them is closer to the truth.

Messing himself was inclined to the hypothesis that telepathy comes down to capturing electromagnetic radiation accompanying brain impulses. He pointed out that "the hypothesis of the electromagnetic nature of telepathic phenomena was developed in detail by an electrical engineer, candidate of physical and mathematical sciences Bernard Kazinsky. I have been told a lot in recent years about this most interesting person, and I regret that I did not get to know him, but now it is impossible - he died in 1962. He was an amazing man

erudition, who took part in the experiments of the famous animal trainer V. L. Durov, who was friends with K. E. Tsiolkovsky, V. M. Bekhterev, P. P. Lazarev. Some believe that he himself possessed extraordinary telepathic abilities. Kazhinsky was the prototype of one of the heroes of the famous science fiction novel by A. R. Belyaev "Lord of the World" - engineer Kachinsky. As you know, the engineer Kachinsky in Belyaev's novel is also developing the problem of direct thought transfer.

The novel "Lord of the World" was written in 1928. But back in 1923, the book of B. B. Kazhinsky himself "Transmission of thoughts (factors that create the possibility of electromagnetic oscillations radiating outward) in the nervous system" was published. And in 1962 he published his last book in his life - "Biological Radio Communication". All this time, almost forty years, separating two books, the scientist followed the achievements of a number of sciences - from psychiatry to radio electronics, finding more and more evidence for his hypothesis. Yes, and he himself conducted hundreds and thousands of various experiments, trying to finally prove it. Did he

find them? Kazinsky thought he had found it. In particular, together with Durov, he conducted experiments on suggestion to animals from a grounded metal chamber that did not transmit radio waves. When the chamber door was open, the suggestion achieved its goal, the animal carried out the mental order, while when the chamber door was closed, the experiments turned out to be fruitless. But this series of experiments does not seem to me completely convincing, if only because similar experiments by the Leningrad scientist L. L. Vasiliev gave the opposite result: the camera isolating from radio waves did not in the least interfere with his transmission of mental suggestion. And so the question of the hypothesis of the electromagnetic, or, more precisely, radio wave, nature of thought transmission is still an assumption. It must be clearly and irrevocably established whether the electromagnetic field is involved in the transmission of thoughts. For my part, I can say: it is almost indifferent for me whether I have personal contact with my inductor or not, that is, whether I hold his hand or not. Most telepaths find it easier to penetrate a person's thoughts if they hold his hand. Perhaps this fact will help in the search for the truth?

In 1926, the president of the Leningrad Society of Naturalists, Professor L. L. Vasilyev, called one of the chapters of his book "The Mysterious Phenomena of the Human Psyche" "Does "brain radio" exist?". Here, in addition to cases of so-called spontaneous telepathy, when someone's thoughts are suddenly guessed, attempts to register electromagnetic fields around a person's head were described. However, they were unsuccessful due to the lack of highly sensitive equipment. Subsequently, after the Second World War, it was proved that such fields still exist, but they are very weak and at any large distances their level is much lower than the noise level, so the signal cannot be distinguished.

Leonid Leonidovich Vasiliev, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Medical Sciences, Head of the Department of Human and Animal Physiology at Leningrad State University, has been studying thought transmission at a distance all his life. He has written numerous articles and three books. Vasiliev believed in telepathy as a 12-year-old boy, when his mother, suffering severely from a liver disease, left with his father for treatment in Carlsbad, leaving three children in the care of aunts. Supervision of the children was not too strict, and this almost led to tragedy. "One evening," Vasilyev recalled, "we decided to repeat one of the adventures of Captain Grant's children, who had escaped the flood on a tree." They climbed up a branchy willow that leaned over the river. But Leonid fell off the tree, fell into the water and, unable to swim, began to sink. Fortunately, he managed to grab onto a branch and get ashore. I had to tell my aunts about this incident, but they promised not to write anything to my parents. "What was the surprise and embarrassment -

both ours and our aunts," wrote Leonid Leonidovich, "when, on the very first day of our arrival, mother told our whole story in all details, pointed out the ill-fated willow, mentioned the cap that had sailed away to the dam, and so on. She saw all this in a dream in Carlsbad. Vasilyev remembered this maternal dream for the

rest of his life and took it as a clear example of a telepathic connection. Meanwhile, this dream can have a twofold explanation. On the one hand, the aunts could still tell their mother about the dangerous incident, and she,

in order not to betray them, she declared that she had seen everything in a dream. On the other hand, the mother could really worry about the remaining children and vividly imagine that Leonid, who could not swim, could fall from the willow into the river. Subconsciously thinking about it all the time, they could have a

corresponding dream. Vasiliev took the electromagnetic theory of "brain radio" as a working hypothesis. Metal chambers were made. One with a tightly closed door, the other, an even more reliable "full shielding chamber" with a rising top. With its help, absolute electromagnetic tightness was achieved.

Leonid Vasiliev wrote: "If experiments with shielding led to a complete or at least partial decrease in the telepathic effect, then it would be safe to say that telepathic transmission is carried out by means of electromagnetic radiation from the brain of the inductor. That was the intention." During the experiment, the participants in the

experiment were mentally suggested images of objects. Later, the items were replaced by two discs - black and white. The subjects were first placed in shielded chambers. Then the same experiments were carried out outside the chambers. However, the probability of guessing the correct images turned out to be the same. And since the walls of the chambers did nothing to weaken the telepathic effect, one had to admit that it had nothing to do with electromagnetic radiation. But soon the

experimenter suffered an even greater disappointment. Vasiliev's first heart attack happened when he learned that the participants in the experiments agreed in advance on the transfer of information - they received three rubles a day and valued their work very much. It should be said that visual images and smells could act on the animals with the chamber door open. If the correct results were obtained by Kazinsky, and not by Vasiliev, then this fact explains the increased percentage of correct execution of commands.

Kazhinsky put forward a hypothesis that "the eye not only "sees", but also simultaneously emits electromagnetic waves of a certain frequency into space, capable of influencing a person (and animals in general) on whom the eye is directed at a distance. These waves can influence his behavior, compel him to one or another

actions, evoke various emotions, images, thoughts in the mind. Such radiation by the eye of electromagnetic waves of a certain frequency is called the bioradiation "line of sight". Based on this, Kazinsky, together with Durov, conducted experiments with animals. He claimed that telepathy uses "bioelectromagnetic and bioradiation waves", the existence of which has never been discovered. In 1920-1921, Vladimir Durov, a

member of the famous circus dynasty, conducted 1278 experiments of mental suggestion to dogs, of which he recognized 696 as successful and 582 as unsuccessful. Here is how Durov outlined his method in Kazinsky's entry: "I am alone, let's say, with the dog Mars, as they say, eye to eye. No one and nothing bothers us: complete isolation from the outside world. I look into the eyes of Mars, or rather, into the depths of the eyes, beyond the eyes, beyond the eyes. I make passes, i.e. lightly stroking with my hands on the sides of the head from above the muzzle and up to the shoulders of the dog, slightly touching the coat. With these actions, I make Mars half-close his eyes. The dog stretches its muzzle almost vertically upwards, as if falling into a trance. My passes select the entire remnant of the will of the dog, and in this state it is, as it were, a part of my inner "I". A connection or "psychic contact" has already been established between my thoughts and the subconscious of Mars.

- At the same time, in my imagination I try to clearly imagine the object of transmitting thoughts, sensations, orders: an object or an action (and I don't imagine words, as such, denoting them). I look through the eyes, as it were, into the dog's brain and imagine, for example, not the word "go", but a motor action with the help of which the dog must perform a mental task. At the same time, I vividly imagine the direction and the very path along which the dog should go, as if imprinting in my brain and in her brain the distinguishing features along this path in the order of their location along the forthcoming path of the dog (these can be cracks, a stain on the floor, an occasional cigarette butt or another small object, etc.) and finally, the place where the conceived object lies, and in particular the object itself in its distinctive features (in shape, color, position among other objects, etc.). Only now I give a mental "order", as if a push in the brain: "go" - and step aside,

opening the way for the dog to

execution. The dog's half-sedated consciousness, in which the thought, image, picture, motor action, etc., transmitted by me, is imprinted, the "order", makes it perform the perceived task unquestioningly (without internal resistance), as if it were fulfilling its most natural impulse received from her own central nervous system. And after the execution, the dog shakes himself off and clearly rejoices, as if from the consciousness of his intention successfully fulfilled.

And here is the act of experience on November 17, 1922, signed by V. Durov and B. Kazinsky: "On the initiative of V. L. Durov, prof. G. A. Kozhevnikov gives V. L. Durov the task of suggesting the following actions to the dog Mars: go out of the living room into the hallway, go to the table with the telephone, pick up the address phone book in his teeth and bring it into the living room. It was proposed by prof. Kozhevnikov at first to close the door to the hall and force Mars to open it, but this proposal was rejected and set aside. The experiment began with VL Durov's suggestion to Mars in the usual way. The front door was open. After a half-minute fixation with the gaze of V. L. Durov, Mars rushes to the middle of the room (that is, the task was not completed. - B. S.). VL Durov sits Mars back on the chair, holds his muzzle in his hands, fixes it for half a minute and releases it. Mars heads for the door leading to the hallway and wants to close it (again, the task has not been completed. - B.S.). For the third time, V. L. Durov seats Mars on a chair and after half a minute releases him again. Mars rushes to the front, rises on his hind legs at the locker, but finding nothing on it, descends, approaches the mirror table, rises again on his hind legs, looking for something on the mirror table, and although various objects lay there, he again descends, not taking nothing, he goes to the telephone table, rises on his hind legs, takes out the telephone book with his teeth and brings it into the living room. As I said, besides the phone book, there were also alphabet books on the same table and a telephone set. Despite the first two failed attempts, the experiment should be considered a brilliant success. During the experiment, everyone was in the living room. The dog was alone in the front. Her actions were observed by Prof. Kozhevnikov through the crack of the open door. V. L. Durov was in the living room out of sight of the dog.

In his book *Animal Training*, Durov described this case: "Let's try to understand this act. Let us suppose that a steady association reflex, often repeated (sitting down in a chair, fixation), causes the dog to jump off the chair and want to do something. Let's suppose that I gave her the right direction by an involuntary movement. By a guess, the dog guessed (seeing the half-open door and being turned back if he wanted to close it) that it was necessary to enter another room through it, but as for the further behavior of Mars, I cannot make any assumptions. This is where the mysterious part begins. There was no one in the adjoining room. The dog could not see us. Prof. Kozhevnikov watched through the crack of the half-open door and saw how Mars walked past the mirror with things lying on it, past the glacier, another table with things, and finally saw how Mars went to the telephone table, took the plan from three books. I ask myself the question: can prediction play any role in this case? Couldn't Mars have guessed to fulfill the task for any previous similar actions? This experiment with Mars was, after all, the first time that a dog was instructed to enter another room and complete a task there. The books lying on the telephone table she could see every day, but she never had to pick them up in her teeth. I cannot answer all these questions. I can't admit any coincidence, because the tasks were not homogeneous, except for the established reflex to *apporte*, that is, to take and bring, but even this habitual jagged action was modified in some experiments according to a mental task.

Here it is necessary to point out a small number of experiments - only three. It does not allow any definite conclusions to be drawn. Here the role of chance is too great, and the percentage of "good luck" is only one third. Besides, Mars had a small selection on the telephone table. He obviously couldn't bring the phone himself, and out of two books, a thick reference book and a small notebook, he clearly had to prefer the larger one. Kazinsky paid

special attention to the fact that "in search of a given object, Mars did not just move from one table to another. The animal made these transitions exactly in the sequence in which V. L. turned his eyes to these tables.

Durov. He looked first at the locker, then at the glacier, then at the mirror table, and only then at the table with the phone book. Consequently, in the experimenter's brain, the visual memory involuntarily imprinted, one after the other, the appearance of these four objects from the lobby setting. The same sequence was observed in the actions of the dog. This means that during mental suggestion to the animal, traces of visual sensations were transmitted from a person in sequential order, one after another - four imprinted objects in the memory of a person.

But this observation only proves that Mars closely followed the gaze of Vladimir Leonidovich and remembered, thanks to a short memory, the sequence with which he shifted his gaze from one object to another. And here is how Kazinsky describes

the experiment with the Faraday cage: "In order to prove the electromagnetic nature of the phenomena of the transmission of mental information in the experiments of V. L. Durov, I built and tested (in 1922) a shielding device that made it possible to isolate the experimenter from the experimental animal in the electromagnetic sense. In this case, the effect of the screening Faraday cage known from physics was used. In laboratory practice, it is often necessary to protect a particular space from an external electric field. The English physicist M. Faraday was the first to prove by his experiments that for this purpose it is enough to surround the protected space on all sides with a closed metal shell that conducts electricity. Although an external electric field induces a charge on the outer side of such a shell, the space inside it remains completely free of field lines. Moreover, there is no need to make the shell continuous. For this, a wire mesh with small cells is enough. In his experiments, Faraday placed animals in a cage and, by passing an electric current through it, made sure that the animals remained unharmed. Such a shielding cage has since become known as a Faraday cage, or simply a shielding device.

First, I made a cage (human-sized), in which the floor, ceiling, walls, and even the door were made of fine metal mesh, and in some places, of roofing iron. The first

Trial experiments showed the correctness of my assumptions: when the door of the cage was closed, the experimenter V. L. Durov, who was sitting inside, could not transfer any mental task to the experimental animal (Mars the dog), who was outside. But as soon as the door was opened, Mars followed orders exactly. This experience is recorded in a photograph taken on January 22, 1923, where V. L. Durov is sitting in a cage, and Mars, on his mental assignment, brought a notebook. The author of these lines is standing next to the cage at the switchboard. The switch covers the contacts of the grounded wire connected to the central heating heater of the laboratory. This grounding device was introduced due to the uncertainty of the question of what the length of electromagnetic waves can be in the phenomena of thought transmission and, therefore, what size should be the cells of the mesh walls of such an "insulator". It was assumed that grounding the circuit of this cage would make it possible to give it the potential of the earth and thereby enhance the shielding effect of the cage. But later testing of the screening properties of our chamber with the help of radio devices refuted this assumption. It was enough to have the chamber door closed to consider the blocking properties of the chamber secured. With the door open, the chamber did not block electromagnetic waves. Since the influence of the shielding device in

these experiments turned out to be noticeable and it was assumed that a chamber with solid metal walls would be even more effective than a mesh cage in this respect, at the end of 1923 a second chamber with walls made of solid sheets of roofing iron was built. Experiments with the new camera have further strengthened our

confidence that we are on the right track. It only remained to verify the screening effect of the camera with the help of radio devices. By that time the mesh door of the cage is open, the suggestion has been transmitted to the animal. The dog fulfilled the mental task of a man - he brought a notebook conceived by V. L. Durov.

Psychics, who were then called "radiating people", were placed in a Faraday cage shielded with metal sheets, from where they mentally influenced a dog or a person. A positive result was registered in 82 percent of cases.

Answering his opponent, Professor N. A. Ivantsov, who made a report in March 1924 criticizing Kazhinsky's theory of biological radio communication, Bernard Kazinsky argued: "Bekhterev's experiments with Durov's trained dogs cannot be considered unconvincing. The speaker tries to explain the successful transmission of mental tasks to Durov's dogs only by the animal's ability to be guided by its own prediction and mimic-somatic movements of the experimenter. The speaker does not know all the details of Durov's remarkable experiments, otherwise he would not have argued... Successful experiments with Durov's dogs have shown that during telepathic transmissions, images and pictures of objects are perceived, although they do not emit electromagnetic waves, but are part of the transmitted image. This circumstance is rather a proof than a reason to refute this electromagnetic hypothesis, as the speaker is trying to present. In his mind, the dog captures not the picture of the experimenter's eyes, but the image, sensation, etc., mentally suggested to it. Durov developed a technique for these suggestions, associated with the emotional reflexes developed in the animal. Therefore, the transfer of mental suggestions to Durov's dogs does not work out for people who do not know this technique. But these experiments are successful for Bekhterev and his collaborators, who have studied Durov's technique and have the gift of suggestion. Kazinsky also argued: "The speaker is doing the wrong thing by denying the facts of

the transmission of thoughts only because these transmissions are not registered in the minds of all people in the same way. In order for the mental information about the sensation, idea, etc. of one person coming from outside along with an electromagnetic wave to be perceived by another person, a number of favorable conditions are needed, which are rarely found in aggregate. Therefore, cases of transmission of mental information noted in life relatively rarely become known. In particular, this circumstance explains why most scientists still treat cases of explicit telepathy with distrust and prejudice, and some consider these cases to be mysterious or supernatural phenomena. It is time to extract these phenomena from the area of something mysterious and subject them to an objective analysis of accurate

Sciences". However, there are still no reliable statistical series of fixing telepathic phenomena. In those rare cases, when a statistically significant number of experiments were carried out, either the result was negative, or the conditions of the experiment were not pure enough, and the results could be explained by the actions of factors other than telepathy. The overwhelming majority of those who declared that they had telepathic abilities categorically refused to participate in actual scientific experiments designed to confirm or disprove their telepathic abilities. Two factors played a role here. A significant part of the telepaths were outright charlatans and deliberately fooled the public with a variety of tricks. Messing, as we remember, belonged to the second group of telepaths - to people who sincerely believed that they had telepathic abilities. But these telepaths, too, did not want a scientific test of their abilities. For them, telepathy was the meaning of life, and a possible negative result of the experiment would mean a complete collapse of life. Therefore, neither Messing nor other "honest telepaths" wanted to take risks. The stakes were too high. Messing did not doubt his abilities, he regularly proved their existence to audiences of hundreds and thousands of spectators, and to himself. At the same time, he was wary of scientists, not without reason suspecting that many, if not most of them, do not believe in telepathy and will do everything to prove at any cost that it does not exist. Here, too, one of the weaknesses of Kazhinsky's theory appears. It turns out that only certain people who own the appropriate methodology and the gift of suggestion are capable of "producing" original "thought waves".

However, the most ordinary people and animals are able to receive these waves. In essence, an absurdity arises: impulses do not give rise to all the thoughts of all people, but only individual thoughts of especially gifted people. Messing and other telepaths in this regard, at least, were more logical and consistent. They insisted that they were not engaged in suggestion, but in reading the thoughts of other people. There is no logical contradiction here. After all, it is quite possible to assume that all human thoughts are accompanied by

some impulses, but only a few people with unique abilities can catch, and only an insignificant part of them. And in this case, by the way, one can be sure that telepathic abilities are by no means inherited from parents to children. Theoretically, it can be assumed that people with telepathic abilities are extremely rare - with a probability of the order of one millionth or even one billionth. In this case, only a few telepaths can live on Earth at the same time (several dozen at best) and it will never be possible to put telepathy on stream. Even establishing the presence of "telepathic impulses" becomes impossible - after all, they can be detected only when a real, and not an imaginary telepath agrees to undergo a series of scientific experiments. However, since real telepaths have not yet been subjected to such experiments, and it becomes an impossible task to collect several telepaths so that the experiment is representative enough, the question of the existence of telepathy practically remains a matter of faith, not knowledge. Therefore, legions of scammers are joining the ranks of telepaths, frankly fooling both the public and some gullible scientists. And today it is impossible to unequivocally answer the question of whether Messing was a real telepath, capable of capturing at least the simplest mental images, or just a person who knew how to read ideomotor reactions well and believed that he really was

telepath.

It should be noted that the experiments of B. Kazhinsky and V. Durov aroused considerable interest in the 1920s. Newspapers wrote about them, and in Alexander Belyaev's novel "Lord of the World" mentioned by Messing, not only Kazhinsky-Kachinsky, but also Durov (Dugov) are shown as heroes. By the way, after the war, Bernard Kazhinsky worked in Kyiv, at the Institute of Cybernetics of the Academy of Sciences of Ukraine. His works were closed, but, no doubt, they were related to telepathy, or rather to the suggestion of thoughts - what is called "psychotronic weapons" in many near-scientific texts. This topic is also touched upon by Kazhinsky's book Biological Radio Communication, published posthumously in 1963. In his 1923 book, the scientist described another important experiment conducted by Durov: "The task was that the experimenter

VL Durov must convey to the dog Mars a mental "order" to bark a certain number of times. VL Durov is with other employees in the hall of the laboratory. Prof. AV Leontovich takes the dog to another room, separated from the hall by two intermediate rooms. A. V. Leontovich tightly closes the doors between these rooms behind him in order to achieve complete sound isolation of the dog from the experimenter. VL Durov starts the experiment. V. M.

Bekhterev hands him a piece of paper folded in half, on which the well-known number 14 is written to Bekhterev alone. Looking at the sheet, V. L. Durov shrugged his shoulders. Then he took a pencil out of his blouse pocket, wrote something on the back of the sheet, and putting the sheet and pencil in his pocket, set to work. With his arms folded across his chest, he looks ahead of him.

Five minutes pass. VL Durov in a free position sits on a chair. After that, A. V. Leontovich appears, accompanied by a dog, and makes the following message: "Having come with me to the far room, Mars lay down on the floor. Then soon he got up on his front paws, pricked up his ears, as if listening, and began to bark. Barking seven times, Mars again sprawled on the floor. I already thought that the experiment was over, and I wanted to leave the room with him, when I suddenly see: Mars again rose on his front paws and again barked exactly seven

times. After listening to this, VL Durov hurriedly took a piece of paper from the pocket of his blouse and handed it to Leontovich. Everyone saw the number 14 on one side of the sheet, on the other there were signs added by Durov's hand: $7 + 7$. Excited, the great tamer explained: "Vladimir Mikhailovich (Bekhterev) gave me the task to inspire Mars to bark 14 times. But you know that I myself do not recommend transmitting the number of barks more than seven. I decided: in my mind to split the given number in half - as if into two tasks, and conveyed the feeling of barking, first seven times, and then, after a

pause, seven more times. Mars barked in that order." Here it is worth noting that the number seven is one of the main archetypes of human thinking associated with astronomy, more precisely, the seven planets of the solar system known in antiquity, as well as with the seven-day phases of the moon. It is possible that the septenary is also perceived by some

Messing was not quite sure that the electromagnetic field was related to telepathy, and was not inclined to trust Kazinsky's experiments unconditionally. The telepath wrote: "Well, if it turns out that the electromagnetic field has nothing to do with it, what to do? Well, then it will be necessary to find a field that is not yet known to us, which is responsible for telepathic phenomena. Find and study it. Mastering it can open up new, completely amazing possibilities, no less than the mastery of the electromagnetic field opened up. Remember: Heinrich Hertz discovered radio waves in 1886. And in less than a hundred years, radio, television, radar, hardening with high-frequency currents, etc., etc. became possible. Why not expect that a new field that has not yet been discovered today will not bestow even greater miracles on us?!"

What is this field? Of course, I cannot answer this question. The well-known Soviet scientist Kozyrev suggested that these could be waves of the gravitational field ... This opinion is shared by some other scientists. They motivate their assumption by the identity of the properties of gravitational waves, for which there are no barriers, no opaque screens, and so to speak "telepathic waves", which also, according to some experimental data, have an almost absolute ability to penetrate any obstacles. However, detecting the gravitational field is an even more difficult

task than capturing extremely weak brain impulses. Therefore, the theory of the connection between telepathy and the gravitational field does not bring us closer to unraveling the Messing phenomenon.

As for the outstanding astronomer and astrophysicist Nikolai Aleksandrovich Kozyrev, he argued that the planets and stars are a kind of machines that generate energy from time. Theoretically, of course, it can be assumed that telepaths somehow draw energy from time, but, firstly, Kozyrev's theory itself has not yet been proven, and even if its proof is ever found, it is very difficult to imagine a mechanism with through which the energy of time can be transformed into telepathic. Wolf Messing undoubtedly had an extremely high sensitivity, developed through constant

training. His brain was capable of picking up the most subtle bodily changes.

in the process of thinking. If the task turned out to be very difficult, Messing consistently captured the entire series of muscle changes. To do this, he had to strain his nervous system to the limit, distract himself from extraneous stimuli, bring those around him, and above all the inductor, into a state of increased nervousness, and then choose only those signals that indicate the right path. Academician Yevgeny Vasilyevich

Zolotov, a mathematician, specialist in control systems and author of a telepathy textbook that was not published during his lifetime, recalled: "In a personal conversation with the author, Wolf Messing said: "You know, sometimes after a speech, priests come up to me and almost with tears in their eyes thank you ... I become very uncomfortable, to the point that I begin to think: should I stop these performances altogether, since they expose me in such an unseemly light. Indeed, the "miracles" that this remarkable telepath demonstrates are accessible to everyone. At the same time, their physical interpretation, their philosophical significance for very many still remains unclear. It is quite obvious that such a situation is most beneficial to the servants of any cults: "You say that there is no God, therefore there is no miracle ... But Wolf Messing, didn't he work miracles, didn't he do things in front of everyone, explain which science is unable to?"

This kind of interpretation of his gift put Messing in an ambiguous position in relation to the authorities in the country of state atheism. On the one hand, he seemed to expose all existing religions, showing that what people usually consider a miracle actually has a completely scientific explanation. However, declaring the scientific cognizability of telepathic abilities, Messing himself could not give an exhaustive rational explanation for his experiments. The theory of reading ideomotor acts did not explain everything - at least in the eyes of the audience.

Messing quoted in his memoirs the article "On the experiments of Wolf Messing" from the third issue of the journal "Health" for 1963. Its author, Professor G. I. Kositsky, head of the Department of Physiology at the 2nd Medical Institute in Moscow, recalled: "Many years ago I attended one of Wolf Messing's speeches. The presenter announced that Messing would perform any tasks that

should be put in writing and delivered to the stage by a jury selected at random from the public. The Jury must ensure the strict observance of secrecy and the correctness of the tasks. Messing himself does not need notes: he will perceive the content of the tasks by "mental reception".

There was a silence in the auditorium, which accompanies any mysterious act. And I myself wanted to

be convinced of this miraculous effect, and I sent my note to the jury. It contained the following text: bring a side chair

from row 13 to the stage. Take two certificates from the pocket of the girl sitting in the 10th row in the 16th place and add the sum of the digits of the number of the first of them with the number for which the second is valid. Get out of the other pocket money in an amount equal to the sum obtained from the addition, and put it under the front left leg of the chair brought to the forefront. I was invited to the stage. Messing asked to take him by the brush

hands and focus on the task.

The bright spotlight blinded my eyes. I held his hand and he stood next to me. Suddenly he rushed off the stage into the auditorium, pulling me along with him. He walked up to the 13th row, feverishly grabbed a chair and returned with me to the stage. The hall applauded... Having got used to the unusual

situation, I decided to start my own experiment. I realized that my hand, squeezing Messing's wrist, remained uncontrolled all this time. Relaxing my muscles, I focused on the task I was trying to

convey to him mentally. From

the outside, the scene with two characters looked funny. One person with a frozen look froze in place, while the other fussed and trembled nervously nearby.

It seemed as if Messing was shaking with a small shiver, a nervous tick passed from one part of the body to another. It suddenly froze for a moment. And the nervous dance began again. My hand remained lifeless.

- Don't think about yourself! Don't think about yourself! he said softly, frozen motionless.

He was wrong. I did not think about myself at all, but concentrated on a mission so much that he stopped noticing everything around ...

And it became clear to me that my thought could not be directly transmitted to him, that he caught it only by the vibration of my hand. After making dozens of seemingly erratic movements, he instantly assesses my reaction to each of them.

It is clear that if he accidentally moves in the right direction, I react to it in a special way. He continues the necessary movement and follows me again. This is not the transmission

of thought, but its guessing. I realized that

Messing perceives the movements of my hand. Is it so? I started

squeezing his wrist very lightly whenever

the direction of his movements, according to the meaning of the task, turned out to be correct.

Messing came to life. I repeated a light squeeze in each moment when he moved in the right direction.

And he found a girl in the 10th row, brought her to the stage (although there was no such request in the task), and again began to make numerous passes. When his hands were near his pockets, I again slightly squeezed my hand, and at the same moment he took out everything that was there from his pockets and put it on the table. In the blink of an eye, he managed to touch each item in turn, and again my hand tightened as he touched the IDs. A second to think - and the certificates are put aside.

He opened them and began to draw lines with a pencil ... I

have not seen other experiences of telepaths and do not presume to judge them authoritatively. As for Messing, it must be emphasized with all decisiveness that there is nothing mysterious and incomprehensible in his experiments. They have nothing to do with telepathy.
have.

Our thought is a product of the brain and cannot exist in isolation. from it or matter as such.

Nature has abundantly rewarded each of us with great opportunities and abilities, but not all of them are realized by us and not all of them develop. But a person who would take full advantage of these amazing opportunities could well do what Wolf Messing does ...

... Thanks to persistent exercises, intense painstaking work, Messing polished the natural opportunities given by nature to a perfect and purest shine. And this enormous work of his conquers us. After all, we cannot remain indifferent when we hear the play of David Oistrakh or Van Cliburn. Such is the power of true art and talent.”

In his memoirs, Messing commented on this article in the following way: “This article is the quintessence of the conviction that I am not a telepath and that everything is explained by the sharpness of my feelings. I am even ready to agree with this, if only the professor, respected by me, will tell me how he gave me a sign to add the numbers of the number of the first certificate and the number indicating the validity of the second certificate? I can add to this that G. I. Kositsky, of course, is not the first to experiment on me. They were also set officially, for example, at the Institute of Psychiatry of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the USSR. And always, in any case, always in their reports, scientists tried to avoid questions that do not fit into the hypothesis of a purely ideomotor mechanism of my work.

I dare to assure Professor Kositsky of something else: all attempts not to give me any signals were fruitless. Of course, I was disturbed by the fact that the scientist was not thinking about what task I should do, but about not moving my hand. These thoughts I perceived from the inductor. And so, in an effort to get him to get distracted and get back to the task, I asked him, "Don't think about yourself." Apparently, I did not notice the latter's handshake at all. At this time, I am completely immersed in the desire to understand the thoughts of the interlocutor and

notice little around. Something else might get in the way of my work. The fact is that I do not “hear” all people equally well telepathically - let me forgive this verb “to hear”, which absolutely does not convey the essence of the phenomenon. The bottom line is that I feel someone else's desire as if it were my own desire. A feeling appears in me as a feeling. If my inductor imagines that he is thirsty, and I will begin to feel thirsty. If he imagines that he is stroking a fluffy cat, and I feel something warm and fluffy in my hands. Someone else's thought will be born in my head, as if it were my own, and it took me a lot of trouble to learn to separate my thoughts from the thoughts of the inductor. That's what

the difference between the word "hear" in the ordinary sense and in the telepathic sense, as I use it here. So,

the thoughts and feelings of not all people I "hear" equally well. Some "sound" loudly in my brain, others in a muffled voice, and still others in a whisper, from which only individual words come out. But you don't choose inductors during a performance. And if an inductor with a quiet "voice" (all these terms are in my telepathic understanding) hits, and another person thinks "loudly" nearby, this can greatly interfere with work. People who saw me during the sessions noticed more than once that I was throwing remarks to such people.

Wolf Grigoryevich tried to convince his readers that the professor, not of his own free will and as part of his own experiment, tried to give him signs on how to act, but did this thanks to his, Messing, suggestion. The inductor, voluntarily or involuntarily, but always acts according to the principle of the well-known children's game "hot - cold." During this game, an object is hidden in the room. When the one who is looking for him approaches the place where the sought-for object is hidden, they say to him: "Hot!" - if it is removed, then - "It's cold!". Messing commented on the

article by G. I. Kositsky and his good friend T. L. Lungina. Tatyana Lvovna cites this comment in her memoirs: "Well, what can I say, Tanya? You know that I myself do not try to let in a mystical fog during the demonstration of my experiments. Only the professor approaches the problem from a completely different angle ... I would agree with him if he could sensibly explain: how did he give me a sign to add, and not subtract and multiply the number-number of the first certificate with the number of the second? He knocked me down not by his "relaxation", but by trying to focus on his person, on his own body, instead of the task. I brought the girl to the stage on purpose: everyone who saw my experiments knows that I don't do anything in the hall, but "pull" all the participants onto the stage for everyone to see. Here Messing claims that he performed an action that was different from what was prescribed to him in

the note, not because the inductor deliberately inspired him to do the "wrong" action, but only because he himself, Messing, applied his

standard reception. Strictly speaking, this error alone could not disprove the notion of his telepathic abilities. After all, he had to perceive what the inductor was thinking about, and not what exactly was written in the note with the task. But it was very inconvenient for Messing to admit that someone could inspire him with his will and make him make a mistake. In his

memoirs, Messing also quoted a recording of his speech made by journalist V. Safronov: "It happened last fall in Moscow,

in the House of Medical Workers, where Messing showed his abilities to the doctors who had gathered there ... I ended up on the jury, and this allowed me to be in keep abreast of all the events that took place on stage and in the public. Messing's penultimate experience was the mental dictation of the task without hand contact with the inductor. For greater persuasiveness, Messing was removed from the hall under the escort of two members of the jury. It was necessary to securely hide any object, and Messing had to find it. After disputes and several 'reburials', the object (a fountain pen) was hidden on the wall paneling. Enter Messing. In the quiet hall, Messing quickly finds a girl who hid a fountain pen. He brings her to the stage, puts her in front of him, looks at her intently, asks: 'Think! Give me a mental image...' And what if I try to bring down Messing, a mischievous thought comes to my mind. And then I begin to inspire him with the following: 'Do not listen to the girl, the pen is not where she thinks, but on the capital of the column, which is to the left of the wall'. At the same time, I only briefly glanced at Messing's profile (distance no more than three meters) and again repeat the suggestion: 'The pen on the capitals of the column' ...

Suddenly, something happens that I, frankly, did not

expect. Messing looked in my direction and said with undisguised irritation (I quote exactly, recorded right away): "We don't need many orders ... It's very high up there ... We need a big ladder ... Of course, I was embarrassed and muttered something like an apology. After that, Messing forgot

about my presence and again focused

your attention on the girl. The pen was removed from where it was placed at the request of those present ... ""

Volf Grigorievich commented on these notes in the following way: "I have no reason to tell a lie and exaggerate. To "hear" other people's thoughts, I need a special concentration of feelings and forces. But when I have reached this state, it is no longer difficult for me to "hear", "read" telepathically the thoughts of any person. And almost any thoughts. Contact with the inductor by the hand helps me to single out those that I need from the general noise of other people's thoughts. But I can do without this contact. By the way, when they blindfold me, it is easier for me to work - I completely switch to the vision of the inductor. And I move easily and freely around the hall blindfolded, not because I remember the location of the steps and doors, but because I "see" at this time what the inductor sees. The best inductors are deaf-mutes. Probably because they very clearly, figuratively, and not in words, imagine the task that I have to complete. With a friendly attitude of the audience, it is easy to work. Likewise, probably, the virtuoso pianist's fingers fly more easily over the keys when he feels the mute delight of the hall. And probably, his hands would fill with lead if he felt a hostile expectation: now he will go astray ... now he will go astray ... But just as a musician can gather strength and not go astray to the end, so I can complete the experiment with the most skeptical inductor."

Here, it is important for us to point out Messing that the success of his performance depends on the mood of both the inductor and the audience. A hostile attitude increases the likelihood of errors, but not because the audience becomes more critical of the telepath's abilities. In this case, the artist's brain seems to be "clogged" with extraneous impulses, either unrelated to the task or aimed at distorting it. The recognition that the best inductors are deaf-mutes, since they turn thoughts into the clearest visual images, proves that Messing could read thoughts not in the form of written texts or voices that he hears, but in the form of some visual images (most likely in the form of simple geometric shapes). Messing, as we have already seen, has repeatedly had to deal with a skeptical attitude towards his gift. And the skeptics

who found themselves at the sessions, always sought to "fill up" the great telepath. The Saratov illusionist Vladimir Svechnikov recalls: "In my youth, I was very interested in whether it was possible to transmit thoughts over a distance. When Wolf Messing arrived in Saratov, who demonstrated experiments on telepathy, I became his unspoken expert and received a clear answer: thought transmission over a distance

No.

At the preliminary lecture, Messing said that he reads thoughts and is able to complete any task of the audience. I agreed in advance with my companion, with whom I came to his performance. The task was as follows: "Without going down to the auditorium, invite a girl to the stage who is sitting in the 8th row in 14th place. Get a book from her purse, 4 cards from the book, a fountain pen (it was multi-colored), put an autograph on the queen of hearts in black, red on the nine of clubs. Why such a condition - not to go down to the auditorium? I had guesses, and they turned out to be correct, that Messing was guided by ideomotor acts. These are movements that are imperceptible to the person himself, which indicate the path to be followed. If this is the case, the telepath must necessarily walk to stop at a certain place. In the same way, no ideomotor acts can tell the magician to sign first with one and then with another color. So it all happened, when Messing took my hand, he rushed about, where to go, what to do. There is such a technique - to jerk to determine the resistance of a person. I mentally tell him: "Stand still, 8th row, 14th place ..." and so on. Naturally, he could not hear my thoughts. In the end, Messing said to me quietly: "Don't experiment, young man." Well, if so, the artist should help the artist, brought him to the right row, squeezed his hand. It was not difficult to guess which of the spectators to call, even without telepathy. All seats are occupied, and only one next to my girlfriend is free. Then, when they opened the purse and cards fell out of there, Messing was again confused. He never realized that it was necessary to sign with different ink, and I was forced to say that I simplified the task in the course of the speech. Messing himself told the audience that over the past five years he had not yet had such a difficult task, and he quietly thanked us when we left the stage.

In this case, the skeptic showed shop solidarity with a colleague in the artistic shop and rescued Messing from a difficult situation. This case proves that, at least, Messing's telepathic abilities did not extend to distinguishing colors. If he saw any mental images, then they were probably for him either all of the same color, or even colorless.

But there were few skeptics, enthusiastic fans and admirers prevailed. One of them, Victoria Galustyan from Rostov, recalled: "And here is Messing in Rostov. Posters about Psychological Experiments passionately wanted to get to his performance are posted around the city. I performance under the name of his performance. It was difficult to get tickets. Arriving at work, I bitterly told the employees: "If Messing is really such a telepath, then he himself would have to send me a ticket." A few minutes later the phone rang and my friends offered me an extra ticket for the evening. The auditorium of the Philharmonic was packed. I followed closely so as not to miss the moment when Messing's assistant invites those who wish to work on the jury from the audience. And so we were seated in the middle of the stage at the table, and Messing began to work. I closely followed him and the rest of the jury, not really trusting everything that was coming. From the hall, notes with tasks began to arrive, more than two hundred in all. It was necessary to choose a few of the most interesting ones in order to fit into the session. The notes came in with different content, for example: "Uv. V. G., find a young man with a gray tie in the 6th row, take out a purse from the right pocket of the jacket, open it, find a photograph and put it in the left pocket of the jacket."

And now the author of this note, which has not yet been read out, has been summoned to the stage. He must mentally dictate the text of the task to Messing and then testify to the actions performed by the latter. Wolf Messing concentrates, takes the hand of the person giving the task and unmistakably "reads" his thoughts. But he recognizes the thoughts of another viewer, without touching him.

When several tasks were completed according to the notes, Volf Grigoryevich suggested removing him from the hall, accompanied by two spectators-witnesses, to a room isolated from the hall, and at this time in the hall to hide the object that he would have to find. Back

onto the stage, Messing carefully and concentratedly looks into the eyes of the inductor and goes into the auditorium. He comes back, tenaciously holding the man's hand. He puts it in front of him and, joyfully shouting: "You have a pen under the side of your jacket, I see an ink stain," takes out a pen to the stormy applause of the audience. And suddenly he realized that a pen without a tip was the idea of the jury. It was divided into two parts. The hall is silent. Volf Grigorievich turned towards the jury and said quietly, but reproachfully to us: "Why are you like this?" He faced additional stress in the search in the auditorium.

A few minutes later he brought a blonde with a beautiful high hairdo onto the stage. Offering her a chair, Messing approached her and suddenly began to rake her hair with quick movements and took out the tip from her hairstyle to the thunderous applause of the audience.

You can talk a lot about Wolf Grigorievich. And now Messing is again in Rostov, and I am again at his session. This time I decided to become an inductor in order to once again convince myself of the extraordinary abilities of Wolf Grigorievich. I had to write a note with the

assignment and submit it to the jury. I wrote: "VG, there is a talented writer Vitaly Semin in the hall, please find him and introduce him." Wolf Grigorievich stood opposite me, looked attentively into

eyes, offered me his hand and said: "Think." I mentally commanded "forward", and he quickly led me to the end of the hall. Next was the command "to the right", and he led me to a group of writers. And suddenly I hesitated, not knowing what command to give.

The writers looked at us with curiosity, and I thought, if I give a surname, then he does not know who it belongs to. Volf Grigoryevich slowed down with surprise why there was no team. And then I realized - "brown suit", and Messing rushed to the writer Semin. The jury read my note.

Everything is done exactly. There's a storm in the hall
applause.

And Wolf Grigorievich, turning to the audience, said: "I beg you, whoever has a severe headache, go up to the stage, I will relieve your pain, otherwise it's hard for me to work." A woman stepped up onto the stage, he offered her a chair and, in front of the hushed hall, held his hands over her head and carefully asked: "Well, how?" She slowly and with surprise

She replied, "It doesn't hurt." The audience roared admiringly, and I finally believed in

Messing. Strictly speaking, there is nothing supernatural in what Victoria Galustyan described. The mental wish that tickets for the evening would be brought to her, and its immediate fulfillment, could have been a mere coincidence, which was therefore remembered. Finding a person, taking out a purse, and approaching a specific writer—all these tasks could well be accomplished thanks to the ability to read ideomotor acts. Actually telepathy has nothing to do with it. And Messing identified the writer Semin by no means by his brown suit - as we have already seen, the telepath could not distinguish colors. In this case, the inductor, by some involuntary movement - most likely, with her eyes - singled out a man in a brown suit from the group of writers, and Messing approached him.

And here is the story of Marina Andreevna Martynova about the Messing session, recorded by me on February 16, 2010. He well conveys the atmosphere that prevailed at the Messing sessions, where the audience expected a miracle and, of

course, received it: "I attended Messing's speech in the first half of the 1960s, as a student at the Moscow Economic and Statistical Institute (MESI). It was in some hall or club in the center of Moscow. Messing was in a dark gray suit and a blue turtleneck. He walked swiftly, and his features were tense all the time. The essence of the task for the inductor was to indicate a specific person in the hall and tell him the planned figure. Messing in all cases was on top, there was not a single misfire. An excited atmosphere was created in the hall. The session lasted an hour and a half. Messing made an impression. He seemed to really read minds." Commenting on this story, it should be noted that Messing had to keep himself, and the

inductor, and the whole hall in constant tension in order to create ideal conditions for reading ideomotor acts and force the audience to unconsciously help him. Messing in his memoirs stated: "I happened to be present at the debate about what telepathy is: an atavism that has

been preserved from our ancestors, or, conversely, a property that will be fully

possess the people of the future or those creatures that will come to replace us? Supporters of the first point of view cited a lot of evidence, the essence of which was that the more primitive the organism is, the more telepathy is needed for it. Through telepathy, these people explained, for example, the well-known fact that some species of butterflies learn about the presence of a related individual at a distance of up to a kilometer. At the expense of telepathy, they also record another well-known act: the simultaneity of the flapping of the wings of a flock of several butterflies sitting side by side. Telepathy explained the amazing simultaneity and unanimity of the action of fish schools, fish schools. And so on. But the higher the organism is developed, the less, in their opinion, the need for telepathy. A lion can find another lion by its roar. Wolf - by smell. The tigress warns the cubs in advance of her arrival with a quiet purr. Monkeys have a developed system of sounds for communicating their emotions, warnings of danger, etc. to each other. As it turned out recently, crows and, probably, other animals and birds living in herds or flocks have the same system of sounds ... Even less needed telepathy to a person who has many ways of exchanging information. And that is why it almost disappeared from people's everyday life, remaining a weak rudiment, and only sometimes does it unexpectedly resurrect in full measure in individual individuals. This is an atavistic property inherent in rare people from birth. Well, just like some people are born with a tail or they are covered with hair from birth. A supporter of this point of view is currently, for example, Candidate of Medical Sciences V. A. Kozak. Here is what he writes on the subject:

“In humans, a biological connection of the telepathic type can emerge from under the cauldron of evolutionary layers of the higher levels of the brain, mainly in cases associated with distress and generally difficult experiences, when individual functions located in the lower parts of the brain can go out of control of the corresponding sections of the cortex

brain...

It is characteristic that so far no definite phrase has been transmitted in any experiment. This also indirectly indicates that we received the phenomenon of biocommunication

inheritance' from animals, which are alien to the concept of logically connected words, especially phrases, as well as ideas about the detailed essence of the subject. Apparently, it is no coincidence that biological influence at a distance is most often perceived by us as an indefinite feeling of anxiety about a loved one or a premonition of some event. Probably, information goes mainly at the level of the first signal system or such sensations as fear, a sense of danger, etc. It is therefore quite natural that the ability to transmit information reached its greatest development primarily in insects and other lower representatives of the animal world. At present, this form of biological connection is, in all likelihood, an anachronism..."

Others say no! All the examples you give can be explained in other ways. Butterflies find each other by smell - and nothing more. Flocks of fish perceive the leader's command for the movement of water jets and, repeating it, pass it on ... Telepathy is a property that is just being born. It will replace other ways of transmitting information. Telepathy excludes the possibility of deceiving fuzziness, so it will become the main means of communication in the society of the future, when people will not even have the slightest thought to deceive another. People with enhanced telepathic abilities belong to the future. These are the first heralds of the future in our days...

"It seems to us," B. B. Kazhinsky writes in the book "Biological Radio Communication," that the phenomenal ability of a person to mentally influence others at a distance is still in its infancy. Those who consider this ability of the brain to be obsolete, degenerate, etc. are wrong. On the contrary, it represents the beginning, the embryo of a new, higher stage in the development of human consciousness on a new higher basis, on the basis of biological radio communication "(Kazhinsky B. B. Biological radio communication). I'm not going to argue who's

right here. After all, neither physicists nor telepaths have yet been properly engaged in butterflies. Bionics as a science is just beginning to acquire citizenship rights. I want to talk about something else. The fact that telepathic properties in one way or another are characteristic of everyone. Most of the time, they do show up in childhood.

They say that a mother feels everything that her newborn child experiences. And again they just talk. I have never heard or read a scientific account of even such a simple experience that is easy to carry out in a couple of weeks in any maternity hospital. It is necessary for one person to be in the room with newborns and to detect by the hour when and which of them began to cry, woke up, etc. And the other - in the ward of women in childbirth, to record the behavior of mothers. The results of this experience could already

clarify a lot ... To be honest, I'm not very interested in whether telepathy is an atavism or a property of a person of tomorrow. I am worried about something else: after all, everyone, literally every person, having dug in good faith in his memory, can recall certain cases that give reason to make an assumption about the existence of telepathy.

It must be emphasized that none of the theories of telepathy set forth by Messing has yet been confirmed. In animals, telepathy also seems not to have been found. In any case, all those examples that Messing gives can be explained without telepathy. It can be assumed, for example, that animals and birds, with their more acute senses than humans, somehow pick up ideomotor acts, or that they transmit signals to each other at frequencies that are not perceived by the human ear. Experiments with a wide variety of animals are known, when exposure to ultrasound caused a feeling of anxiety in rodents, dogs, and also in a number of insects. Undoubtedly, ultrasound is widely used in communication between many animal species. For example, this type of communication is found in dolphins and bats. Probably, in most cases, when talking about telepathy in animals, we are actually dealing with ultrasound. There is an interesting argument against telepathy among humans and animals, made by the famous

Polish science fiction writer Stanisław Lem. He argued that "the number of people who have seen, heard or experienced "telepathic phenomena", whatever it may be, is close to zero compared to the number of "experiments" that natural evolution has carried out during the existence of the species, over billions of years. And if evolution failed to "accumulate" telepathic signs, then this means that there was nothing to accumulate, sift and thicken." IN

In principle, it can be objected that telepathy in itself could not have a decisive influence on the likelihood of an individual's survival, since it played a very weak role compared to other senses. Most importantly, the presence of telepathy may not be combined with those features that provide mutual sexual attraction of individuals with a "telepathy gene". In this case, the main mechanism of evolution, sexual selection, cannot turn on. In this case, a species of living beings with telepathic abilities could not, in principle, have arisen on Earth, which, however, does not exclude the presence of telepathic abilities in individual people. By the way, Messing was by no means a Don Juan and was never perceived by women as an attractive sexual partner. It is possible that nature took care that there could not be too many telepaths in the world, and endowed animals (and people) with the appropriate genes with an unattractive appearance, thereby ensuring that this trait would not accumulate and the appearance of telepaths on The earth will never appear. According to Tatyana Lungina, "since the mid-1950s, publications about dolphins began to appear more and more often in popular science magazines and

periodicals. Moreover, not entertaining articles prevailed, but serious attempts to draw the attention of scientists to this amazing animal. Wolf Grigoryevich took a keen interest in the "dolphin theme" and asked me to make clippings from newspaper and magazine reports about any experiments carried out in laboratories with dolphins, about each case of a collision between a person and a dolphin in an open element.

In addition, we looked through dozens of works of ancient literature, where they were mentioned at least in passing, and the extracts were put into a special folder. We looked for fairy tales and legends of different nations with dolphin characters, some Messing asked me to reread aloud several times. He was especially touched by the legend about the friendship of an ancient Greek boy and a dolphin, which I involuntarily learned by heart. Every morning, going to school, the boy brought some treats to his sea friend and treated him. In gratitude, he offered his wet back, the boy sat on it, and the dolphin took him to

the opposite shore of the bay, cutting the town into two parts. And at the appointed hour he sailed ashore to ferry the schoolboy back home. But

the impetus for Messing's plan to experiment with these amazing creatures was quite frequent reports of dolphins saving exhausted or injured people on the high seas - during shipwrecks or reckless long-distance swims while swimming. Messing's reasoning was as follows. As an extremely

intelligent and affectionate creature, a dolphin can play with a person in the water and frolic like a small child: roll on its back, push it to the shallows, jump and dive, competing in dexterity. So they play with a person and his domestic animals - a dog and a cat. But how does a dolphin understand that a person swimming

even relatively close to the shore is injured or exhausted, if there is not even a trace of blood, which could somehow explain his ingenuity? Why does he not play with him, but confidently, like a nurse on the battlefield, leads him away from danger! Obviously, the dolphin does not understand the misfortune

that has befallen a person visually and not with other known sense organs. It can be assumed that he "intercepts" the impulses of fear, captures the feeling of mortal danger that overwhelms a person at such a moment. After all, a disaster is first of all realized, a person thinks about a possible death, and these thoughts are caught by a dolphin - that's what is amazing! And then Messing asked himself the question: is it

possible to check the possibility of understanding a human being by a dolphin not in a critical situation, when one can still imagine the "radar" of instinct, but in the most favorable conditions, and most importantly, in solving qualitatively different tasks and without using conditioned reflexes animal...

It was assumed that, upon completion of the "internal readiness" for experiments, Messing would receive, if not a business trip, then at least permission from the Academy of Sciences to work for some time in a dolphinarium on the Black Sea coast of Georgia. Therefore, under various pretexts, he rejected tour trips to those parts until he had the opportunity to go there, combining pleasure with pleasure.

useful. He wanted to combine vacation time with a tour to work longer with dolphins.

What did he see as the meaning of this trial work? What opportunities - your own and dolphins - did you want to check? No one can give a complete answer now. My information will not be significant either, since Messing did not test his idea experimentally. I will only indicate the direction in which he moved.

His desire was "modest": communicating for several weeks with the same individual, try to give orders to the dolphin also telepathically, without practicing any experiments with the animal based on memorizing commands using a conditioned reflex. Only a mental suggestion, as in the auditorium: to head to the right barrier of the aquarium, swim up to the dolphinarium employee in a green overall, slip into the middle of the three rings lowered into the water, and so on. But, I repeat, all this - without a single sign and sound. The calculation was that the outlandish spectrum of the dolphin is close to the human one. Messing admitted that during such a session he would have to bring himself to an incredibly high degree of nervous tension - higher than that with which he feverishes the audience in the auditorium. It will be necessary to send a kind of "laser" beam of thought to the dolphin - this is the theoretical plane in which Messing's idea lay. He went to him and prepared for years, gnawing out a lot of scientific and amateur information about dolphins, "getting used" to their image. Unfortunately, the illnesses that had fallen on him in recent years knocked him out of the saddle, interfering with the systematic preparation for a fantastic, unprecedented experience. And do not interrupt all plans of death, who knows what a majestic monument could be erected to these maritime intellectuals. I'm

afraid that an enthusiastic admirer of Messing wittingly or unwittingly exaggerates the degree of Wolf Grigorievich's passion for dolphins. Indeed, in Messing's memoirs there is not a word about dolphins. It is somehow strange, you see, if he looked at experiments with dolphins as a matter of his whole life. However, it cannot be ruled out that Messing became interested in dolphins after writing his memoirs, that is, not earlier than 1964. It is hard to doubt that they were still interested in him. Lungina could exaggerate the degree of this hobby, but it is unlikely that she completely invented it. Moreover, dolphins

has long been suspected of telepathy, and this circumstance is unlikely to have passed Messing's attention.

Messing became interested in dolphins, apparently because they were suspected of having a mind, as well as complex signaling systems, including telepathic ones. More recently, in 2006, a team of American researchers found that dolphins are capable of assigning and recognizing names. The name is given to the dolphin at birth - it is a specific whistle, unique for each name. In June 2005, a team of Australian, American and Canadian researchers showed that dolphins can use tools. Some scientists believe that dolphin tool skills are passed down from generation to generation at a cultural level. But the debate about whether dolphins have a language continues to this day. They also argue about what exactly can be called the language of dolphins.

Dolphins are often credited with telepathic abilities - that's why Messing became interested in them. Thus, researchers N.L. Krushinskaya and T.Yu. Lisitsyna argue that "it is impossible to exclude from consideration the possibility of the existence of information coding systems in dolphins that are fundamentally different from the usual ideas of a person. For example, complex information can be encoded not by a sequence of symbols in time, as is customary in human language (and, apparently, in monkey communication systems), but by the simultaneous transmission of a set of components of the frequency spectrum of sounds or in some other way unusual for humans and as yet undisclosed. Obviously, in this case, the "human" system of symbols imposed on the dolphin by the experimenter may turn out to be completely unusual for him. Finally, the possibility of establishing a two-way communication between a person and a dolphin on the basis of

"language" symbolization depends on whether dolphins have the level of development of mental abilities necessary to operate with abstract symbols." The brain of an adult dolphin is even larger than that of a human. On average, it weighs about 1700 grams, while in humans it is about 1400. However, it is not the size of the brain that matters, but its structure. But not everything is so simple here either. A dolphin has twice as many convolutions in the cerebral cortex as a human. At the same time in a cubic millimeter of gray

substances in dolphins are quite few neurons (even less than in primates). Probably, this circumstance limits their ability to think. There are conflicting opinions about the intelligence of dolphins. Some scientists believe that dolphins can be taught about the same things that a dog can be taught, but they are very far from chimpanzees. Others argue that we simply have not yet been able to master the language of dolphins and therefore cannot adequately compare their intelligence not only with the intelligence of primates, but even with the intelligence person.

In his memoirs, Messing stated: "Everything that I wrote about before, I, a materialist, can explain, if not in detail, but clearly enough. And if sometimes my point of view did not coincide with the point of view of this or that scientist, this did not change the essence of the matter: whether or not an explanation of the mechanism of my art will eventually be accepted by science as an objective truth, is not very important to me. Something else is important for me: the conviction that this material mechanism will be found... The

second incident happened a few years ago. I showed my "psychological experiments" in the editorial office of one newspaper. After the session, I was invited to the editor-in-chief's office. There were 10 journalists present. The conversation turned to the possibilities of telepathy. Someone expressed doubts about my abilities. Slightly excited after the session that had just ended, not yet in a "normal state", and even spurred on by the conversation, I said: "Okay ... I'll give you the opportunity to verify the strength

telepathy... You are all journalists. Grab your notebooks...

Some with interest, others with a skeptical smile, but they pulled out all the notebooks. Those who did not have notebooks took blank sheets of paper from the editor-in-chief's desk. Armed with eternal feathers ... - Now write, - I commanded cheerfully, - today is the fifth of June ... Between the twentieth and twenty-fifth of June ... excuse me, what is your last name? I turned to one of those present. "Ivanov Ivan Ivanovich," he answered readily. - So, between the twentieth and twenty-fifth of June, you, Ivanov, will receive a very large promotion in the service line. New appointment... I have a request to everyone: when this happens, call

me... Did you write everything down? Well, in a few weeks, and find out if I was right or not.

On the twenty-second, four people called me at different times. Ivanov was appointed editor-in-chief of one of the largest newspapers ... The witnesses of this incident are all

alive, and I think everyone remembers this day - the fifth of June. Just don't look for Ivanov's last name in the lists of editors-in-chief: I don't know if he would be pleased with the wide publicity of this case, and therefore I did not name either the editorial office of the newspaper or his real name. You don't have to ask how I did it. I'll be

honest and frank: I don't know myself. Just like don't know the mechanism

telepathy..."

I'm afraid, however, that telepathy has nothing to do with it. It can be assumed with a high degree of certainty that under the name of Ivan Ivanovich Ivanov, the already mentioned Alexei Ivanovich Adzhubey was hiding, who in 1957-1959 was the editor of Komsomolskaya Pravda, and in 1959-1964 - the editor-in-chief of Izvestia. I don't know which of the appointments Messing's prophecy refers to, but in order to guess that Khrushchev's son-in-law, who became the editor of Komsomolskaya Pravda at the age of 33, would go far, telepathy was not required, especially since rumors about the upcoming high appointment were probably widespread common in journalistic circles, and Messing was familiar with many journalists.

Messing wrote in his memoirs: "Very often I catch the thoughts of people who envy me: - I

wish I had such abilities ... I would ... And I want

to say to these people: - Do not envy!

And really, what

to envy? The property of a telepath allows me sometimes to hear about myself such that, as they say, my ears wither. Alas! So many thoughts are born in people that it is absolutely useless for others to hear and which usually do not express out loud ... Is it pleasant to hear unceremonious, rude, crafty opinions about yourself?

So, maybe the ability of hypnotic influence is an enviable thing?

Oh no! And as proof of this, I can refer to the fact that I myself resort to this ability extremely rarely. A counted number of times in your life. Well, perhaps the most enviable is the ability to see the future? Yes, also no! By the way, I never tell people that they must die soon. I try not to report other sad news. For what? Let them better not expect troubles and misfortunes. Let them be happy.

No, none of these abilities provide any special benefits. Unless, of course, their owner is an honest person and is not going to use his skill for personal gain, deceit, crimes ... But even in this case, he will not succeed. He will eventually be discovered and, quite simply, punished... for sure! So don't be jealous! Here Volf Grigorievich draws us the hardships of the life of

an infinitely great telepath, able to hear the flow of thoughts of a whole crowd. Indeed, constantly hearing such a stream is like constantly being in a crowded football stadium, where the fans are constantly screaming. Messing also told his friends that when he is with them, he turns off his "machine", so that they can freely think about anything. But in this case, Messing contradicts himself. Indeed, elsewhere in his memoirs, he claimed that he perceives the thoughts of other people primarily in the form of visual images. And in this form, of course, one cannot read thoughts literally. This would require that before the mind's eye of a telepath, the thoughts of other people would appear in the form of written texts. However, Messing never said that he reads thoughts like texts on paper. I think that this and other passages in Messing's memoirs about reading the minds of the crowd were invented by him for self-promotion and attracting viewers. Wolf Grigorievich more than once honestly admitted that it is easiest to complete the task when the inductor is excited by the unusual

situation and his role. Therefore, he tried in every possible way to bring the inductor into a nervous state - after all, then his ideomotor acts became more distinguishable in him. To achieve this, Messing himself had to become excited, so that each performance required a large expenditure of mental strength from him.

As the psychologist V. S. Matveev, already familiar to us, notes, "the experiment fails or succeeds with difficulty only in those cases when the inductor is in a state of intoxication or focuses on his movements, deliberately delaying ideomotor acts, but in these latter cases the condition experience - the concentration of thought only on ordering the experimenter to perform the planned actions. Messing often determined the direction of movement by the ideomotor acts of the arms, legs, and the entire body of the inductor. Then there was no need to hold his hand. If the inductor was skeptical about the phenomenon of telepathy and sought to control his ideomotor, then Messing began to irritate and provoke the inductor, which prompted him, albeit subconsciously, to help the telepath.

However, ideomotor acts do not help if the task involves reading a fairly complex text. Here even Messing was powerless. The audience recalled that he failed to find the girl in the hall, get a pen and notebook out of her bag, ask the girl to write an integral in the notebook. He could not take the book from the hands of the girl and look at the date of publication. The task to recite three words from Lermontov's poem "The Lonely Sail Turns White" led Messing into complete confusion. But this happened very rarely. V. S. Matveev noted that "professional experimental artists ... often resort to special techniques to influence the feelings of the inductor and evoke vivid ideomotor movements in him. So, V. Messing, for example, during experiments shows excessive fussiness, his hands tremble, his breathing becomes heavy, sometimes he allows himself to shout irritably at the inductor: "Think! Think! You don't think at all!" All this brings the inductor into a state of such great agitation that, without realizing it, he almost leads the experimenter by force ... in accordance with his mental command. academician Yu. He was terribly nervous, flour was written on his face. rushed sharply

from side to side, to the left, to the right, all the while getting angry at the one walking behind: "You have a bad idea where I should go! You misdirect me, you don't think about it! You must clearly imagine how I am going in the direction you need. Then I will perceive your image." In the end, the inductor was somehow trained, and Messing went where he needed

to." As already mentioned, Messing resolutely refused to test his gift under the conditions of a strictly scientific experiment. A friend of the telepath Rem Shcherbakov reports a quarrel that occurred between Khvastunov and Messing. Mikhail Vasilievich insisted that Wolf Grigorievich reveal to science the secrets of his psyche, but the latter did not show a desire to become a guinea pig. Their meetings became less and less frequent, and then completely stopped. This happened at the time when Messing lived on Sandy Street. By the way, in Messing's memoirs there is an episode when one student says to another: "It would be interesting to work with Messing himself! Put him in a grounded copper cage... Would he be able to read minds from there? This would immediately rule out the possibility of participation here of any rays of the electromagnetic spectrum ... - Turn Messing into a guinea pig?

Indecent. They go into the hall. It's a pity ... Smart guys! And I would not refuse the honorable, from my point of view, role of a guinea pig to sit in a grounded copper cage ... I myself would be interested to know if the electromagnetic field is involved in my psychological experiments? Or it is necessary to look for new types of fields that are not registered and are not marked by the instruments of physicists that exist today. But in real life, he never allowed himself to be experimented on.

Messing stated in his memoirs: "These are the most difficult hours in my life and at the same time the happiest hours in my life. These are hours of creativity!.. Probably, just as happy is the poet who finally caught the elusive rhyme, the artist who grabbed and nailed to the canvas for centuries the fleeting breath of the coastal breeze ... Life would be empty and unnecessary without these most difficult and happiest hours of creativity. He probably sincerely believed in his own telepathic abilities and subconsciously feared that experiments could disprove this belief. Then disappeared for him

the meaning of existence. Therefore, Wolf Grigorievich preferred not to take risks.

Messing wrote in his memoirs about the famous clairvoyant Erik Hanussen (real name Herschel-Chaim or Hermann Steinschneider), who was close to the leaders of the National Socialist Party and paid for this closeness with his life. Messing allegedly met him in Warsaw in 1931. Wolf Grigoryevich claimed that Hanussen was one of the few telepaths known to him who really had the ability to read minds. However, in order for his telepathic abilities to manifest themselves to the full, "he needed a spiritual uplift, an overexcited strength, he needed the admiration and delight of the public. I know this from my own experience: when the audience is won, it becomes incomparably easier to work. Therefore, at the beginning of the speech, Ganusen resorted to a dishonest reception: he performed the first two numbers with front men. As soon as he stepped onto the stage, met with thin applause, and delivered a few opening words, a cry was heard from the depths of the hall: "Charlatan!" Ganusen "played" purely artistically offended innocence and invited his offender to the stage. With him, he showed the first number. Needless to say, the "offender" instantly "re-educated", believing in telepathy, and that in reality this person traveled from city to city in the retinue of Hanussen. I understood it right away. But the audience took it all at face value, and the applause became more friendly.

Starting from the third issue, Ganusen worked honestly, with any person from the audience. Very artistic, trying to present their work as effectively as possible. However, his use of figureheads at first could not, until the end of the evening, erase some involuntary feeling of distrust in me.

It seems to me that a person endowed from birth with such abilities as Hanusen has no right to be dishonorable, morally dishonest. This is my deep conviction. In 1933-1934, Hanusen was

brought closer to himself by Hitler, although Hanusen was a pure-blooded Jew, his grandfather worked as a headman of the synagogue ... Spinning around Hitler, walking from success to success, Hanusen learned too much that he should not know. Certain circles used it in order to disguise

"astral revelations" to give the Fuhrer this or that advice. And when he turned out to be too risky a figure in the big political game, he was simply removed. They took him to the forest and shot him. In general, his fate is quite accurately and in detail told in the novel by Lion Feuchtwanger "The Lautenzack Brothers".

Theoretically, Messing could see Hanussen during the latter's tour in Poland. But here the question arises why Messing writes about Hanussen's closeness to Hitler in 1933-1934, if it is well known that the "Führer's clairvoyant" was killed by stormtroopers on the night of March 24-25, 1933. Here, both the interest of a number of Nazi leaders in eliminating Hanussen, from whom they borrowed significant amounts, and the fear that he could influence the policy of the Nazis who came to power in the interests of certain groups affected by his predictions. In addition, shortly before his death, the Nazis quite rightly accused Hanussen of forging documents in order to join the NSDAP, and expelled him from the party in disgrace. In addition, Hanussen often used really fraudulent methods. For example, in the early days of his career, he ran an attraction with "the world's first electric chain carousel" that was actually driven by children hidden inside. Hanussen tried many roles - he was a circus rider, acrobat, magician, hypnotist, telepath and clairvoyant. At the same time, Hanussen did not disdain all the tricks described by Messing - both "decoy ducks" among the audience, and code words and hints, etc. By the way, Hanussen confessed to fraud in his book "My Line of Life" and revealed his tricks, which he allegedly abandoned when, in the 1910s, he finally felt

like a telepath and clairvoyant. He no longer needed a mirror to peek at the tarot cards that he supposedly guessed. There are many obviously fantastic stories in this book, such as the one when Hanussen pretended to be a famous singer, not knowing how to sing at all. Here Hanussen claims that he felt the ability to read the stream of other people's thoughts: "You, sir, are sick with syphilis and now, this very minute, you are infecting your lady by treating her to beer from your mug. Your daughter, madam, is pregnant, but she does not yet know about it, nor does she know from whom. And this respectable gentleman was at the fortune-teller this morning

and asked her how soon his wife would die. Hanussen also came up with the soothsayer Eugen de Rubini, who allegedly read people's thoughts. Hanussen realized that he did not read his own thoughts, but ideomotor, and defeated him in a duel in front of the audience. It is worth adding that the name and surname of the telepath and soothsayer are contaminated from two famous opera singers of the 19th century - the German baritone Eugen Gura and the Italian tenor Giovanni Rubini. This Rubini Hanussen allegedly had an assistant and they went on a big European tour just when the First World War began. In the same way, Messing, as he claims in his memoirs, went on tour right before the start of the First World War. Hanussen, unlike Messing, could not avoid serving in the

Austrian army - he was sent to the Russian front, but did not sit up in the trenches, because he was soon wounded, ended up in the hospital, and after recovery he was appointed senior funeral team. Wanting to make his army life easier, he suggested that the command arrange a charitable telepathy session. The performance was a resounding success. The commander of the Gorlitsky garrison was especially struck by the news that his son had just been born. A few days later he received a letter from home confirming the words of the seer. To celebrate, the commander awarded Hanussen the rank of junior corporal and presented a cash bonus, which he did not fail to share with his "assistant". He was a military censor, who opened all the mail for a long time - it was he who informed the clairvoyant about the addition to the commander's family. In April 1918, Hanussen managed to demobilize and begin

performing successfully in Vienna. Here he adopted a pseudonym, under which he gained worldwide fame. The telepath became known as Erik Jan Hanussen, a native of Denmark. It is possible that he preferred to turn into a Dane because he did not quite legally leave the ranks of the Austrian army, and most importantly, so that the Viennese public would not have questions why he was not at the front. In this sense, Hanussen's memoirs are quite a

match for Messing's memoirs. Hanussen, who was born into the family of an actor, claimed in his autobiography that he learned that he had the gift of foresight at the age of three, when, waking up at night,

felt inexplicable anxiety: "We lived near the cemetery. From early morning until late evening, I had to watch the funeral processions. So my first impressions were coffin carts and funeral music. One night I suddenly woke up. As if someone's hand lifted me from the bed, took me outside and directed me to the pharmacist's house. There I raised his daughter Ernu from the bed, took her by the hand and, without saying a word, led her to the cemetery. There we sat down behind a large stone headstone. And at this time there was an explosion and the pharmacist's house was engulfed in a bright flame. This was my first saving prophecy. My best friend was the coachman Martin. Every day he rode his cart into the field to unload manure there. I, a three-year-old kid, sat on the top pile of this stuff. One day we were caught in a thunderstorm. The cart was under a tree where Martin wanted to hide from the rain. But at that moment lightning flashed in the sky, out of fear I grabbed the reins, pulled them, shouted: "Let's go!" The horse rushed forward, the sky sparkled again, and at that moment a deafening crack was heard from behind. We turned around - lightning struck a tree, and it flared up, enveloped in flames.

In May 1930, Hanussen performed in Berlin. Here one of the most serious scientific experiments took place in order to test his "paranormal" abilities. The experiment was conducted by the head of the Berlin Institute for Metaphysical Research, Dr. Christoph Schroeder, the greatest authority in the study of such phenomena. Schroeder invited several of his colleagues to participate in the experiment. Each of them wrote a date and a geographical name on a piece of paper in advance - on this day and in this place an event took place that played a significant role in the life of the person who wrote the note. Eight identical envelopes lay on the table in front of Hanussen. To begin with, he accurately attributed the notes. Correctly named five events. Wrong twice. The last envelope remained - Schroeder himself. The note read: "April 3, 1916. 11 o'clock. Goven street. Persia". Hanussen leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes, paused, and spoke. On that day, he said, Dr. Schroeder was in the greatest danger. He was wounded. He jumped on horseback or mule, trying to escape. Dr. Schroeder wore a small beard at that time. The parapsychologist was shocked. Hanussen described an incident that happened to

Schroeder in Shiraz when he was attacked by bandits. The most striking thing was that the professor was in Persia on a secret mission and never told anyone about it. Schroeder's second note contained the date of a 1912 safari at the foot of Kilimanjaro. And Hanussen described this episode in great detail. As a result, Christoph Schroeder published the conclusion that Eric Hanussen does indeed have psychic abilities. However, Schroeder himself was a convinced parapsychologist and really wanted to believe in Hanussen's abilities, so he could well go for a conscious forgery. Schroeder was convinced "that materialism would fall under the blows of scientific spiritualism and that thereby an end would be put to the omnipotence of capital." In addition, Hanussen, apparently, financed Schroeder's research, and it was not at all easy for him to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Hanussen opened a sanatorium and invented and heavily advertised a hormonal cream that supposedly dramatically increases the sexual performance of both men and women. In fact, this cream was completely useless, but people believed in the great telepath, and it is quite possible that due to their greater self-confidence, their sexual abilities did increase. Hanussen's predictions, at least those that were destined to come true, were quite general and included those

scenarios that contemporaries actively discussed. For example, he predicted that a future world war would break out in both Europe and the Pacific. Knowing about Hitler's plans for revenge for the defeat of Germany in World War I, as well as about the acuteness of the American-Japanese contradictions, it was not so difficult and quite feasible for any average political scientist to make such a forecast. Hanussen even published the weekly newspaper *Berliner Wochenschau* (Berlin Weekly Review), which on March 25, 1932 came out with the headline "Hanussen predicts a great future for Hitler." The clairvoyant claimed that in less than a year Hitler would become Chancellor of the Reich, and President Paul von Hindenburg would entrust him to form a government. At that time, Hitler was just running for president, but his popularity was still lower than that of the field marshal - the hero of the First World War. In the first round, held on March 13, Field Marshal

up to 50 percent of the vote was only 0.4 percent short. So it was not difficult to guess that Hindenburg would remain president. At the same time, the NSDAP was the strongest party in the Reichstag and its rise to power was very likely. By the way, in his newspaper, Hanussen published "astrological advice to stockbrokers", which had a real impact on stock prices. In practice, by publishing his prophecies, Hanussen seriously influenced public opinion in favor of the Nazis. The clairvoyant also made good

money on individual consultations with businessmen and politicians. His newspaper had a huge circulation. Performances also brought in large incomes. Hanussen became a real millionaire, had a luxury yacht. His performances in the famous Berlin variety show "The Rock" were sold out twice a day. Subsequently, Hanussen, trying to find an occult justification for his gift, built a huge "Palace of the Occult" in the center of Berlin, opened on February 26, 1933, just a month before his death. Three days before the burning of the Reichstag, Hanussen's newspaper wrote about the impending "death of the Reichstag." However, here, after all, we are more likely talking about the death of the Reichstag as an institution, which, as Hanussen could well have believed, the Nazis would not need after coming to power. Here, by the way, he was not mistaken. Hitler retained the Reichstag, which had already played a purely decorative role, but emasculated its essence. Finally, the Reichstag was abolished only by the Allied Powers after the surrender of Germany. About the

unfulfilled predictions of Hanussen, as well as other clairvoyants, history, as usual, is silent. One can agree with the director of the Institute of Forensic Medical Examination Otto Prokop, a native of Vienna, who investigated the Hanussen murder case and assessed his activities in this way: "He singled out the fate of others, and on the other hand, showed his limitations, failed to foresee his own sad end. The secretary warned him, many said that he had to run, the earth was burning under his feet. It was extremely dangerous for him, a Jew who hid his origin, to stay in Germany... But he only laughed in response... Hanussen was ruined by the thirst for money. And the desire to join the powers that be. The great seer did not see in Hitler a paranoid and a murderer. Hanussen was a man with a double

bottom. And in the period of Hitlerism, not a clairvoyant, but a charlatan manifested itself to a greater extent ... "

After Hanussen's death, they demonized him, presenting him as Hitler's closest adviser and teacher. Thus, the American psychiatrist Walter Langer, who during the Second World War compiled a secret report for the US government on the personality of the Fuhrer, stated: "In the early 1920s, Hitler took regular lessons in oratory and mass psychology from a certain Hanussen, an astrologer and fortune teller. He was an extremely intelligent and knowledgeable person who taught Hitler the ability to make a dramatic impact on the public... It is possible that Hanussen had contacts with a group of astrologers who were at that time very active in Munich. Through Hanussen, Hitler could also know these people..." In fact, in the 1920s, Hitler did not know at all about the existence of Hanussen, and of astrologers, as

known, did not complain.

One of the leaders of the opposition to Hitler in the NSDAP, Otto Strasser, who, unlike his brother Georg, managed to survive and write the book "Hitler and I" in 1940, argued: "One of the most curious phenomena of the post-war period was undoubtedly the famous clairvoyant Hanussen , who provided services to another clairvoyant - Adolf Hitler. It is generally accepted that Hitler dealt with Hanussen, as he dealt with the rest of his friends, as soon as they ceased to suit him. In reality, this is not at all the case. Hanussen was a Jew and well understood that sooner or later Hitler's racist views would play a role in the relationship between them. To avoid this, he tried to enlist the support of Count Geldorf, a renegade who joined the Nazis and was constantly in need of money, and lent him a significant amount. Hanussen always carried receipts for receiving money in his wallet. But Geldorf had no intention of paying off his importunate creditor. Shortly after Hitler came to power, he became chief of police in Berlin and ordered the assassination of Hanussen. The astrologer foresaw everything except this turn of events. Geldorf's IOUs were never found."

Hanussen's story also helps us take a critical look at what Messing has to say about himself in his memoirs. After all, he is trying to give readers the impression that he was an artist no less famous than Hanussen. But then he would have to receive the corresponding income. Maybe there would not have been enough money for his own newspaper and a luxury yacht, but Messing should have been able to buy a villa in the vicinity of Warsaw. However, he admits that even at the beginning of World War II, he "lived in his native place, with his father." Didn't Messing build a decent villa for his father, if he himself lived modestly? Why doesn't he write anything that he helped the brothers, why didn't he invest in charity, which he did even in the Soviet Union? The only explanation is that Messing in the interwar period did not have the same fame and income as Hanussen, and his rather moderate fame did not go beyond the borders of the Polish province. But he largely oriented his invented biography to those ideas about Hanussen that were common among the general public. Since there were rumors that Hanussen was making horoscopes for Hitler (although, we repeat, in fact, the Fuhrer did not believe in astrology and was not personally acquainted with Hanussen), as well as for other bosses of the Third Reich, then he, Messing, needed to declare his personal acquaintance with Stalin, Beria, and other celebrities. If Hanussen, despite his great telepathic abilities, sometimes resorted to deception and tricks, then he, Messing, is an honest telepath, demonstrating to the public only his unique abilities.

The fate of Hanussen also helps to understand why Messing could not have been useful to Stalin or Beria. Hitler and other leaders of the Nazi Party used Hanussen quite successfully for propaganda purposes during the period when they were rushing to power. However, at the moment when Hitler became Chancellor, the need for the services of Hanussen disappeared for him. Moreover, for the Nazis, who were starting to build a totalitarian state, the great magician and telepath became simply dangerous, and completely regardless of whether the Nazi bosses believed in his supernatural abilities or simply considered him a clever swindler (Hitler probably adhered to the latter point of view). After all, his predictions had a significant

influence on public opinion, and this influence could not be controlled by the Nazis. And Hitler could not leave out of his control such a powerful source of influence on the public, which, moreover, had its own printed publications. Hanussen's emigration was also undesirable, since abroad, out of a sense of revenge and due to his clearly non-Aryan origin, he would certainly have made predictions directed against the Nazis. Therefore, the Moor had to go into oblivion.

Messing, on the other hand, ended up in the USSR many years after Stalin consolidated his sole power and built a totalitarian state. Within the framework of such a state, the rulers not only did not need the help of telepaths, hypnotists and clairvoyants, but also saw them as a certain threat to themselves, regardless of whether they believed in their unique abilities or considered ordinary charlatans. After all, if Messing, for example, really had the ability to predict the future or hypnotically inspire people, for example, those under investigation, with his thoughts, then where is the guarantee that he will tell Stalin, Beria or other leaders exactly what he really foresees, and not lead his own game and predict not what will actually happen, but what, for some reason, will be beneficial either to himself or to some groups associated with him inside the country or abroad? Fortunately, Stalin did not have the opportunity to use Messing for propaganda purposes during the period when he fought bitterly with the internal party opposition in the 1920s. Otherwise, the telepath would certainly have shared the sad fate of Hanussen.

Messing, fortunately, interested the Soviet authorities solely as an artist of the original genre of telepathy or "mind reading", which had hardly appeared on the Soviet stage before. Spectators poured on the magician and telepath, and Messing's performances were held with a constant full house not only in Moscow and Leningrad, but in many cities and towns throughout the vast territory of the Soviet country. Thus, an important task from the state point of view was solved - the withdrawal of surplus money from the population. In a country of general scarcity, this task was far from the last. But this was by no means the main function of Messing. More

more importantly, he allowed people to fill their leisure time with "ideologically correct" entertainment.

It is always human nature to dream about looking into the past or into the future, to find out exactly how everything was once and how everything will be in ten, a hundred or a thousand years. Clairvoyants and telepaths satisfy this need by predicting the future or, supposedly reading people's thoughts, reporting how certain events of the past happened. The latter, however, usually turn out to be associated with certain crimes, but this only fuels the interest of the public. Therefore, no matter how much scientists say that there is no telepathy, but only the ability to capture ideomotor reactions, people went and will go to the performances of telepaths like Wolf Messing. In addition, Messing's "psychological experiments"

had an important ideological component. He gave the public a miracle, but a scientific miracle, designed to strengthen faith in the power of science and materialistic philosophy and at the same time turn away from faith in the miracles of religion. It doesn't matter that telepathy for the audience was essentially the same faith. The main thing is that for the time being they did not see it as a serious competitor to the communist ideology. Only towards the end of Messing's life, in the second half of the 1960s, telepathy in the USSR in official circles began to be viewed with suspicion, as some kind of pseudoscience. Messing was still allowed to perform with his sessions of "psychological experiments", but his memoirs "I am a telepath" were never published as a separate edition. Several more books on this topic were not published, including the textbook "Telepathy" prepared in 1967 by Academician Yevgeny Vasilyevich Zolotov. This policy

was easy to explain. Let Messing and a few of his followers continue to speak with their experiences. They are still collecting a full house, and the treasury needs money. Let his speeches distract people from thoughts about the poverty of Soviet life, give them the illusion of freedom. But the publication of books about telepathy and telepaths must be stopped. After all, any popular science book published by a Soviet state publishing house (and there were no non-state publishing houses in the USSR after 1930) immediately acquired in the eyes of the general public the status of the highest approved scientific truth. Thus, telepathy could gain

the status of true science. Published books on telepathy could become textbooks for dozens and hundreds of homegrown followers of Messing. If there were too many practicing telepaths, they would unwittingly become a factor in social life. And this circumstance did not at all depend on whether most of them were "real telepaths", that is, persons who could read ideomotor reactions well, or simple charlatans-swindlers working with "decoy ducks" and code words. Together, they could create, figuratively speaking, a kind of field, under the more or less constant influence of which hundreds of thousands or even millions of people could find themselves. Telepathy could turn into a kind of religious sect, with which the communists waged a merciless struggle. What would be the point then of maintaining a ban on public hypnosis sessions in the USSR, if almost every regional center had its own messing, captivating the audience with the art of reading minds and subordinating it to itself for at least one and a half to two hours? Indeed, in essence, one of the reasons for the completely unprecedented popularity of the

Messing sessions was that they were absolutely devoid of any political or open ideological component (the ideological component, as we have seen, they had). In principle, his speeches were no different from those of his colleagues in the West. ~~Indeed~~ ^{And for} those who performed on the stages of Western Europe and America, it was not at all required, unlike Messing, to declare their commitment to atheism and Marxist philosophy. On the contrary, sometimes they hinted or spoke directly about their commitment to the occult and even that they received their gift from some otherworldly forces. However, sometimes, if the situation demanded, Western telepaths also turned out to be not alien to atheism or insisted on the exclusively scientific nature of their gift. Messing, on the other hand, gave his Soviet viewers an inexpressible feeling, even if only for a couple of hours, of immersion in a magical world of miracles, strikingly different from the gray Soviet life, gave them the illusion of freedom, instilled faith in the power of the human mind, not limited by party directives.

In concluding this chapter, we will briefly describe how the matter of telepathy is today. In February 2006, American neurophysiologists pleased humanity with another sensational news: they discovered the mechanism of mind reading and can teach this technique to anyone. With the help of ultrasound brain scanners, scientists have found that people tend to retrieve memories from the bottom of their memory, while subconsciously reproducing the actions associated with them. Thus, it was possible to create a kind of "memory map", reflecting the connection between the thought of the subject and his involuntary movements. Subsequently, neuroscientists were able to predict what a person would think, even before he himself could say it. "This is the phenomenon of telepathy, which can be deciphered, which means that it can be controlled, used in science and medicine," said research leader Sean Paulin, Ph.D. in biology, from the University of Pennsylvania.

One of the experiments went like this. Sean Paulin asked nine participants in the experiment to remember 90 different objects from famous architectural monuments like the Taj Mahal in India and equally famous Hollywood stars like actor Jim Carrey, to the most mundane objects like tweezers or a dinner plate. At the same time, the corresponding images were shown to each. Simultaneously, the scientists asked subjects an image-related question, such as "Do you like Jim Carrey?" or "Do you use tweezers?" At this time, electronic sensors recorded the brain activity of the subject. At the next stage of the experiment, the scientists asked the subjects to remember as many as possible of those 90 objects that

they were recently

shown. "We almost literally managed to see how thoughts float to the surface," Dr. Paulin explained. "It became clear why some memories are harder to capture than others. People usually do not forget anything: information about all events without exception, both important and not very important, is securely recorded on "memory coils". However, some memories "sleep" for a long time, and then, when the necessary association arises, they suddenly pop up. By understanding how people recall the past, we

we hope to find out where this process is disturbed, for example, in patients suffering from Alzheimer's disease. The study will help distracted and forgetful people better control their thoughts, as well as those who just want to use the full potential of memory. In the future, as scientists hope, they will be

able to teach patients real telepathy, that is, reading thoughts without the help of words. And then telepathy, as a new level of development of civilization, will become one of the main ways of communication between people. According to Dr. Paulin, the telepath differs from the average person in that he uses his own brain reserves much more widely. It is easier for him to master new information, memorize unfamiliar languages, for him the path to understanding other people is shorter. He even predicts that already in this century a considerable part of humanity will begin to think telepathically. But such a forecast seems too bold.

In fact, the technique developed by Sean Paulin and his colleagues is a further development of the technique of reading ideomotor acts. Purely theoretically, it can be assumed that someday, with the help of some kind of supercomputer, it will really be possible to create a complete "memory map", in which each thought (or thought impulse) will be correlated with a certain muscle movement. However, it is absolutely unbelievable that such an amount of information (many trillions of thought impulses, and it is quite possible that we should be talking about quadrillions or sextillions) could be stored in the active part of human memory even among those people who, like Messing, have increased abilities to read ideomotor acts given by nature and developed through regular training. Therefore, the dream of universal telepathy, or that someday someone will be able to read all the thoughts of a person, will remain a dream. Perhaps, with the help of the technique proposed by Dr. Sean Paulin, it will be possible to defeat Alzheimer's disease, which manifests itself in memory loss, but I think it will never be possible to gain telepathic abilities thanks to it.

Chapter Three

The Beginning of an Artistic Career: Authentic and imaginary

In his memoirs, Messing claimed that at the age of eleven he ran away from home and ended up on a train bound for Berlin. Then, as if for the first time, his extraordinary abilities manifested themselves, but for this he had to commit three crimes: for this! ..", I poured all its contents into my pocket: since there is no God, then everything is possible now ... Fortunately, it turned out that this is not so, that in addition to the threat of God's punishment, there are motives that keep a person from bad deeds . But in those years, I still did not know that to deceive, to commit dishonorable acts is, first of all, to lose respect for oneself. I sat down on the cold steps of the prayer house and counted the stolen money. It turned out, as I remember now, eighteen pennies, which amounted to nine kopecks. And with this "capital", with a devastated soul and heart, I set off towards the unknown.

Went to the nearest railroad station. On the way, I really wanted to eat - the path was long. He dug up potatoes in someone else's field (the second crime in one night!). He kindled a fire, baked it in the ashes. For me even now there is no better delicacy than a baked potato - crumbly, smelling of smoke, with the inevitable addition of salty ash ... I entered the half-empty car

of the first train that came across. It turned out that he was going to Berlin. I crawled under the bench, because I didn't have a ticket (the third crime), and fell asleep in the serene sleep of the righteous. I was eleven years old that night. But the matter did not end there. What inevitably happened happened: the controller entered the car. He woke sleeping passengers and checked tickets.

"Young man," his voice still sounds in my ears to this day, "your ticket ...

My nerves were strained to the limit. I reached out and grabbed a piece of paper lying on the floor, I think a piece of newspaper. Our eyes met. With all the strength of my feelings I wanted him to take this dirty piece of paper for a ticket. The controller took it, somehow strangely turned it over in his hands. I cringed, burning with raging desire. He slipped a piece of newspaper into the heavy jaws of the composter and snapped them open. Handing me the "ticket" back, he cheered up his voice said:

- Why are you with a ticket - and you go under the bench? Get out! In two hours we will be in Berlin...

Thus, for the first time, I suddenly had the ability suggestions."

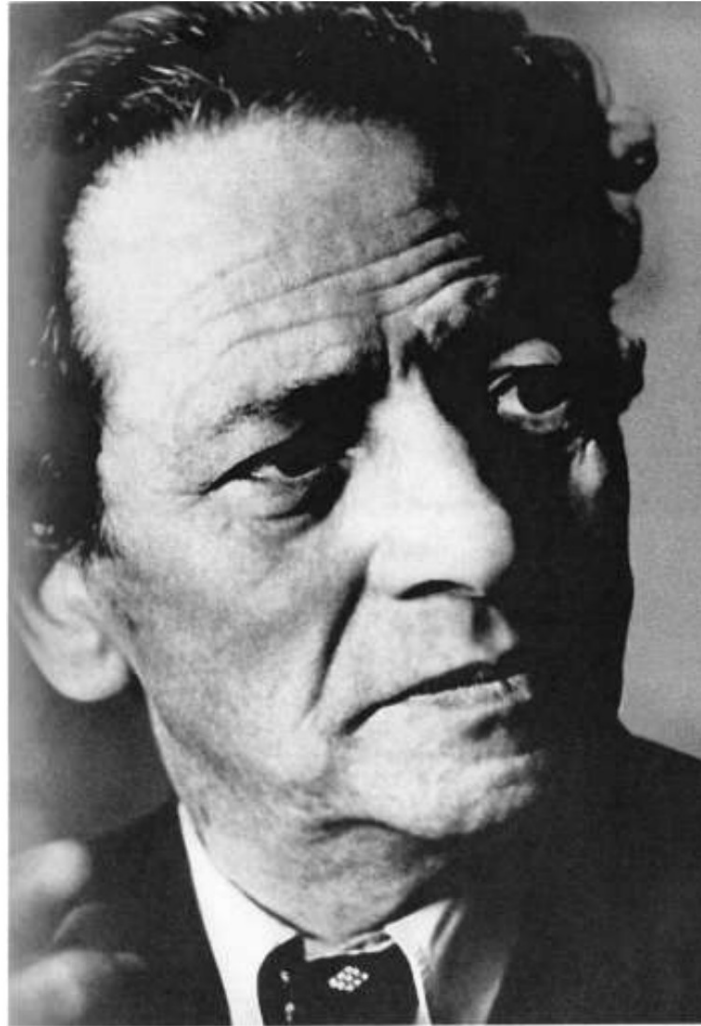
The number "three" is the most ancient archetype of human thinking. Without it, our thinking itself would not have arisen. After all, three is the simplest expression of asymmetry according to the formula $3=2+1$. If our thinking were binary (and the number "two" is the simplest expression of symmetry according to the formula $2 = 1 + 1$), as it is in animals (symmetry generally reigns in nature), then we would not differ in any way from animals, since we would be deprived of the most important property of the mind - free will. A person would then forever be in the position of Buridan's donkey, which, having absolute free will and being at exactly the same distance from two bundles of brushwood, would have to die of hunger, since it would not be able to prefer one bundle to another. The trinity of thinking means its asymmetry, and asymmetry just allows you to make a conscious choice in the presence of free will. The trinity of thinking is reflected in the presence of a trinity archetype in various products of human thinking, primarily in mythology and folklore. As we remember, the Apostle Peter denied Christ three times, as He had predicted. Messing, in order to renounce the ordinary boring life in a small Jewish town, full of

tedious cramming in a yeshivot, had to commit three crimes, however, much less serious than renunciation of Christ. In parallel to the story of the controller, who conscientiously stamped a piece of newspaper, there is another, more terrible one. It talks about how Messing accidentally killed a man. This story was told by journalist and writer Mikhail

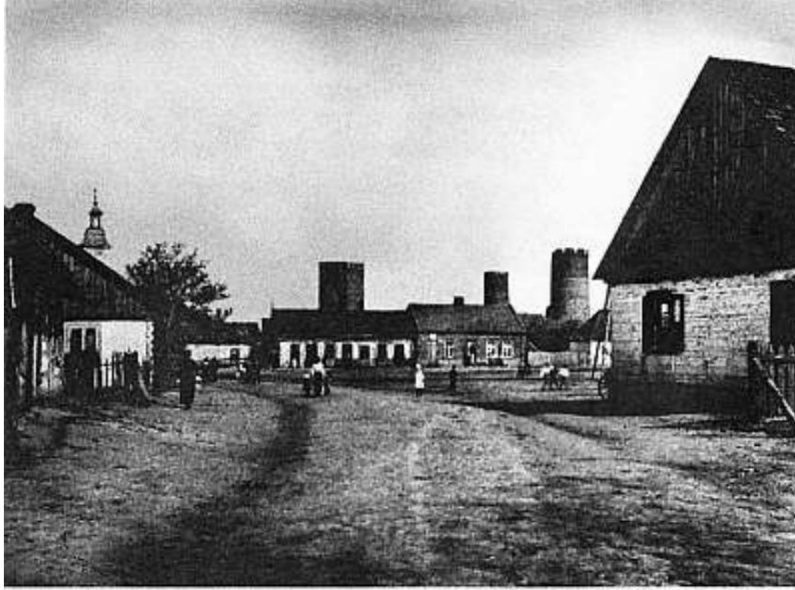
Vladimirovich

Mikhalkov, brother of the creator of the Soviet and Russian anthems and friend of Messing. He claimed that Wolf Grigorievich "in moments of revelation ... told me different stories from his life. Here is one sad, when he, a four-year-old kid, killed a man. He was sent to a nearby town to live with his grandmother, and two old women were assigned to keep an eye on him. Wolf was a terrible naughty man, and his father warned him that if he indulged in the car, the controller would come in and put him in a sack. The kid, of course, dabbled, and the old women, talking, forgot about him. The controller appeared. Messing got scared and ran out into the vestibule. There he hid in the corner. The controller came in, lit the corner with a flashlight and asked: "What are you doing here, bunny? Go to the car, "and he turned and stood at the door. The kid was so pleased that they didn't put him in a bag that he jokingly, childishly, thought: "What a good uncle. Let him open the door with the key and jump out of the train." The controller opened the door, jumped out of the car and fell to his death.

Getting two railroad controllers through the same hypnotic trick is probably overkill. The episode with the controller in the memoirs was most likely invented by Messing, and the escape of the great telepath itself is highly doubtful. The episode with the four-year-old hypnotist Messing, who became an unwitting killer, was quite possibly composed by Mikhail Mikhalkov himself, based on what Messing wrote in his memoirs. By the way, in another interview, Mikhalkov recounted this episode a little differently, without any old man with a bag: "Messing told me alone in a moment of frankness how he killed a man at the age of four. He was sent to a neighboring town to visit his grandmother, accompanied by two old women. We were on the train, the guides dozed off, little Wolf went for a walk and ran into the controller in the vestibule. He jokingly demanded a ticket. The impressionable boy, out of confusion, grabbed a candy wrapper and handed it to the ticket inspector, longing for it to be a ticket. The inspector either jokingly or seriously punched the paper. But the power over a person shocked Messing so much that he immediately wanted to test his strength again. And he did not find anything better than to instill in him that the train was standing and that it was necessary to go to the platform. The controller opened the door and crashed to death."



g



Gura Kalvaria at the beginning of the 20th century



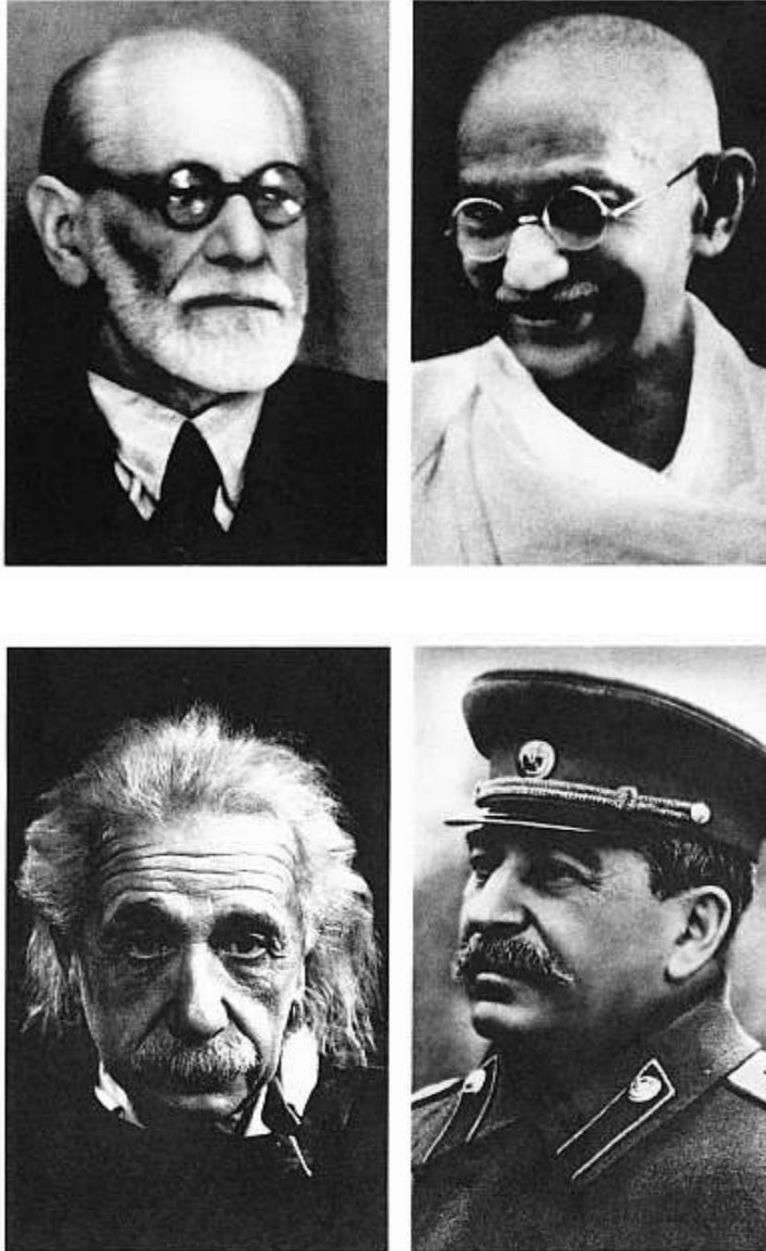
In one of these houses there was a cheder - a Jewish school where he studied
Wolf Messing



The Jews of Gura-Kalvaria are driven into the Warsaw ghetto. Somewhere in this mournful procession - the Messing family



This photo was taken in Poland in the 1920s, when Messing was just starting perform "psychological experiments"



Sigmund Freud, Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Einstein, Joseph Stalin. By
Messing's statements, they all highly appreciated his gift



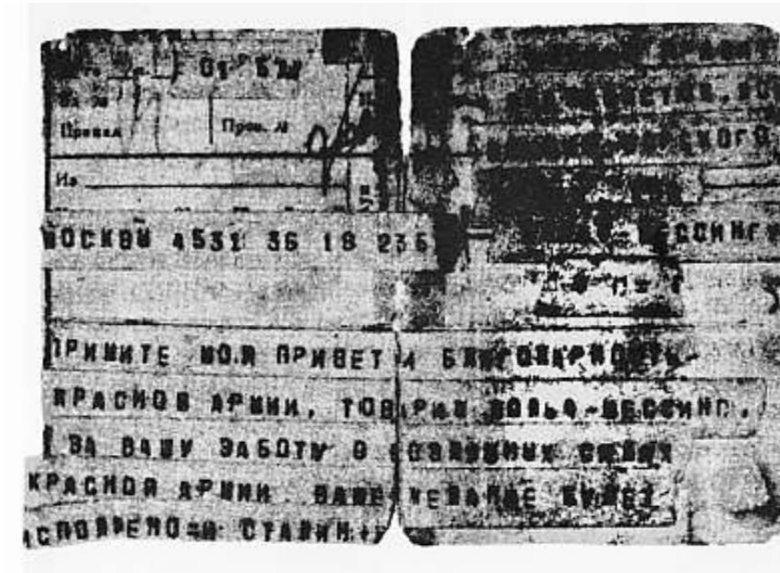
Messing allegedly predicted the career of a dictator to Marshal Pilsudski
Poland...



... and Adolf Hitler - again allegedly - declared the telepath his personal enemy



Messing next to a combat aircraft built with his money and his
pilot - Hero of the Soviet Union K. F. Kovalev



Stalin's telegram, which became for Messing "protection certificate"



Speaking in front of a crowded hall, Messing always focused
attention on one person - the one whose thoughts he tried to guess



An important component of the stage appearance of the telepath was his
"hypnotic gaze"



Messing with his wife and Tatyana Lungina



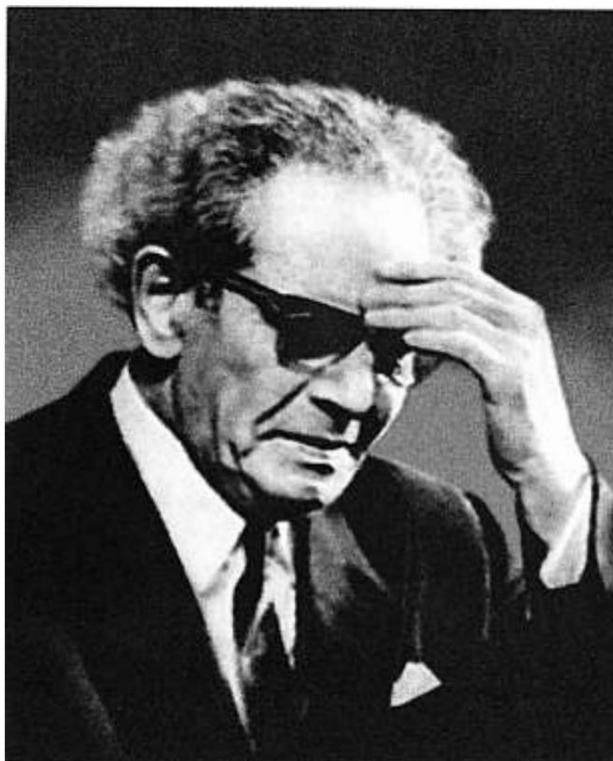
Certificate issued to the artist by the Ministry of Culture of the USSR



For many years Messing's assistant was Valentina Ivanovskaya (in the center)



Despite the unsociable nature, Messing often went to visit his admirers. Here we see him in Kamchatka with journalist Z. Balayan



"Think think!" - the telepath orders himself tensely



Messing indicates in the back row the person who the person who came out is thinking about
spectator on stage



Funny episode from one of the performances



Wolf Grigorievich often wrote down his thoughts as he went. However, these records were never found.



A mysterious photo of Messing with his niece Marta. As you know, everything the telepath's relatives died during the Holocaust. Or not all?



With beloved dogs



Faithful companion - Aida Mikhailovna Messing-Rapoport



Messing on the grave of his wife



Journalist Mikhail Khvastunov



A room in a dacha in Barybin where Messing's memoirs were being worked on





In the TV series "Wolf Messing. Seeing through time" the image of a telepath embodied by actor Evgeny Knyazev



Who is he - a prophet, a brilliant artist or a shameless hoaxer?

This mystery has not yet been solved

Mikhail Mikhalkov was a dreamer no worse than Messing himself, who had the ability to literally attract dreamers of all kinds to himself. And Mikhail Vladimirovich came up with a combat front-line biography for himself. As if before the war, he graduated from the school of border guards, then served in the Special Department of the South-Western Front, was captured near Kiev in September 1941, fled, then worked

an illegal intelligence agent under the guise of a captain (Hauptsturmführer) of the SS troops, and in February 1945 he returned to his own across the front line. Then he was unfairly convicted on charges of spying for Germany, spent five years in prisons and camps, and only in 1956 was rehabilitated. True, according to the dearest Mikhail Vladimirovich, he served in the SS division "Grossdeutschland", which by nature did not belong to the SS troops, and a person who really served in this division, and even an officer, would never make such a mistake. However, among the Soviet military leaders and subsequent historians of the war, for some reason, the opinion was rooted that the Great Germany division belonged to the SS troops, so Mikhail Mikhalkov repeated the conventional wisdom that did not correspond to the truth. I hope readers have already understood that he was not an illegal intelligence officer and never served in the SS troops. The only facts of his biography that correspond to the truth are that he was in captivity, and then in a Soviet prison. If he had to serve the Germans, then, perhaps, only as a "volunteer assistant" (hi-vi), who were recruited into the Wehrmacht and the SS troops on the Eastern Front from among volunteer prisoners of war to fill non-combatant positions. The story about an illegal intelligence officer who worked under the guise of an SS officer is a common plot of Soviet prison folklore. I have already dealt with the case of one such self-proclaimed hero - cartoonist Avenir Mikhailovich Khuskivadze, the hero of the book by the Israeli historian Aron Schneer "Fingerless gloves and a tattered top hat." He also claimed that he was an illegal intelligence officer in Germany, and since the time of the civil war in Spain, he rose to the rank of Sturmbannführer and Major of the SS troops, and after the war he was a resident of Soviet intelligence in France. In the real biography of Khuskivadze, there were only German captivity and the post-war Gulag, in which the legend of the intelligence officer-Sturmbannführer was born. It should be emphasized that the plot with the deceived railway controller, in turn, is very common in the folklore of hypnotists. Just as folklore is the episode with the "resurrection" of Messing in Berlin, described in his memoirs: "Berlin ... Much later I fell in love with this peculiar, slightly gloomy city. Of course, I mean pre-war Berlin; V

I haven't been in it for decades. And then, on my first visit, he could not help but stun me, shock me with his vastness, crowds, noise and absolute, as it seemed, indifference to me ... I knew that on Dragoon Strasse (more correctly - Dragonstrasse. .) stop people coming from our town, and found this street. Soon I got a job as a messenger in a visitor's house. He carried clothes, bags, washed dishes, and cleaned shoes.

These were perhaps the most difficult days in my difficult life. Of course, I knew how to starve even before that, and therefore the bread earned by my labor was especially sweet. But there was very little of this bread! Everything would have ended, probably, very tragically, if not for

the accident ... Once I was sent with a package to one of the suburbs. This happened about the fifth month after I left home. Right on the Berlin pavement, I fainted from hunger. They brought me to the hospital. The fainting doesn't go away. There is no pulse, no breathing ... The body is cold ... This did not especially excite anyone and did not bother anyone. They took me to the morgue... And they could have easily buried me in a common grave if some student hadn't noticed that my heart was still beating. Almost imperceptibly, very rarely, but it beats ...

Professor Abel brought me back to consciousness on the third day. He was a talented psychiatrist and neurologist, who was famous in his circles. He was 45 years old. He was not tall. I remember well his full face with attentive eyes, framed by magnificent sideburns. Apparently, I owe him not only my life, but also the discovery of my abilities and their development.

Abel explained to me that I was in a state of lethargy caused by anemia, exhaustion, nervous shocks. He was very surprised by my ability to completely control my body. From him I first heard the word "medium". He said: "You are an amazing medium... At that time I did not yet know the meaning of this word. Abel began

experimenting with me. First of all, he tried to instill in me a sense of self-confidence, in my own strength. He said that I can order myself

whatever I want.

Together with his friend and colleague Professor Schmitt, Abel conducted suggestion experiments with me. Schmitt's wife gave me mental orders, and I carried them out. This lady, I don't even remember her name, was my first inductor. The first experience

was like this. A silver coin was hidden in the stove, but I had to get it not through the door, but by breaking one tile in the wall with a hammer. This was deliberately designed so that there was no doubt that I had mentally accepted the order, and did not guess about it. And I had to take a hammer, break the tile and get a coin through the hole.

It seems to me that life began to smile at me from these people, from Abel's smile. Abel also introduced me to my first impresario, Mr. Zellmeister. He was a very

tall, slender and handsome man of about 35 years old - representativeness is no less important side in the work of an impresario than the talent of his wards actors. Mr. Zellmeister liked to repeat the phrase: "We must work and live! .." He understood it in a peculiar way. He gave the duty to work to his wards. He left to himself the right to live, understood very narrowly. He loved a good table, fine wines, beautiful women... And he had all this for a long series of years at my expense. He immediately sold me to a Berlin freak show. Every Friday morning, before the gates of the panopticon opened, I lay down in a crystal coffin and brought myself into a cataleptic state. I will continue to talk about this state, but for now I will confine myself to reporting that for three days - from morning to evening - I had to lie completely still. And in appearance I could not be distinguished from the dead. The Berlin freak show was a kind of spectacular enterprise: live exhibits were shown in it. The first time I went there,

I was just scared myself. In one room, sister girls stood side by side. They exchanged cheerful and not always innocent jokes with young people passing by. In another room stood a fat woman, naked to the waist, with a huge luxuriant beard. Some of the public were allowed to pull this beard to make sure it was of natural origin. In the third room sat an armless man in

in shorts, who was able to shuffle and deal playing cards surprisingly deftly with one foot, roll a cigarette or a goat's leg, light a match. There was always a crowd of onlookers around him. Surprisingly deftly, he also painted with his feet. With colored pencils, he sketched portraits of those who wished, and these drawings brought him additional income ... And in the fourth pavilion, three days a week, the "wonder boy" Wolf Messing lay on the verge of life and death. I worked at the panopticon for more

than six months. So, for about three months of my life I lay in a transparent cold coffin. They paid me as much as five marks a day! For me, accustomed to a constant hunger strike, this seemed like a fabulously large sum. In any case, it is quite sufficient not only to live on your own, but even to help your parents in some way. It was then that I sent them the first news about myself ... "Strangely, Messing does not mention that

the Berlin panopticon was primarily a collection of wax figures of various historical figures, and by no means a place where live freaks and various kinds of hypnotists and magicians were demonstrated. And it is possible that the entire number with the coffin parodies the well-known words of Hitler, uttered before his suicide, when he ordered to burn his corpses with Eva Braun: "I don't want the enemies to put my corpse in a panopticon" (another version of this phrase: "I want the Russians to show me in a freak show after death, like Lenin.

It is striking that Messing does not know the geography of Berlin, does not describe the architecture and location of specific buildings. The fact that Dragonstrasse is a Jewish street in Berlin, Messing could freely learn from literature, for example, from Alfred Döblin's novel "Berlin, Alexanderplatz", published in 1929. In this novel, the protagonist Franz Bieberkopf, upon leaving the Tegel prison, stops twice with Jews on Dragonstrasse. It is characteristic that in his memoirs Messing does not directly emphasize that Dragonstrasse is the street where the Jews lived. He only points out that residents of Gura-Kalvaria often came there, who, as the reader already knows, were overwhelmingly Jews. In the conditions of hushing up the "Jewish question" in the USSR at the time of the first

the publication of memoirs about Jewry should have been spoken about as much as possible less.

On the whole, from reading Messing's memoirs one gets the impression that he has never been to Berlin, just as he has never been to Rome, Paris, Vienna, America and Asia, where, according to his memoirs, he successfully toured before how he moved to the Soviet Union. But Messing directly wrote: "In general, it must be said that in some countries the so-called "occult sciences" are very common. I saw the houses of fortune-tellers, magicians, wizards, palmists painted with colorful colors on the Champs Elysees and the Grand Boulevards in Paris, on Unter den Linden in Berlin, met them in London, Stockholm, Buenos Aires, Tokyo. And nothing changed in the essence of the matter the national color, which left its mark on the external design of the booths, on the clothes of the predictors. However, he did not provide specific details of these streets. Probably, Schoenfeld was right - Messing, with his performances in the interwar period, did not go beyond the

borders of Poland. But the question remains whether Messing really confessed to him in 1942 in Tashkent that he had never left Poland until 1939, or Schoenfeld himself, after analyzing his memoirs, came to this conclusion, and then, for greater persuasiveness, dressed this conclusion in the form of a confession Messing himself. Who is Ignatius Shenfeld, who wrote a documentary story about Wolf Messing, which we will have to refer to more than once? The National Security Service of Uzbekistan informed N.

N. Kitaev: "It has been established that Ignatij Notanovich Shenfeld, born in 1915, a native of Lvov, has a higher education, is single, before his arrest on January 28, 1943, he worked as a forwarder at evacuation hospital No. 1977 present. Barash, South Kazakhstan region, by a resolution of the Special Meeting of the NKVD of the USSR of August 16, 1943, he was found guilty of committing a crime under Art. 57-1 of the Uzbek SSR - espionage (as amended in 1926) and sentenced to 10 years in prison. Based on the protest of the military prosecutor's office of the Turkestan military district of October 15, 1966, the decision of the military tribunal of the TurkVO of November 4, 1966, the decision of the Special Meeting of the NKVD of the USSR of August 16, 1943 in relation to Shenfeld Ignatius

Notanovich was canceled, and the criminal case was dismissed due to the absence of corpus delicti in his actions, that is, he was rehabilitated in this criminal case.

Having received documentary confirmation that Shenfeld was indeed in a Tashkent prison at the beginning of 1943, Kitaev was inclined to completely trust Shenfeld's "documentary story" "The Rabbi from Mount Kalvaria", since the circumstances of Shenfeld's case were set out there quite correctly. On this basis, Nikolai Nikolaevich believes that the author of the documentary story "strives for maximum objectivity in presenting the facts in relation to himself and other persons."

However, strictly speaking, the fact that Schoenfeld basically stated the circumstances of his case correctly does not mean at all that he was just as truthful about his relationship with Messing. It can only be assumed with a high degree of probability that Schoenfeld and Messing actually met in 1942 or early 1943, either in Tashkent or elsewhere in Soviet Central Asia, but not necessarily in a Tashkent prison.

Schoenfeld worked as an evacuation hospital forwarder, and Messing often performed in hospitals during the war. And it is quite possible that the aspiring poet watched Messing's performance not in pre-war Lvov, as he writes in his story, but at the Barash station in Kazakhstan, where Messing could speak to the wounded and hospital staff. There they could also meet. In addition, on official business, Schoenfeld probably often visited Tashkent, where Messing also toured. Acquaintance could occur there. By the way, Ignatius gives the readers of his story the impression that he himself lived all the time in 1942 in Tashkent and that Messing was evacuated to Tashkent. But, according to the materials of the criminal case, Shenfeld did not work in Tashkent, but at the Barash station, located, however, not far from Tashkent. Meanwhile, in his memoirs, Messing writes that he was evacuated to Novosibirsk, and not at all to Tashkent. He also mentions his arrest, but not at all under the same circumstances as in Schoenfeld's story.

It seems that Schoenfeld put Messing in prison for purely artistic purposes, in order to create a "borderline situation" for the protagonist of his story and justify him.

frank confession before, in essence, a stranger. Here is how Messing, according to Ignatius Shenfeld, explained to him the circumstances of his flight from home: "I was thirteen years old when my mother of blessed memory suddenly died. As happens among the poor, outwardly she did not show much tenderness for me, but she was a real Yiddish mother, and her wide apron served me more than once as a reliable protection from my father's wrath. I remember the tears in her eyes when she lit the candles on Shabas in the evening and, putting her hard-working, rough hands on our heads, blessed us children. Her hands trembled, and her lips whispered incantations from the evil eye.

I vaguely remember how the old women came from the Chevra Kaddish (funeral service at the synagogue. - B.S.) to wash my mother and dress her in a death shroud. Four Jews carried on their shoulders a stretcher with a body through the whole place, and we trudged behind, listening to the women lamenting in a singsong voice, praising the dead woman, who lived like a rebtsin (righteous woman. - B.S.) and should be worthy of eternal rest in Gennadim for her virtues with the righteous. I read Kaddish over the grave, because after the bar mitzvah I was already considered a man.

During those seven days, when the whole family was grieving, sitting on low benches, I kept thinking what to do now. Shekhel, common sense told me that nothing was holding me back in Gur and that I had to leave and find a place for myself under the sun. After all, I have not been anywhere yet and have not seen anything, except for the Mirovsky shopping arcade in Warsaw. But I remained silent, holding my thoughts, and waited for the right opportunity. Wandering booths sometimes came to Guru Kalvaria, and on Catholic church holidays even third-rate circuses ... at the very word "circus" I began to tremble with

delight. The Cordello Circus, as I understand it today, was more of a hint at the circus. But nevertheless, I completely lost my head when its big top turned white at the monastery rampart at the bend of the Vistula. It was more of a family business. Father, pan Anton Kordonek, was a director, trainer, equilibrist, master of all circus arts rolled into one. Pani Rosalia, his wife, also knew how to do everything that circus performers demonstrate in the arena. Two sons, strong men and acrobats, two young daughters who were equestrians, and Uncle Konrad, one who replaced the whole orchestra - that's the whole troupe. Almost members of the family were considered two pairs of horses who worked in the arena and walked

in a harness, children's favorite pony Tsutsik, lop-eared donkey Jacek, vigorous goat Egomoshch, and mischievous and mischievous monkey Muska. There were two more dogs from the Spitz breed and a spotted dog.

Although I had no money, I managed to get to all the performances, crawling right between the legs of the

audience. Due to repairs, the circus had to stay with us for quite some time - and all this time I spent days running around the camper van, two larger vans and a tent that surrounded the circus parking lot. I was attracted by the smell of the stables, the echoes of training and the everyday life of a different, exciting life. I was happy if I could help: bring water, firewood, a bunch of hay or straw. The circus performers gradually got used to my silent presence and voluntary help. And when one fine day they invited me in a friendly way: "Hey, jidek, sit down with us at the table!" - I realized that I became almost their own

man.

In a yarmulke, in a quadrangular cape with a neckline, with arbekafes dangling at the bottom, I sat in silence. Not only because I was incredibly shy: after all, I knew only a few words in Polish. It took me some time to touch the club food of the goy. The owners encouraged me, laughing good-naturedly. The hardest thing was, of course, to swallow the pork. Our Lord, eloheinu, forgive me, the prodigal son, who was the first of the Messing family to pollute his mouth with this unclean food! When the

circus began to get ready to go, I fell into despair. For the first time I made friends and immediately lost them. I tossed and turned all night, and in the morning I took my tefilin for the morning prayer, tied a loaf of bread and an onion into a knot, and left the still sleeping town in the direction of Groets. Having gone six or seven versts, I sat down on a hillock by the road. Soon there was the sound of hooves and the rumble of wagons. When they drew level with me, Pan Kordonek saw my weeping physiognomy, he pulled the reins and said: "Whoa!" Then he thought a little - and without saying a word, he pointed his thumb back at the van ... Get in, they say! Thus began my artistic career.

For the kindness shown to me, I tried my best to be a useful member of the troupe. Overcoming fear, I learned to court and harness horses and follow other animals. I cut off my sidelocks and put on something like a livery. Found shoes for me.

I was a frail fellow, and although I had already tasted the wisdom of the Talmud and could somehow comment on the Mishnah and the Gemara, I was still not very adapted to life, especially to the circus. But over time, I learned to stand on my hands, walk with a wheel and even spin the sun on the horizontal bar, do somersaults. I could even act as a clown at the carpet. My first independent number was with a donkey: I tried to saddle him, and he threw me off and dragged me around the arena. In another room, a goat chased me, and a monkey pulled my ears.

The Kordonki treated me like a member of the family, and I did not regret that I left the shtetle (town. - B.S.). In her free time, Kordonkova's mother taught her daughters and me the Polish language and literacy. Papa Kordonek showed me the secrets of illusionist tricks. My nondescriptness and weightlessness were very suitable for fakir performances. I learned to lie down on a board studded with nails, swallow a sword, swallow and spit fire ...

Then I really enjoyed life, like a bird escaping from a cage. Maybe those were the best years of my life. Later I could never look without excitement at traveling circuses, meeting them on my way. According to Schoenfeld, it turns out that

the main event that forced Messing to leave his home was not disappointment in religion, but the death of his mother, who, unlike her stern father, treated him with care and affection. Messing in his memoirs fondly recalls his mother: "Father did not indulge us, children, with affection and tenderness. I remember the gentle hands of my mother and the hard, merciless hand of my father. He did not hesitate to give any of us the most merciless beating. He writes very sparingly about the fate of his parents and brothers: "Father, brothers, all relatives died in Majdanek, in the Warsaw ghetto, in the years when fascism declared war on humanity. Mother, fortunately, died earlier from a broken heart. And I didn't even have a photograph from those years of life ... Neither my father ... nor my mother ... nor my brothers ... "It is striking that in Messing's

memoirs nothing says that it was the death of his mother that prompted him to leave home. On the contrary, from his memoirs one gets the impression that the death of the mother, although it occurred before the start of World War II, happened a considerable time later after her son began to perform in

circus (or, more likely, in a cabaret and on the stage, where psychological experiments were usually demonstrated). Messing does not give the exact date of his mother's death. One can only be sure that this sad event happened before the start of the war. However, he never mentions that it was the death of his mother that prompted him to leave home, and it would seem that there was no point in hiding such an important motive. It is quite possible that Messing did not leave his home at all until the autumn of 1939, although in the 1920s and 1930s he spent most of his time on tour. As for Messing's performances as an acrobat, this inspires great doubt. Messing did not demonstrate any acrobatic abilities in the USSR, although he may have had the ability to catalepsy. According to Messing's confession, allegedly made in Schonfeld prison, the

Kordonek circus in the warm season toured only in Russian Poland, which was then called the Privislinsky region, and he never happened to be abroad. Moreover, Kordonek's circus never visited the rest of the Russian Empire either. In a family of circus performers, Wolf allegedly learned the Polish spoken language and, at the very least, learned to read and write in Polish. There can be no doubt that the whole story with the Kordoneks was invented by

Schoenfeld from beginning to end. Apparently, Schoenfeld invented Anton Kordonek as a parody of the main theorist of spiritualism, the little-known French writer Marquis Rivail, who acted as a spiritualist under the pseudonym Alan Kardec (1804-1869). His books have been translated into all European languages. For example, *The Book of Mediums*, written by Kardec, was published in St. Petersburg in 1904. But the fact that before the war Messing did not leave Poland with his psychological experiments seems very likely. The language barrier affected - after all, the performances were in Polish, which, obviously, Messing had a sufficient command of. But he decently mastered it, most likely, not in the family of the mythical Kordonek, but during his service in the Polish army, which he hardly managed to avoid.

According to Schoenfeld, after the outbreak of the First World War, the young Kordoneks were mobilized into the imperial army and circus tours ceased. But in the native land of Wolf,

having known the charm of a wandering life, he did not stay long. He went to Warsaw to look for an intermediary entrepreneur, Kobak, whom Kordonek had recommended to him. He used him as a fakir. Messing also had to lie in a glass coffin, depicting a man who supposedly starves for forty days. He also performed with midgets, giants and bearded women.

Probably, in this way, Schoenfeld parodied Messing's story in his memoirs about how he performed at the Berlin freak show. In his memoirs, Messing also claimed that he began his circus career with the role of a resurrecting dead man in a freak show, then he mastered the role of a fakir, and since 1915 he began to perform psychological experiments. Messing claimed that he was actively engaged in self-education and even worked at the university: "In Berlin in those years, I visited private teachers and studied general education subjects with them. I was especially interested in psychology. Therefore, later I worked for a long time at the Vilna University in the Department of Psychology, trying to understand the essence and my own abilities. I remember my teachers and colleagues - professors Vladychko, Kulbyshevsky, Orlovsky, Regensburg and others ... I never managed to get a systematic education, but I closely follow the development of modern science, I am aware of the modern political life of the world, I am interested in Russian and Polish literature. I know Russian, Polish, German, Hebrew ... I read in these languages and continue to replenish my knowledge as far as my strength allows me. The list of languages that Messing cites in his memoirs is quite typical.

Since he knew Hebrew, he most likely managed to finish not only a cheder, but also a yeshivot, where this language was studied very carefully. There is also no doubt that he had a fairly good command of German, of which Yiddish is a dialect, as well as Polish, since he lived in Poland for the first forty years of his life. Messing quickly mastered the Russian language. In the first months of his stay in the USSR, he toured in Western Belarus, formerly part of Poland; there, almost the entire population knew the Polish language. But already in the middle of 1940 he toured in Minsk, Gomel and other cities of Eastern Belarus, where

the population of the Polish language did not know and it was necessary to speak in Russian. Messing did not know the Belarusian language, moreover, before the war, this language in Eastern Belarus was increasingly being replaced by Russian.

But the fact that Messing did not name any European languages except German and Polish in his memoirs completely debunks the myth of his worldwide fame in the interwar period. After all, in order to tour throughout Europe, America and India, it was necessary, in addition to German and Polish, to be more or less fluent in at least English, French and Spanish. The art of telepathy, which Messing allegedly possessed, assumed the ability to read minds in the language of the country where the performance took place. Probably, ignorance of the main European languages \u200b\u200bwas the main obstacle for Messing's fame in the interwar period to go beyond Poland. It can be assumed that the lack of secular education at least at the level of a complete secondary school (gymnasium) prevented the study of European languages. Yes, and the ability to languages, as well as abilities beyond his gift in general, Messing was very average. In addition, Messing could not get rid of a strong Jewish accent in any language, which also did not contribute to the growth of the artist's popularity. Maybe for this reason he did not even perform in neighboring Germany. And in terms of its language capabilities, Messing could tour, in addition to Poland, only in Germany, Austria and Switzerland. However, apart from the statements contained in Messing's memoirs, there is no evidence that he really ever visited these countries. As for the Soviet period of Messing's life, the fact that for Soviet life, poor in entertainment, his phenomenon was a unique and completely extraordinary phenomenon played a role here. Therefore, grateful Soviet viewers were ready to forgive their idol and a pronounced accent, and not too solid, at first, knowledge of the Russian language.

The fact that Messing in Poland could visit private teachers in order to at least partially fill in the gaps in education seems quite probable. Income certainly allowed him to do this. But about the university, he most likely added. After all, in order to work at the university, a higher secular education was required.

Yeshibot, even if Messing, contrary to what he claims in his memoirs, nevertheless graduated from it, it was clearly not enough for a simple student to work at the university and even to enter there. The professors of the Vilna University named after the Polish king Stefan Batory, listed by Messing, were well-known psychologists, authors of a number of scientific studies with which the novice telepath was probably familiar. So, Stanislav-Karl Vladychko wrote the fundamental work "Mental illness in Port Arthur during the siege", first published in 1907 in Russian in Kyiv. And the fact that Messing read a lot of literature on psychology and psychoanalysis is beyond doubt. In Poland, he read books in Polish and German, and after fleeing to the USSR, mostly in Russian.

It can be assumed that Messing in his memoirs made the beginning of his artistic career earlier than it happened in reality. Most likely, throughout the entire period of the First World War, he remained on the territory of Poland and did not yet perform in the circus, but continued to gnaw on the granite of Talmudic science in the yeshiva.

Soon after the start of the war, the front approached Messing's hometown. In October 1914, in the area of Gura-Kalvaria and Warsaw, there were heavy battles between the 9th German Army of General Paul von Hindenburg and the 2nd Russian Army of General Sergei Mikhailovich Scheideman, in which both sides suffered heavy losses. At that moment, more than 260 thousand refugees left the Warsaw area, which was threatened by the Germans, and fled to the eastern regions of Poland. "Initially, both the approaching cannonade and bombings from airplanes, and the increased movement of military convoys and refugees towards Prague caused a commotion among the inhabitants, and many of them began to leave Warsaw by rail and on horseback, but then the population stopped, gradually calmed down. and enthusiastically welcomed the newly arriving troops," said the Warsaw police chief, Major General P.P. Meyer. Among the refugees could be Messing. True, almost 200,000 refugees returned by the end of October, when the fighting stopped and the Germans were forced to withdraw from Warsaw. It should also be noted that since August 1914, a systematic eviction of Jews and Germans from the front line was carried out, into which immediately

Gura-Kalvaria also fell. Most of the deportees accumulated in Warsaw. On October 27 (November 9), the Governor of Warsaw, Acting State Councilor Baron S. N. Korf, asked the commander of the 2nd Army, General of the Cavalry Scheidemann, for permission to return to their former place of residence "the residents of the colonists and Jews evicted from the environs of Warsaw due to the plight." The general's resolution read: "You can return before an early expulsion."

Subsequently, these peoples, who were considered unreliable in the conditions of war, were supposed to be forcibly evicted deep into the Russian Empire. However, such an expulsion was never carried out until the Russian troops abandoned the territory of the Kingdom of Poland in the summer of 1915. Only those residents who did not want to remain under the Austro-German occupation, and above all the families of Russian officials, left with them. Only people of military age were forcibly evacuated, regardless of nationality. Messing, who was only 16 years old in 1915, was not yet subject to conscription (the draft age was then 20-21 years old). There is no doubt that Messing, like his parents, remained in Poland in 1915. At that moment, neither the Austrian nor the German authorities showed hostility towards the Jews. On the contrary, they tried to use a certain cultural commonality of the Jews with the German peoples due to the proximity of Yiddish to the German language and attracted Jews to cooperate with the occupation administration. In his memoirs, Messing claimed that he met with many famous scientists

- Abel, Freud, Einstein himself. This was to prove that his abilities were a scientific phenomenon, and therefore the luminaries of science drew the attention of him in his early youth. Messing wrote: "Finally, in 1915, he (the impresario Zellmeister. - B.S.) took me on my first tour - to Vienna. Now not with circus numbers, but with a program of psychological experiments. The circus was finished forever. I had to perform in Luna Park. The tour lasted three months. My performances attracted everyone's attention. I became the "highlight of the season". And here, in Vienna, I had the good fortune to meet the great Albert Einstein.

It was 1915. Einstein was at the height of his creative takeoff. Of course, I did not know then either about his studies of Brownian motion, or about the bold ideas of quantization of the electromagnetic field, which allowed him to explain a number of incomprehensible phenomena in physics, ideas that, by the way, were shared by very few physicists at that time. I did not know that he had already completed, in essence, the general theory of relativity, which establishes connections between matter, time, and space that are surprising for me even today. This great discovery of Einstein was published a year later - in 1916. But although I did not know and could not know all this at the time, I had already heard the name of Einstein,

the famous physicist. Probably Einstein attended one of my talks and became interested in it, because one day he invited me to his place. Naturally, I was very excited about the upcoming meeting. In Einstein's apartment,

I was first of all struck by the abundance of books. They were everywhere, from the front. I was taken to an office. There were two people here - Einstein himself and Sigmund Freud, the famous Austrian doctor and psychologist, the creator of the theory of psychoanalysis. I don't know who was more famous then, probably Freud, and this is unprincipled. Freud - fifty years old, strict - looked at his interlocutor from under his brows with a heavy, motionless look. He was, as always, in a black coat. The stiffly starched collar seemed to prop up a sinewy, already wrinkled neck. Einstein I remember less. I only remember that he was dressed simply, at home, in a knitted jumper, without a tie or jacket. Freud proposed to proceed immediately to the experiments. He became my inductor." In an interview in 1971, Messing generally stated: "Einstein is an

extraordinary person. He was the first to say that I would be a "wunderman" (literally translated from German "wonder man." - B.S.). I lived in his house for several months ... "

Further quoting Messing's memoirs about the alleged meeting with Einstein and Freud does not make sense, since this entire episode is fictitious by the memoirist from beginning to end. Mikhail Golubkov told me his father's story about Messing's meeting with Einstein and Freud: "Messing told him about

his meeting with Einstein and Freud. But he could not really tell what they specifically talked about, what issues were raised during the conversation. He only remembered that both were his inductors, and also claimed that Freud was dressed in a strict black suit, and Einstein in a sweater. Both of them admired Messing's abilities. Freud asked permission to cut off a lock of his hair, and Messing allowed. Here I should note that the

most famous photo of Einstein is Einstein in a sweater, and Freud is Freud in a strict black suit. The fact that in this way Messing described two great people to Mikhail Khvastunov proves that he never saw either Einstein or Freud, but judged their appearance from famous photographs.

The Soviet biographer of Albert Einstein, journalist Vladimir Lvov, noted that Messing's message that he visited Albert Einstein in his apartment in Vienna in 1915, where he also met with Sigmund Freud, is absolutely unreliable: "As long ago established by Einstein's biographers, he never had apartments in Vienna and in the period from 1913 to 1925 did not come to Vienna at all. In addition, Einstein never kept "an abundance of books" in his apartments and told his friends that "a few reference books are enough" for him and that he only keeps "prints of the most important journal articles" ... "When they say, referring to Messing, that his unique abilities could not be

explained by either Einstein or Freud, then this is the holy true truth. Neither the creator of the theory of relativity nor the creator of psychoanalysis could in any way explain Messing's unique abilities simply because they had no idea of his existence. Schoenfeld gives an alternative version of Messing's biography during the First World War. In his opinion,

Messing did not go on any foreign tour, but was forced to stay at home due to the outbreak of hostilities and return to the unloved work of a gardener. He seemed to be saying to Schoenfeld: "The Germans were advancing, the Russians were retreating, the fronts were moving, people were not up to spectacles. The young Kordoneks were drafted into the army, and our circus fell apart. I had to return home. I assuaged my father's anger by giving him nearly everything

earned. My father remarried in my absence, and although my stepmother was a kind person, I could not reconcile myself to the idea that she was taking my mother's place. I had no comrades, everyone shied away from me: I was dressed like a shagets, I smoked, I rarely went to the synagogue. I was an apikoran - a cut piece. I helped my father even more reluctantly, and in my shtetel I was directly suffocating.

I note that Messing in his memoirs does not write anything about the fact that he had a stepmother. Therefore, it is quite possible that his father remained a widower until his death. It is also likely that in reality Wolff did not run away from home and never left Poland until the outbreak of World War II, and may have begun his circus career only after serving in the Polish army. In the Russian army in the First World War, as we have already seen, to call him

could not.

Chapter Four

The Clairvoyant of Gura-Kalvaria

In the early 1920s, Messing served in the Polish army. There is conflicting evidence about the exact time when this happened. So, Messing allegedly told Schoenfeld: "The World War ended, and the new Polish government immediately called me up for military service. Then another war broke out, the Polish-Soviet one. I was healthy, though frail; I was enrolled in the medical unit. I showed several tricks there, thundered "magic" and soon they began to invite me to perform in various

military units."

Messing, on the other hand, claimed in his memoirs that he entered the service in the Polish army after the end of the Soviet-Polish war of 1920: "In 1921 I returned to Warsaw. During the years that I spent overseas, much has changed in Europe. The October Revolution took place in Russia. On the redrawn map of Europe, a new state appeared - Poland. The place where I was born and where my parents lived turned out to be on the territory of this country. I turned 23 and was drafted into the Polish army." I was unable to obtain from the Polish military archive any information about the service of Wolf Messing in the Polish

army. There is no card file for all those who served in the army in this archive, there is only a card file for the awarded, but it is unlikely that Messing managed to receive any award. Since we still do not know in which unit he served, archival searches are extremely difficult. It seems, however, more likely that Messing served in the Polish army just during the period of the Soviet-Polish war, which lasted from spring to autumn 1920. It was then that the size of the army was the largest and they tried to

mobilize as many people as possible into it. In addition, many residents of Poland, succumbing to a patriotic impulse, when the Red Army approached Warsaw, voluntarily joined the ranks of the Polish army. This impulse also captured the Jews - volunteers were formed.

Jewish teams. It is possible that Messing joined one of them. And by the end of 1920, due to the cessation of hostilities, the size of the Polish army was significantly reduced. So Messing was much more likely to be drafted into the Polish army in 1920 (especially since by the beginning of this year he was already 20 years old) than in 1921 or 1922.

Therefore, I tend to trust Schoenfeld's version more. It is only unknown whether Messing really told him about his service in the Polish army during the Soviet-Polish war, or whether Schoenfeld purely logically came to the conclusion that Messing served there just during this period. If the first assumption is correct - that Schoenfeld relied on Messing's story - then it is very likely that Messing really served in the medical unit. If Schoenfeld relied only on his own logical constructions, then he could have come up with a service in the sanitary unit, in accordance with the fact that Messing was not distinguished by good health, and therefore he had to carry out some kind of non-combatant service. Messing himself in his memoirs does not say anything about serving as an orderly. The fact that he refers his service in the Polish army to 1921-1922, after returning

from a long-term foreign tour, is easily explained. In itself, the Soviet-Polish war of 1920 was an event that Soviet historians and journalists at the time when Messing lived in the USSR did not like to remember. The reason was the heavy defeat that the Red Army suffered near Warsaw. And to admit that he, along with the "White Poles", fought against Soviet Russia, which became his second homeland, was completely inconvenient for Messing. So he preferred to invent a foreign tour, which took place precisely during the years of the First World War, the Russian Revolution and the Civil War in Russia. In fact, as we will see later, in the 1930s Messing was not very famous even in Poland and completely unknown outside of it. Therefore, he could only dream of foreign tours. And on these invented tours, both before 1921 and after, there are meetings invented by Messing with various great people, be it Einstein, Freud or Gandhi. In Poland, according to Messing, his equally legendary meeting with the most famous Polish statesman took place.

While serving in the Polish army, the telepath and clairvoyant seemed to want to see the "head of the Polish state" Marshal Jozef Pilsudski himself. After Messing was able to find a silver cigarette case hidden behind a curtain in the presence of "high court society", the marshal gained confidence in him and seemed to turn to him with some kind of request of a personal nature, which he fulfilled. It should be added here that all Pilsudski's biographers are silent about his meeting with Messing. Messing stated

in his memoirs: "At the end of military service, I again returned to experiments. My new impresario, Mr. Kobak, was about fifty years old. He was a very businesslike man of the new stock. Together with him, I made many tours in various European countries. I presented my experiments in Paris, London, Rome, again in Berlin, Stockholm. When possible, I tried to diversify and expand the program of my speeches. So, I remember, in Riga I drove through the streets in a car, sitting in the driver's seat. My eyes were tightly bandaged with a black towel, my hands were on the steering wheel, my feet were on the pedals. Dictated to me mentally, essentially, driving the car with my hands and feet, a real driver who was sitting next to me. This experience, staged in front of thousands of spectators with a purely advertising purpose, was, however, very interesting. The car had no second control. Neither before nor after that I didn't even hold on to the steering wheel of the car ...

During these years I also visited other continents - South America, Australia, Asian countries. From the innumerable kaleidoscope of meetings, I can't stop at least in a few lines from the meeting that took place in 1927 with the outstanding political figure of India, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. In his teaching, as is well known, individual provisions of ancient Indian philosophy, Tolstoyism and the most diverse socialist teachings were intricately intertwined. Gandhi shook me deeply. Amazing simplicity, always

adjacent to genuine genius, came from this man. I remember his face of a thinker, quiet voice, slowness and smoothness of movements, gentleness of treatment of all those around him. Gandhi dressed ascetically simply and ate the simplest food.

During the experience that I demonstrated in his presence, Gandhi was my inductor."

It turns out that all the great people with whom Messing allegedly met considered it a blessing to become his inducers. At the same time, Messing does not say what language he spoke with Gandhi. But he did not know German, and Messing did not know English. So Messing's story about the meeting with Mahatma Gandhi is no more reliable than the story about his meeting with Freud and Einstein.

There is also an alternative version of Messing's interwar life, which is critical of his memoirs. Wolf allegedly confessed to Schoenfeld: "I did not become an outstanding artist, I hung around booths and amusement parks. Lived unimportantly, but not to return to the Mountain, to delve into his father's rotten apples? I started thinking about something more suitable. At this time, from Germany and Czechoslovakia came to us a fashion for public performances of various clairvoyants and telepaths. Newspapers wrote a lot about the Czech Jew Lautenzack, who, under the pseudonym Erik Hanussen, did amazing experiments in the cabaret of Berlin, Vienna and Prague (Lautensack is the name that the hero of Feuchtwanger's novel The Lautenzack Brothers Oskar bears. He has Hanussen as his recognizable prototype, but Hanussen himself never performed under the name Lautenzack. Here Schoenfeld accidentally or deliberately confused. - B.S.). Soon in Poland they started talking about their mediums: Guzik (Jan Guzik was actually a Czech, and gained fame as a telepath in St. Petersburg at the beginning of the 20th century. ", published in 1931: "The name of Jan Guzik again surfaced in the newspapers after the Great War. As a medium, he began to perform with great success in France, England and America. The famous English writer Conan Doyle fell for his bait. In 1923 in Paris, Guzik's tricks were taken up by a special commission of professors at the Sorbonne, and his tricks were thoroughly investigated by the Krakow Metapsychic Society in 1924. Both in Paris and Krakow they came to the conclusion that Guzik was simply a clever charlatan and his "materialized spirits" - a product of sleight of hand: they stubbornly refused to appear when they held him by the hands, when they put a hood on his head or blindfolded him - finally, that all spirits - since they are generally

could be looked at - they were surprisingly similar to the medium himself or his assistant. The conclusions of the people of science, however, did not convince Conan Doyle, and until the end of his life he maintained close relations with Guzik and blindly believed in his mysterious connections with the afterlife. Guzik died in 1930. - B. S.), Osowiecki (Polish clairvoyant engineer Stefan Osowiecki (1877–1944) was an outright charlatan who declared that, receiving a letter as an inductor, he did not care about its content. "I take the envelope in my hands and, tightly squeezing I express a desire to make contact with the person who wrote the letter. At some point, it begins to seem to me that I myself become this person; then I have information about the thoughts of this person, about the content of the written text, the signature under the letter - as if these are my own memories... The most important thing is to get in touch with this person. letters. An envelope with its contents is just a means to help establish contact with an absent person. " Claiming to have the ability to psychometry (removing information from artifacts), Osovetsky, holding archaeological finds in his hands, gave descriptions of the lifestyle of Homo sapiens for many thousands of years back. Naturally, it was impossible to check it. In the late 1930s, Osovetsky determined the fate of missing people from photographs and personal belongings of the victims. But no statistics of successful and unsuccessful predictions in this area remained after him. - B. S.), Klusko. In a difficult time of inflation, crisis and unemployment, people wanted some kind of miracle, they wanted to know what the future would bring. When a sound shekkel failed (reason. - B.S.), they looked for the extraordinary. I had no idea about these things, and these bubba mayases, grandmother's tales, did not bother me. Another thing is to know the tricks with which all this was done. And I decided to try to find out what's new in the world

illusionists.

I lived modestly then, renting a corner from a widow in the Jewish part of Warsaw. And somehow I decided for the first time to go to a fashionable variety show on Nowy Svyat Street. The chic and brilliance of this establishment stunned me. In the semi-basement, tastefully decorated room, illuminated

by the dim light of rotating colored chandeliers, behind the richly covered gentlemen in tuxedos and ladies in

low-cut outfits. The waiters in tailcoats scurried about silently. My God, where am I in my tattered "best" suit? I huddled in a dark corner near the bar and from there enjoyed a new atmosphere for me. Chansonnières, dance duets and comedians alternately performed on a small stage with a backdrop in the form of a shell. Then the artist came out in an impeccable tailcoat, which clearly stood out against the red plush background. This powdered and pomaded dandy playfully flirted with the audience and, to the beat of gentle music, demonstrated illusionistic numbers with playing cards, lit cigarettes, handkerchiefs and balloons. The numbers themselves were unpretentious - but you had to see how this dude served them! He shuffled his leg, gracefully curved, sent air kisses to the audience. I looked, as if spellbound, and thought: well, where am I, the unfortunate, before him! No, I would never have been able to stick out my tukhes (ass. - B.S.) and wag them like that! Yes, and I'm not a snout

came out...

But now the entertainer announced that the famous telepath and clairvoyant Arno Leoni, who reads human thoughts like an open book, will now perform. A respectable guy came out with a pretty assistant and began to do an exciting number. This one did not flirt with the audience, his voice was impressive, and his tone was imperious. He kept the hall in suspense, worked at a pace, urging his assistant and the audience, forcing them to act on his suggestion. He guessed where the objects were hidden, announced that he was in the pockets of the gentlemen and the purses of the ladies, read the numbers through sealed envelopes. These were tricks of the highest

class.

I understood that it was based on tricks, but on what exactly, I did not understand. However, I drew two important conclusions: that the main role here belongs to the assistant and that I could do such things, not without success. And, on top of that, it's not that difficult: the public loves to be deceived. In a word, I fired up a new role.

I began to pester Pan Kobak: where can one learn these telepathic tricks and is it a profitable business, does it give parnus or not? Pan Kobak had no idea about this and sent

me to a certain Pan Ziegler, an entrepreneur of variety artists. He didn't want to talk to me, a lapserdak, at first. Where are you, they say, Messing, go? Telepathy, they say, is none of your business, it requires a solid education and the study of psychology. But I did not give up and firmly decided to master all these subtleties. It turned out that there were not so few pop telepaths, but they were quoted in different ways. But in general, this new art has not yet won a firm place for itself. I

stopped fooling Ziegler, but the idea of mastering a new specialty sat down firmly - I was tired of cheap fair booths and stupid fakir things. I'm not going to burn my throat with fire and poke a sword into it all my life! I searched for a long time and,

finally, I managed to get acquainted with a certain Pan Zalessky. It was a telepath not of a high rank, but he knew the trade well. Unfortunately, he was a bitter chic and sometimes drank himself unconscious. He broke down for a long time, but finally took me on the condition that not only would he not pay me anything, but that I should pay a rebegeld for my studies. I gave him almost all my more than modest savings and again began to live from hand to mouth, like a fakir in a glass coffin.

The old drunkard was in no hurry to let me in on the secrets of telepathy, but I'm not a bastard either. I started digging through second-hand bookshops on żywiłtokrzyńska Street and looking for books about telepathic experiments. As you already know, I was not very good at reading, besides, I did not understand the terminology well, and I had to break through as if through a Chinese letter. But I nevertheless overcame the books of Okhorovich, Mancharsky and Richet translated from French. After some time, I was already able to assist maestro Zalessky with sin in half.

He stood on the stage with his eyes tightly blindfolded, and anyone in the audience could see that the bandage was opaque and tightly fitted to the head. In addition, he defiantly turned his back to the hall, where at that time I snooped between the rows. I turned to one of the spectators and asked him to hand me some object. Well, what can be in a person's pockets in such an environment? Most often I was given a watch. And then I showed them to the audience, and then mysteriously, as if trying to direct a telepathic current to the maestro, I asked: - What do I have in my right hand?

The maestro writhed, as if struck by an electric shock, and then muffledly squeezed out: -

Clock ... After the thunder of applause subsided, I asked: -

What do I have in my left hand?

It meant points. - And

what do I have in my left hand now? Here

it was about the comb.

There was an elaborate system of notation for all the items that people carry with them. I just had to be very careful about children - and then I was always terribly afraid of them: they could have a spent cartridge case, a shell or a live sparrow in their pocket ... Even simpler was a number

with words or numbers in a sealed envelope: in a hat or a box where notes were collected from the public, it was only necessary to imperceptibly toss your own piece of paper, and then deftly remove it from there.

I'm not giving you any secrets here, almost everyone knows them. So you can only fool some simpleton from the wilderness. But I must say that over time, telepathic numbers became more and more complicated and it was not easy to keep up with the inventions of outstanding telepaths. Soon, the now widely used, so-called "contacts through the hand" were introduced, where, with skill and a corresponding predisposition, amazing success can be achieved. Six months later, I decided

to perform on my own. With the Museum, my maestro's former assistant, we went to a railwaymen's club near Warsaw, where I made my debut. Sweating with excitement, I rushed about the stage and spoke some verbal nonsense. An experienced assistant came to the rescue, a smart shiksa, who led me so well that I happily made it to the end. Although there was no storm of applause, I thanked the Almighty already because I was not booed. Do you know what I'll tell you? I have never been able to overcome this excitement before the performance. How to perform, so it immediately starts in my stomach! Over the years, it has even intensified.

Whether it's bad or good, but I mastered a new specialty and began to perform with sin in half - although not in chic variety shows with red

plush. There was also an entrepreneur who risked organizing a tour of Poland. The three of us traveled around cities and towns, found premises, put up posters and performed two or three times a day. The audience was, thank God, not very demanding, but with the fees it was like before. But we covered the expenses and we had something left in our pockets. Only it was again the same life on wheels ...

For almost five years, these tours provided me with a fairly prosperous life, "Messing continued, sipping gruel. "I was able to put things off, allow myself to take a break. But I can't say that I was satisfied with this work: endless trips, nasty furnished rooms, the sickening stink of cheap canteens. And I couldn't get rid of the excitement before performances - every time I was shy, afraid of scandal, failure and exposure. I decided to look again for something new, something more calm and reliable. I knew many fortune-tellers, soothsayers, predictors

of the future, who spoke at fairs and in amusement parks. Most of them lived worse than mine, but there were their own stars among them. Announcements in the tabloid newspapers were conspicuous daily: the psycho-astrologer Schiller Shkolnik - or the graphologist-chiromant Jan Sharzha-Dezhbitsky - predict the future. They asked for their services inexpensively. But after all, regular ads cost a pretty penny, which means that the gesheft gave its profit. It would be nice to do that. But first

you need to think well. After all, everyone has the same technique, but most barely make ends meet, and these few have success. What's the secret? I got acquainted with everything that was available to me in the field of astrology, occultism, cabalistics, especially with the signs of the Zodiac and the influence of the configuration of stars on human destinies. I had to take up books again, if they weren't right ... But you won't find a clue in the book

why Schiller-Shkolnik makes a gesheft in this case, while others barely stay on the surface? How to compose an ad so that the reader pays attention to it, does not run indifferently past? I realized that it is much easier to make any horoscope than this damn announcement - I already correctly realized that it was the main snag in it. In the Schiller-Schoolnik ad there was always a portrait:

a concentrated face radiating energy, a skillfully wound turban, and in it a brooch with a large stone, thick eyebrows, a burning look. Jan Sharzha-Dezhbitsky was a noble gentry, and in his announcements an old family coat of arms flaunted: the clairvoyant sir deign to condescend, lifting the veil of your future with thin aristocratic fingers ...

Well, how can I stun the clientele? Fit your snout with a hooked nose and protruding ears? Admire, they say, here is Wolf Messing from Mount Kalvaria ... Stop! But "Mount Calvaria" is not bad at all. Holy city, righteous people, pilgrims, thick mystical sauce. And if it's like this: Rabbi Wolf Messing from Mount Kalvariya predicts, guesses, and so on? I rented a room on Nowolipki Street in the

Jewish quarter of Warsaw, hired an old pensioner for correspondence, ordered versions of horoscopes from the printing house and began to give advertisements that you yourself read - and, mind you, remember very well! The wheel has turned. Letters began to arrive. "Venerable Pan Rabbi, help me, I don't know what to do..." People asked for advice on matters of love, family happiness, property relations. They even wanted me to guess the lucky lottery ticket numbers for them! It was me, a man who, in his forties, had not yet managed to establish his own life, was a bitter kabtsan, an unneeded mare ... Oh, if only I could guess the numbers of lottery tickets that win! I would then show everyone how to live! In the meantime, I went to a nearby stall and exchanged postage stamps attached to letters for zlotys.

The lottery is not a lottery, and I think it was the first time I bet on a good horse. Letters came regularly, I was able to rent a separate apartment, I even began to go on vacation to a Jewish boarding house in Srodoborow near Warsaw. I had already become someone: as soon as I gave my first and last name, people immediately called me a rabbi and smiled ingratiatingly. When I came in our shtetel for holidays to my father, whom, of course, I helped with money, even our Jews began to treat me with respect, invited me to visit, asked for advice. Local Polish intellectuals - a priest, a school director, a pharmacist willingly talked with me, even on political topics. I began to dress well, visit the best restaurants, and ride cabs. Around

Shahdens began to flirt with me, offering tempting parties: girls from impoverished families, wealthy widows, seductive divorced beauties. But I was already used to the bachelor life and was not going to marry in the near future. I will not take a sin on my soul: for several years I lived well, no worries. Here, they say that anti-

Semitism reigned in Poland. It probably was, but I never felt it. Cordonki helped me start a new life. I visited them in the village when they were old. There I was treated like a member of the family. And in the whole village no one treated me badly, although my nationality is written on my face. Yes, I never thought to hide it. I tried not to stand out in any way, I always lived by my work, entertained people, provided them with illusions - and everyone needs this ... "

There is no doubt that all of the above is the fruit of Schoenfeld's creative imagination. The only thing that is true about Messing here is, most likely, that Messing's impresario was really called Kobak. But Schoenfeld must have learned this detail from Messing's memoirs. The names of the great clairvoyants were partly taken by Schoenfeld from publicly available sources, and partly simply invented. Even if for a moment we take on faith the version of

Schoenfeld that they, together with Messing, were in a Tashkent prison, even then it seems completely unbelievable that he remembered the conversations with the telepath in such detail that for more than forty years later he was able to reproduce their conversations in the form lengthy dialogues with many names and surnames. That Schoenfeld kept a diary in prison seems incredible. And if he did, he would not fail to refer to him in his documentary story. However, Schoenfeld refers only to his own memory. However, it can be assumed that Schoenfeld did not have any conversations with the artist at all, but completely invented them, starting from the memoirs of Messing that he later read. It is completely incomprehensible why Messing had to admit to deceiving the audience to a

random cellmate, even if the magician seriously feared that he would not be released from prison. One can argue about how strongly Messing was a believer, but one thing is certain: he was a believing Jew, not a Christian, and

the concept of Christian repentance was alien to him. All the more doubtful are the confessions of Wolf Grigorievich that the assistants prompted him with the help of pre-arranged words what exactly and where to look for. Indeed, in his memoirs, Messing described in detail the method of code words and categorically stated that he had never used this method. Obviously, Schoenfeld just wanted to present Messing as a liar.

What is funny, Schoenfeld attributes to Messing a dislike for books. However, Moscow friends of Wolf Grigorievich testify that he read a lot, especially books on psychology, detective stories, science fiction and books about animals. Yes, and Messing himself notes in his memoirs that there are "several hundred favorite books" in his apartment. It is characteristic that Schoenfeld forces Messing to admit that, in addition to ideomotor abilities, he used a banal deception of the audience, using code words denoting various objects. Messing in his memoirs gives examples of the use of code words by artists, but at the same time he categorically stated that he never used such methods.

enjoyed.

This is how Ignatius Shenfeld, then a third-grade gymnasium student, remembered Messing's performance in Lviv in 1928: "A little man with a hooked nose and a shaggy head fussed on the stage; his gaze was piercing. The voice was creaky, and the speech, although slurred, was commanding. In his dark suit, he looked remarkably like our math teacher, nicknamed Jackdaw. Not all of his numbers captured young viewers, but there were also interesting ones. Here he grabs someone by the hand, rushes out of the hall and finds a hat hidden in the dressing room. Bravo! Bravo! But Antek Mersky and Metek Barshch, our two mischievous ones, exchanged winks, and when one of them, in the presence of an assistant, hid a glove in the corridor, the other one immediately quietly hid it. In vain did the puzzled telepath rush about, shouting his incantations! In the end, he wilted and whinedly complained that someone in the hall was a hooligan and did not allow him to concentrate. I have no doubt that it was this speech by Messing with the subsequent exposure that Schoenfeld invented from beginning to end, simply in order to once again prove that

"the rabbi from the mountain

Calvary" was not a telepath, but was an ordinary swindler. Although it is quite possible that he really saw some performance of Messing in interwar Poland, and not necessarily in Lviv.

Irkutsk investigator Nikolai Kitaev proved that Schoenfeld was right in his story, at least about the fact that in interwar Poland Wolf Messing was by no means a famous artist, although on the basis of this he made a more global and, it seems to me, erroneous conclusion that Schoenfeld's documentary story is reliable in everything that concerns Messing. The head of the Scientific Information Department of the National Library of Poland, Dr. Mirosława Zygmunt, told Kitaev: "1. We looked through six magazines of the

interwar period dealing with parapsychology, occultism, secret knowledge - "Obeim", "Sunflowers", "The World of the Spirit", "The Supersensible World (not comprehended by the senses)", "Spiritual Knowledge", "Light". the surname Wolf Messing did not appear from them, although other clairvoyants known at that time were mentioned.

2. Also "Bibliography of Warsaw. Editions for 1921–1939." does not mention a single article on the topic of V. Messing.

3. In Józef Switkowski's book "Occultism and Magic in the Light of Parapsychology" (Krakow, 1990. Reprint of the book published by the editors of the monthly magazine "Lotos" in Lvov in 1939), the name of W. Messing does not appear either. The author describes the horoscope of Marshal Józef Piłsudski, but calculated and drawn by another clairvoyant - J. Starzhe-Dzezhbitsky. Józef Switkowski was an outstanding Polish parapsychologist who conducted his own research at Lviv University, collected and described the activities of many mediums, telepaths, Polish and foreign clairvoyants.

4. From the content of the above works, we can conclude that V. Messing was not a widely known and recognized medium in Poland. In the interwar period, there were a lot of "sorcerers", magicians, soothsayers, speaking at numerous meetings and in circuses, but they were not taken seriously among parapsychologists, so their activities were not described.

5. In accessible publications, posters, proscriptional German letters, as well as in the "Detailed book of surveillance (observations) in Poland" - Sonderfahndungsbuch Polen, published by the criminal police in June 1940, the name of V. Messing is also not mentioned.

It follows from this that Messing was far from the most famous clairvoyant and telepath in Poland. And he spoke, in all likelihood, not in Warsaw or Krakow, but in the Polish province. It is no coincidence that the only article of the interwar period that Messing cites in his memoirs appeared in one of the provincial Polish newspapers. By the way, the lack of fame for an artist in a market economy, as a rule, means a lack of money. It can be assumed that Messing led a rather modest existence all the pre-war years.

There is no doubt that after the end of military service, he continued (or, rather, began) a successful pop career. At the same time, he acted exclusively as a telepath, not descending to simple tricks. It can be assumed that after the tour he returned to his native Guru-Kalvaria. Its description, referring to 1930, was left to us by the Archbishop of the Argentinean Russian Orthodox Church Outside of Russia, Athanasius (Martos): who wore yarmulkes on their heads and long sidelocks-hair and special frock coats to the heels. They were Hasidic Jews. There were a lot of them in the city." But Wolf Messing, as one might assume, thanks to his profession and frequent trips around Poland, in many respects got out of his native Jewish environment and became a real cosmopolitan.

Messing in his memoirs cites a number of cases when telepathic abilities allegedly helped him solve a number of serious crimes. True, these stories look too fantastic and contain completely implausible details. Volf Grigorievich claimed: "I was often approached with personal requests of a very different nature: to regulate family relations, to detect thieves of values, etc. Like all my life, I was then guided by only one principle: regardless of whether this person is rich or poor, whether he occupies a high position in society or a low one, to stand only on

side of the truth, to do people only good. He, in particular, said that he helped the family of Count Czartoryski to find the missing very expensive diamond brooch: "According to the jewelers who saw it, it cost at least 800 thousand zlotys - a truly huge amount. All attempts to find her were fruitless. Count Czartoryski had no suspicions against anyone: it was almost impossible for a stranger to enter the well-guarded castle, and the count was sure of his numerous servants. These were people who were devoted to the count's family, who had worked for him for decades and who valued their place very much. Invited private detectives were unable to unravel the case. Count Czartoryski flew to me on his plane - I was speaking in

Krakow then - told me all this and offered to take up this business. The next day, on the Count's plane, we flew to Warsaw and a few hours later ended up in his castle. I must say that in those years I had the classic look of an artist: shoulder-length, blue-

black curly hair, a pale face. I wore a black suit with a wide black cape and a hat. And it was not difficult for the count to pass me off as an artist invited to work in the castle. In the morning I started to choose "nature". Before me, one by one, all the employees of the count to the last person

walked. And I was convinced that the owner of the castle was right: all these people are absolutely honest. I also met all the owners of the castle - there was no kidnapper among them either. And only about one person I could not say anything definite. I did not feel not only his thoughts, but even his mood. The impression was that it was closed from me by an opaque screen. He was a weak-minded boy of about eleven years old, the son of one of the servants who had been working in the castle for a long

time. In a huge house, the owners of which did not always live here, he enjoyed complete freedom, he could go into all the rooms. He was not noticed in anything bad, and therefore they did not pay attention to him. Even if it was he who committed the abduction, it was without any intent, completely senseless, thoughtless. It was the only thing I could guess. I had to test my guess.

I stayed with him alone in the children's room, full of all kinds of toys. I pretended to draw something in my notebook. Then he took out a gold watch from his pocket and shook it in the air on a chain to interest the poor fellow. He unhooked his watch, put it on the table, left the room and began to observe. As I expected, the boy came up to my watch, shook it

on the chain, like me, and put it in his mouth ... He amused himself with it for at least half an hour. Then he went up to a stuffed giant bear that stood in the corner, and with amazing dexterity climbed on its head. Another moment - and my watch, flashing gold for the last time in his hands, disappeared into the wide-open mouth of the beast ... Yes, I was not mistaken. This is the unwitting kidnapper. And here is his silent accomplice, the keeper of stolen goods - a stuffed bear. The throat and neck of the stuffed bear had to be cut open. From there, a whole bunch

of shiny objects fell into the hands of the astonished "surgeons" who performed this operation - gilded teaspoons, Christmas decorations, pieces of colored glass from broken bottles. There was also a family jewel of Count Czartoryski, because of the loss of which he was forced to turn to me. According to the contract, the count had to pay me 25 percent of the value of the treasures found - about 250 thousand zlotys in total, because

the total value of all the things found in the ill-fated "Mishka" exceeded one million zlotys. I refused this amount, but turned to the count with a request in return to exercise my influence in the Sejm so that the decision adopted by the Polish government shortly before that, infringing on the rights of Jews, was canceled. Not a very generous owner of a diamond brooch, the count agreed to my proposal. Two weeks later, this decision was

canceled."

Of course, this story was invented by Messing from beginning to end. His fame was too moderate for one of the richest people in Poland to know about him. In addition, the Czartoryskis are a princely, and not a count, family, originating from Constantine (Korigailo), who lived in the 14th century, the third son of the Grand Duke of Lithuania, Olgerd, and Maria of Vitebsk. Here Messing was clearly mistaken, and this mistake proves once again that he never entered the high society of Polish society. I note in passing that from contemporaries

Messing is best known for one representative of the Czartoryski family. This is Michal (in the world - Jan Franciszek) Czartoryski, who was born in 1897 and became a monk of the Carmelite Order: during the Warsaw Uprising he worked in a rebel hospital, was captured by the Germans and shot. In 1999, he was named a clique of saints by the Catholic Church.

The very same technique, with which Messing allegedly found the stolen, in fact, has nothing to do with telepathy (mind reading). Messing in this story acts as a good psychologist, who is also able to think logically. He applies the deductive method of Arthur Conan Doyle, puts forward the version that the "crime" was unconsciously committed by an imbecile boy, carefully watches him, and the version finds brilliant confirmation. Yes, Wolf Grigorievich was a wonderful storyteller, this is noted by all who knew him. And those who knew him in the Soviet Union remember that he was very fond of reading detective stories and science fiction. It is possible that in some cases Messing, having a good command of the deductive method, really helped to solve individual crimes. Only documentary evidence

this, unfortunately, is no longer there.

Chapter Five

To a new home

World War II changed the lives of hundreds of millions of people overnight. It was especially hard for the Jews who ended up in countries occupied by Nazi Germany. First, they sewed yellow six-pointed stars on them and drove them into the ghetto, and after Hitler's attack on the Soviet Union, the "final solution of the Jewish question" began - the physical extermination of the Jews of Germany and the occupied countries of Europe. Messing was not

mobilized into the Polish army - due to age and health. He wrote in his memoirs: "When on September 1, 1939, the armored German army rolled over the borders of Poland, this state, incomparably weaker in industrial and military terms, and besides, actually betrayed by its government, was doomed. I knew that I could not stay in the territory occupied by the Germans. My head was valued at 200,000 marks. This was a consequence of the fact that back in 1937, speaking in one of the theaters in Warsaw in the presence of thousands of people, I predicted the death of Hitler if he turned to the East. Hitler knew about this prediction of mine: it was picked up on the same day by all Polish newspapers - sold out on the front page. The Fascist Fuhrer was sensitive to such predictions and, in general, to all kinds of mysticism. It was not for nothing that he had his own "clairvoyant" with him - the same Ganusen, whom I already mentioned in passing. This prize of 200,000 marks to whoever points out my whereabouts was the result of my prediction. Well, theoretically, Messing could make such a prediction during one of his

performances. Only no clairvoyance was necessary for this. Bismarck, as you know, warned Germany against war against Russia, since this would mean a protracted war on two fronts, which the German Empire could not withstand. Messing could well repeat this idea, but as a prediction of future events it could be perceived only after the defeat

Germany in World War II. Since such a defeat happened, the prediction given by Messing could be remembered (if, of course, it was in reality). But if the magician did it, then it is unlikely in a crowded Warsaw audience, but most likely in some small provincial hall. And to Hitler, as well as to Germany in general, this prediction of Messing could not reach in any way. And about the fact that Messing really uttered this prophecy even before the Second World War, and even in front of several thousand spectators in Warsaw, we only know from the memoirs of Messing himself. From independent sources, it can be concluded that Messing has never collected such a large audience in Poland. And was there somewhere in Warsaw, and, perhaps, in Europe in general, a hall capable of accommodating several thousand people? And at the stadiums, Messing definitely did not perform. Note that this, like many other predictions of Messing, is similar to the

prediction of the Delphic oracle to the Lydian king: "If Croesus starts a war, he will destroy the great kingdom." Messing's prediction was about the same. Under the East in 1937 one could understand not only Soviet Russia, but also Poland, Czechoslovakia, or the countries of Asia in general. In Mikhail Golubkov's novel "Miuskaya Square" there is a poster of his tour, which

allegedly took place in Berlin in 1933. In the preface to the novel, Mikhail Mikhailovich notes that he deliberately transferred the events associated with Messing's prediction from Warsaw in 1937 to Berlin in 1933, which seemed to the author more suitable for the logic of the development of the action. In fact, as we will soon see, there was actually no prediction of Messing, who caused such anger of the Fuhrer that he ordered him to be seized and delivered to his bright eyes at any cost. But the writer certainly has the right to fiction. Let's get acquainted with this curious variation on the theme of Messing's memoirs. At the same time, it must be taken into account that Golubkov relied not only on memoirs, but also on the stories of his parents, who at one time had quite close contact with Messing. So the writer, quite possibly, had some unique knowledge about the personality of Messing:

"The ad, printed in large and bold type, caught my eye: **THE TOUR OF WOLF**

MESSING. Today, September 27, at

seven o'clock in the evening in the variety show "Winter Garden" **PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCES** of the world-famous medium, hypnotist and illusionist Wolf Messing will take place. The program includes hypnosis sessions, mind reading, predictions of the future. Tickets at the box office of the

variety show "Winter Garden". Of course, this poster is not a document, but a figment of the writer's imagination. One has only to note that in the variety show there could be, at best, several hundred spectators, but not thousands. Here the writer

corrected Messing in the direction of realism. And here is how the impression of the audience from Messing's performance is conveyed in the novel. I will make a reservation that Mikhail Golubkov himself has never seen Messing's performances. By his own admission, he wrote this scene, relying primarily on the stories of his mother and father, and to a lesser extent - on the text of Messing's memoirs:

"There was no usual theatrical stage, in the round hall there were tables at an angle to each other, between which waiters silently scurried around, and in the center something like a podium rose. Five musicians sat there and tuned the instruments. The beginning of the concert was marked by the fact that the light was only slightly dimmed, the noise in the hall immediately subsided. The impresario appeared on the podium.

- Ladies and Gentlemen! he began. — Today in Berlin we welcome the world-famous medium, telepath, hypnotist Wolf Messing. He came to us during his tour from Warsaw. Only three concerts in Berlin and you came to the first, my ladies and gentlemen! We will see psychological experiments - amazing examples of mind reading at a distance! And other incredible abilities of this man! Welcome! Your applause to Wolf Messing! On the podium came a short, middle-aged, rather nondescript little man, in a baggy black

suit, in boots that seemed too big, stooped, excited. There was some kind of resentment and persecution in his whole small figure, as if he was waiting for a blow. Messing nervously and in disbelief looked at

prosperous and contented people sitting in the hall. And in general, there was something nervous in his appearance, as if this person's pain threshold was too low, and anything could deliver pain: a sharp sound, a bright light, a word, and he was always waiting for the next painful prick of reality. He went to the very edge of the podium, put the fingers of his right hand to his cheek, then behind his ear to his head, as if there was a radio tuning wheel embedded in the bone, and began to gaze intently at the people sitting at the tables, as if he was looking for either an acquaintance or a very important for him a person whom he does not know, but tries to guess among those sitting. There was nothing feigned in all this - neither in nervousness, nor in anticipation of pain, nor in search of someone. Konstantin Alekseevich felt sorry for him. It was at that moment that their eyes met, it seemed that the artist even nodded and calmed down. The movements became less fussy, the hand dropped down, as if the head was already tuned to the desired radio station. Messing bowed in different directions and calmly went backstage. - The first

psychological experience will be the simplest, gentlemen! exclaimed the impresario. Do you see this cylinder? I will go through the hall and, I beg your pardon, I will rob you, my ladies and gentlemen! I will ask the most beautiful women (and today - he looked around the hall attentively - everyone is beautiful!) Take off their jewelry and put it in a top hat! And men: you hand over rings, rings, gold and silver cigarette cases - I will not leave the hall until the cylinder is full of gold. And then ... And then there will be the most incredible and fantastic! Wolf Messing will take the stage and distribute jewelry, while everyone will receive exactly their own thing!

The hall buzzed - with excitement, but approvingly. The impresario went between the tables, going up to one lady, then to another, asking to remove a necklace or a ring. If someone refused, the impresario put his hand to his chest and apologized with a bow, marched to the next victim. All this took quite a long time, the cylinder was large and did not fill up so quickly. Finally, he came up to the table where the friends were sitting, took Konstantin Alekseevich's cigarette case from the table - he had already managed to smoke - and, asking permission with a look, put it in a top hat - Kostya could only smile and, or something

hands, or raising them to the sky, to show with such a gesture complete submission to fate. Finally, the impresario returned to the stage:

— So, gentlemen, the first psychological experience today. The artist will do what now no one but him can do - even I can't remember whose things I took, and, of course, I won't be able to return everything to the owners. And Messing can! Your applause, my ladies and gentlemen! - and he raised his hands theatrically, calling out to the magician and sorcerer, who did not hesitate to appear from behind the curtains. Chandeliers blazed brightly.

Messing took a cylinder in his hand - and almost dropped it, supporting the second one. He went down into the hall, put the top hat on the table - and came into an even more nervous state than he had the first time: the hand was again pressed to the head and ruffled the black hair behind the ear, he now brought the other to his chin, then to his forehead, then nervously squeezed both hands to the crunch of fingers. Then he suddenly put his hand into the top hat and pulled out, almost from the very bottom, a most beautiful necklace with three diamonds sparkling in the play of bright light. He picked up this necklace, looked into the hall with the fright of a hunted beast and suddenly rushed to the farthest table, stopped before reaching, abruptly changed direction and ended up at the next table, at which sat a lady with a respectable gentleman in a blue striped suit, who looked like an industrialist or banker.

- This is yours ... - Messing said in bad German, and it was not very clear whether this was a question, a statement, or just a plea to accept the necklace. The gentleman sitting next to him clapped his hands several times, denoting applause, then took the necklace from Messing's hands, stood up, walked around the table and put it on his companion's bare neck. Hall applauded.

This went on for about a quarter of an hour. Messing rushed between the tables, rushed to one, then abruptly changed directions once, and twice, and three, sometimes repeating quietly: "Don't bother me! Don't interfere! Why are you bothering me?" and finally approached the admiring man, who accepted his ornament from his hands. At the same time, he practically did not look at the things themselves, it seemed that he did not even distinguish what was in his hands - a brooch, a necklace, a women's ring or a men's ring - it was clear that it was important for him not to see the thing, but to touch it. But all this experience was given with great difficulty: the eyes were crazy, the thick black hair was matted and dull, sweat was dripping from the face. After that,

As he returned the gold watch on a chain to the German officer in black uniform, Kostin's cigarette case turned out to be in the artist's hand. His fingers drummed nervously on the lid, he rushed to one side and the other, and then jumped up to their table and stopped for a second in indecision, his hand twitched to Kostya, then froze, rushed to Walter to give him the cigarette case, then back to Kostya, again froze in the air ... It lasted a moment - Messing turned his whole body to Walter and said: "This is your thing! This is your item! Why are you bothering me? I see yours! Take it!" The incredible tension emanating from the artist was transferred to Konstantin Alekseevich and, he felt, to Walter. Looking at his friend, he was amazed: his face was completely white, his eyes opened wide, his lips trembled, but in addition to fear, his features also reflected an iron will, as if he were to receive from the hands of a hypnotist not an elegant little thing, but a sign of fate. The struggle lasted a second, and yet the will won out. His eyes dropped to the ground, his face returned to its usual expression of courtesy and friendliness. Walter accepted the cigarette case with a slight bow of his head. - Wrong! Slightly wrong! Kostya said

in a whisper. - The table was determined, but the owner was not. But let's not spoil the show, right? - Don't know. Maybe I was not mistaken ... -

said Walter. He shook his head, as if throwing off some kind of stupor, and already said cheerfully: - You know, Konstantin Alekseevich, mine is mine! Let's exchange as a sign of our friendship: will I have yours, if the artist so ordered, and mine - with you? It's not by chance that we met, is it? Be friends - so be friends, and tobacco will not be apart, right? - and he took out his cigarette case from his trouser pocket, with a swastika and trotters. "I'm treating you to the last of mine!"

This exchange of cigarette cases, actually carried out by Messing, leads to the fact that instead of Konstantin Alekseevich, Walter is mistakenly killed. This is followed by a session of catalepsy, during which Messing makes his famous prediction that Hitler will break his neck if he starts a campaign to the East. It is worth saying that catalepsy is understood as "waxy flexibility", a pathologically long-term preservation of the given posture; usually observed in schizophrenia, catatonic form accompanied

movement disorders. In his memoirs, Messing wrote: "The Soviet physiologist Ivan Pavlov explains this condition as follows: it usually occurs in nervous people with sudden strong excitement, with hysteria, or under the influence of hypnosis by isolated shutdown of the cerebral cortex without inhibiting the activity of the underlying parts of the neuromotor apparatus. I enter this state spontaneously, however, after a long, for several hours, self-preparation, which consists in collecting all my will into a single lump, apparently with the help of self-hypnosis. In recent years, during sessions of "Psychological Experiments" I do not demonstrate this skill of mine. But when I lived in Poland, spontaneous catalepsy was almost a must-have number. And more than once I had to meet my imitators there, who demonstrated the same skill with the help of purely mechanical devices. I remember that such a state was demonstrated at a half-closed session in Warsaw by one home-grown fakir. I came to this session with my doctor. Everything was the same as in my performances. The broad-shouldered uncle took a deep breath, stretched out his arms at his sides and fell into a chair, stretched out like a string. The

assistants took him and laid him with the back of his head and heels on chairs. One of the fattest people present in the hall also sat down on it. The doctor took the man's hand, which was hanging between the chairs, and tried to feel for a pulse. He was absent. Complete illusion of catalepsy! But I have seen that it is not so. My friend, the doctor, approached the cataleptic. He felt the pulse on both hands. Indeed, there was no pulse. Then he took a stethoscope and listened to the heart. It took two seconds. He got up, put the stethoscope in his pocket and said:

- The heart beats distinctly ... Enough for another hundred years ... Get up, wonderworker...

The cataleptic's eyelids fluttered. The doctor tugged at his hand. And a steel ball rolled out from the armpit into the bulging tailcoat. Pressing such balls with his hands to the body, the "cataleptic" squeezed the blood vessels, and it was really impossible to listen to the pulse in the hands. The blood stopped flowing into the hands ... Of course, there could be no question of lying in such a position for several days and even several hours: in the hands of

stagnation of blood would simply set off gangrene ... After the exposure, the "cataleptic" took off and showed the rest of his rather ingenious equipment: a system of metal rods and corsets with locks that began behind a high collar at the back of the head and ended at the heels. These rods and corsets withstood the entire weight of both his own body and the body of the person sitting on it.

human..."

As we have already seen, in an interview with a Polish newspaper, Messing claimed that once in Lodz, in a state of catalepsy, he predicted Mościcki's victory in the presidential election. But there is no evidence that Messing fell into a state of catalepsy during performances in the USSR. And the fact that in Poland he actually demonstrated this state to the public is highly doubtful. After all, the phenomenon of true, and not false, spontaneous catalepsy was so rare that Polish newspapers could not help but write about it, and Messing himself, as the owner of such a unique gift, would become famous throughout Poland and would certainly get into reputable books and magazines on parapsychology. True catalepsy is one that can be verified by specialists. The story to the provincial newspaper about how he fell into a state of catalepsy in Lodz could well be fiction. A small newspaper would hardly have been able to verify the validity of his words, and certainly would not have done so. In the novel *Miuszkaya Square*, the scene with Messing falling into

the state of catalepsy is given as follows:

"- And now, my ladies and gentlemen, the culmination of our today's performance: Wolf Messing and the session of catalepsy! Messing appeared on the podium, but it was already a completely different person - neither nervousness, nor listening with some tenth sense to the hall, he even walked slowly, as if with difficulty, and was taller and wider, stronger. He stood in the middle of the podium - the orchestra played some kind of small fraction - tensed, stretched out, trembled from tension, as if an unbearable weight lay on his arms and shoulders ... and suddenly became stiff, became an inanimate body, turned into a wooden doll, into a skillfully completed mannequin. For some time he stood still, and suddenly, on straight legs, he began to fall backwards, just like a doll, in the members of which there was not a single hinge. Hall

froze in anticipation of the roar that would make the fall of the mannequin, which had just been a man, several women gasped - and the straight body would really have fallen backwards, if not for two burly attendants in black suits with satin lapels, who had grown almost out of the ground, who picked up falling body and carefully laid it on the floor - it was obvious that it was completely stiff, the life came out of it. The ministers raised two chairs to the podium, placed them opposite each other. The orchestra continued to play fractionally. To this music, the attendants with great difficulty lifted the body and laid it with their heels on the tip of one chair, with the back of their head on another chair - the body did not bend, it could not be alive!

“Ladies and gentlemen, this is catalepsy!” the leader exclaimed. “Our friend is now unconscious, and his body does not obey him, but it has absolutely lost its flexibility, it is incredibly hard, harder than concrete and steel! And now we will show and prove it!

He looked around the hall and invited the biggest and stoutest gentleman in a dark blue striped suit to the podium. He, not on the first try, overcame the height of the step.

- Now we will ask our guest to sit in the middle ...
right on the stomach of Wolf Messing!

The invitee wanted to refuse and even made an attempt to leave the podium, but the impresario's imploring gestures kept him back. He cautiously looked at the motionless body, then again at the leader and gave way, trying to sit down as easily as possible in the indicated place. Realizing that under him there was something close in hardness to a concrete monolith, he settled himself more freely - it is clear that the unexpected experiment carried him away as well - then he even tucked his legs ... The body did not move. The gentleman, sitting on it already at full weight, spread his hands in shock and remained in place. But this time, the impresario was already urging him on, gently escorting him off the podium and supporting him at the same time.
under the waist.

“Who else, my ladies and gentlemen?” A few more people, although less obese, decided to follow the example of the first, and the number ended with two attendants themselves sitting down on a body hanging motionless between two chairs.

- And now - the most difficult moment of the act: the exit from the state of catalepsy! We will ask to raise our friend and bring him, so to speak, to an upright position. I ask you to! - the attendants immediately removed the chairs, the immovable dead body was lifted and placed on stiff wooden legs. Maestro, music! Now I will try to bring our friend back to life, to us, here, in this world! It is very difficult! If you see convulsions, seizures like in epilepsy, do not worry - this is life returning to the body! - Turning his back to the audience and looking straight into Messing's face, the impresario clapped his hands three times, each clap accompanied by a score: "One! Two! Three!" - and walked away. For a while, the body, supported from behind by the servants, did not move, then jerked sharply, trying to straighten even more, then

convulsions began to shake it, convulsive movements seemed to relax the members, restoring their mobility, but Messing could not stand yet. His eyes opened, but he clearly did not understand where he was and in front of whom. The cramp again went through the whole body, the movement was repeated, as if straightening the already stretched body, and the artist stood on unruly legs, stretching even more. Suddenly, a terrible grimace distorted his face, the spasm repeated again and again, he pushed away the caretakers who were trying to restrain him, and standing on unsteady legs, stretching out his arms and slightly spreading them apart, clenching his fists to a bone crunch, he suddenly tried to say something. The spasm of the face receded, it was exhausted by inhuman tension that did not want to leave, the eyes looked at one point and did not see either the hall or the guests. It seemed that a crazy look was fixed somewhere outside the hall, and maybe even time ... Suddenly Messing froze - his legs were apart, his hands with clenched fists were lowered down and slightly apart, his head was thrown back - and no more wheezing came from his throat, not a groan, but intelligible loud words, almost turning into a scream, as if it was not he who was shouting, but someone who lived in him, in addition to his will, which he now

did not have:

- Russian tanks will be in Berlin! - and froze, circling the hall
unseeing eyes.

The music stopped and there was total silence at the tables. Messing trembled finely, then the cramp again swept through the body,

the head fell back, the veins in the throat bulged, and a hoarse cry escaped from the throat again:

"Hitler will break his neck in the East!" Russian tanks will be in Berlin! In Berlin! - and fell, with a crash, collapsed unconscious on the wooden boards of the podium. The

hall was noisy, many jumped up from their seats. In the general turmoil, Konstantin Alekseevich for some reason singled out the clumsy long figure of an officer in a black uniform with two shiny zigzags in his buttonholes, who was helplessly looking around, straightening his armband with a swastika. Two attendants finally came to their senses and carried the body, limply sagging in their hands,

backstage. Kostya, shocked by what he saw, once again remembered the gypsy in Brest, who predicted the same thing. Is it really possible to know what will happen in ten or twenty years? And are there really people endowed with this terrible gift - to know in advance and warn? And how do they pay for this gift? And how much they pay!"

In the novel, Walter, before his death, manages to organize the assassination of Hanussen, who sets Hitler up for war in the East, but this assassination can no longer prevent the fatal Soviet-German clash. Note that the novel merged two predictions allegedly made by Messing - that Hitler would break his neck if he moved to the East, which Messing attributed to 1937 in his memoirs, and that Soviet tanks would be in Berlin. Messing himself does not say anything about the last prediction in his memoirs. However, people who knew him claim that in 1943 or 1944 he predicted that in May 1945 Soviet tanks would be in Berlin. We will talk about this prediction later. Nikolai Kitaev, in his book, tried to determine whether Volf Grigorievich possessed any supernormal

abilities that could be used to solve particularly complex crimes. And he came to a disappointing conclusion: Messing had no such abilities. Kitaev tried to check the most sensational statements contained in Messing's memoirs. Naturally, first of all, his attention was attracted by the message that Hitler had appointed a solid reward of 200 thousand Reichsmarks for the head of the impudent clairvoyant. And if Messing was

recognized as so dangerous for the interests of Germany, after the occupation of Poland by the Wehrmacht, he was to be put on the wanted list and posted in Polish cities with announcements that a reward would be paid for assistance in the capture of the clairvoyant. Documents on the search for Wolf Messing should have been deposited in the relatively well-preserved archives of the German occupation and police authorities in Poland. But Kitaev found out that Messing's name was never mentioned in captured German documents stored in the Russian State Military Archive. And in a response from the State Archives of the Federal Republic of Germany, dated February 7, 2002, it was noted that neither in the funds of the General Government nor in the funds of the Reich Chancellery "no documents were found on Adolf Hitler's reactions to Wolf Messing's public speech with his parapsychological sessions" .

This circumstance suggests that Adolf Hitler had no idea about the existence of Wolf Messing. And no one specifically intended to arrest Messing. Another thing is that the Jews in Poland were immediately subjected to persecution, their rights were restricted, they were forced to wear yellow stars on their clothes and driven into the ghetto, where food supplies were limited. And since the beginning of 1942, after the infamous conference in Wannsee, their systematic destruction began. In the autumn of 1939, the

physical extermination of Jews in the Third Reich had not yet begun. But Messing probably knew that the Jews in Nazi Germany and the territories occupied by it had a hard time. Therefore, he had every reason to flee from those areas of Poland that were occupied by German troops, to the east, towards the Red Army. He did not have any detailed ideas about life in the Soviet Union. Strictly speaking, we cannot judge at all what exactly Wolf Grigorievich knew about the country that was to become his second homeland and where he managed to truly become famous. But even if Messing received information about the terrible famine of the 1930s associated with the forced collectivization of the peasantry, or about the Great Terror, he at least knew for sure: the Jews in the Soviet Union were not oppressed, they enjoyed the same rights as other citizens of the country.

In the 60s of the XX century, when Messing's memoirs were published, the topic of the Holocaust was hushed up in the USSR in every possible way. Therefore, simply saying that Messing fled from the Nazis because they persecuted the Jews was not entirely convenient. But how beautiful was the statement that the great telepath and clairvoyant was forced to flee to the Soviet Union because he predicted Hitler's death if he turned east, and turned into a personal enemy of the Fuhrer! But since there was no Hitler's order to arrest Messing,

then you can be sure that there was no arrest itself. Messing colorfully described this arrest that did not take place and his absolutely fantastic escape in his memoirs as proof that he had outstanding hypnotic abilities: "At that time I lived in my native place, with my father. Soon this place was occupied by the Nazi army. A ghetto was organized instantly. I managed to escape to Warsaw. For some time I hid in the basement of a meat merchant. One evening, when I went outside for a walk, they grabbed me. The officer who stopped me stared at my face for a long time, then took out of his pocket a piece of paper with my portrait. I recognized the poster posted by the Nazis around the city, which announced a reward for my discovery. - Who are you? asked the officer, and painfully tugged at my long

shoulder length hair.

- I'm an artist ... -

You're lying! You are Wolf Messing! It was you who predicted the death of the

Fuhrer... He took a step back, continuing to hold my hair with his left hand. Then he sharply waved his right hand and struck me with terrible force on the jaw. It was a blow from a great shoulder master. I spat out six teeth along with blood ... Sitting in the punishment cell of the

police station, I realized: either I will leave now, or I will die ... I strained all my strength and forced those policemen who were in the police station at that time to gather in my cell. Everyone, including the chief and ending with the one who was supposed to stand on the clock at the exit. When they all, obeying my will, gathered in the cell, I, who was lying absolutely still, as if dead, quickly got up and went out into the corridor. Instantly, until they

came to his senses, pushed the bolt of the iron-bound door. The cage was secure, the birds could not fly out of it without help. But after all, she could arrive in time ... Just a random person could enter the station. I had to hurry ... "Messing does not say

anything about whether he was mobilized into the Polish army in September 1939. It can be assumed that he avoided mobilization for health reasons, including due to vascular disease in the legs. Messing claimed that this disease was the result of the fact that when escaping from a German prison, he jumped out of the window and beat off his legs when jumping. Such an explanation in itself undermines the version of the escape from the cell of the police station in Warsaw. If Messing really was such an outstanding hypnotist, then why did he need to hypnotize the sentry and calmly exit through the door? In his memoirs, Messing claimed that

he illegally crossed the Soviet-German demarcation line, hiding from German soldiers: "I was taken out of Warsaw in a cart littered with hay. I knew one thing: I had to go east. Only to the east. To the only country in the world that alone - I knew it - could stop the spread of the "brown plague" of fascism around the globe. Guides led and carried me only at night. And finally, on a dark November night, the cold waves of the Western Bug shone dimly ahead. There, on the other side, was the Soviet country.

A small flat-bottomed boat poked into the sand of a vaguely whitish shoal. I jumped out of the boat and handed the last wad of money from the Commonwealth to the fisherman who transported me: - Take it, father! You saved

me ... - Leave it to yourself, sir, -

objected the fisherman. - You yourself will come in handy ... Oh, and I would go with you if it weren't for the children! .. Don't forget the suitcase ...

I shook the hand extended to me and walked along the wet sand. Went through the land of my new homeland. Went straight east."

If we assume that there really was no arrest of Messing in Warsaw, then it is appropriate to assume that he left the vicinity of the Polish capital in the first ten days of September. After all, already on September 8, German troops occupied Guru-Kalvaria. More likely,

he initially fled to Warsaw, which he left before September 14, when the city was surrounded by the Germans. Then it can be assumed that Messing could be in the Brest region already in mid-October. In early November, Western Belarus, together with Brest, was officially declared part of the Soviet Union. In order to avoid discussing in his memoirs how and why Soviet troops ended up in Western Belarus (the topic of secret protocols to the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact was an absolute taboo in the Soviet press at that time), Messing most likely preferred to shift his arrival to Soviet territory from October to November.

In the first weeks after the end of the war, German troops not only did not prevent the passage of refugees from Poland to Western Belarus and Western Ukraine occupied by the USSR, but even forcibly expelled them to Soviet territory. For example, in the "Certificate of the Department of the Border Troops of the NKVD of the Kyiv District on detentions on the borders of Western Ukraine by parts of the border guard for the period from October 14 to October 28, 1939" it was noted: "At present, several tens of thousands of people have accumulated on the border with Germany in the border cities of Western Ukraine; so, for example, in Przemyśl on October 28, 1939, there were 11,000 people who were waiting for an organized transfer of them across the border from Western Ukraine. The delay in the issue of the exchange of refugees with Germany gives rise to the desire of the so-called refugees who have accumulated on the border to cross the border illegally.

The large concentration of refugees in the border towns creates the threat of epidemic diseases, a housing crisis and a lack of food. It is necessary to speed

up the work of the commission of the Council of People's Commissars of the Ukrainian SSR

for the exchange of refugees with

Germany. Detained during the transition

to the USSR: on the border with Germany

- 5731 people; on the border with

Hungary - 733 people;

on the border with Romania - 618 people. In total - 7082 people. The bulk of violators from Germany are residents who had permanent residence in the territory occupied by Germany, but did not want to stay there (peasants, workers

also the Jews forcibly expelled to our territory by the Germans... They often cross

the border with their whole families, with small children, having no means for food. Such a cluster of

violators loads the frontier units. Due to the lack of special premises for the detention of violators, those are crowded, with the ensuing consequences. We consider it necessary to release all violators of the refugee type after appropriate verification and send them to areas where there is a need for labor force.

By the way, the reverse flow of refugees from the Soviet zone to the zone of German occupation was an order of magnitude smaller. During this period, Soviet border guards detained 465 people who tried to escape to German-occupied Poland, 41 to Hungary and 30 to Romania. They were mostly those who had relatives in Poland.

As the Russian historian Ilya Altman writes, "On February 9, 1940, the Head of the Resettlement Administration under the Council of People's Commissars of the USSR E. M. Chekmeneva informed V. M. Molotov about the refusal to accept Jewish refugees. The decision was motivated by purely formal circumstances: Jews are not among the peoples and ethnic groups subject to "evacuation" ... The main motive was obvious: the Soviet system was riddled with spy mania and the fear of getting a "fifth column". On April 10, 1940, the Council of People's Commissars approved a special instruction of the NKVD, which gave the right to resettle all people who did not take Soviet citizenship as special settlers in remote areas of the country. Even more tightened control over the border crossing of Jewish refugees. In the autumn of 1940, an NKVD circular was sent to the frontier posts, which named several categories of refugees - potential German spies. Among them were also named Polish Jews, "used by the Germans in forced labor." Since only people under the age of 14 and over 60 years old were not involved in forced labor by the Nazis, practically any adult Jew could be suspected of

espionage."

Messing, of course, did not write that the Germans forcibly evicted Jews from Poland to Soviet territory, and the Soviet

the authorities, on the contrary, thought about how to return them back. And of course he could not admit in any way that in November 1939 he had to be afraid not of German, but of Soviet border guards.

More Messing did not have a chance to see his father. In February 1941, 2,949 Jews from Gura Kalwaria were deported to the Warsaw Ghetto - the Yad Vashem Museum has a photo of their sad procession, wandering along the main street with bundles and suitcases. Two years later, they were sent to Auschwitz along with Warsaw Jews. After the war, only 20 people returned to the town, who soon left Poland. Probably, the number of survivors was somewhat higher, since some Gur Jews could be released from concentration camps in Germany and did not return to Poland. By the way, the synagogue in Góra-Kalwaria still operates today, but only one Jew lives in the town.

It is possible that Messing's father died before the war or shortly after the arrival of the German troops. If Wolf Grigorievich was arrested by the Germans and miraculously escaped from the station, he, of course, could not have taken his father with him to the USSR. However, as we already know, Messing was not arrested. Therefore, the question arises - why did he still not take his father with him? There can be three explanations for this. Perhaps, in fact, old Gersh had already died by the beginning of the war, and nothing kept Wolf in his native place, so he immediately moved east after the invasion of the German army in Poland. In the future, Messing chose to declare his father a victim of the Holocaust in order to arouse even greater sympathy from readers. It is also possible that Messing's father was seriously ill in the autumn of 1939 and therefore could not leave Gura-Kalwaria. Finally, it can be assumed that the old man simply refused to leave his home, preferring to die there, despite all the impending dangers.

According to Shenfeld, Messing first arrived in Brest, from where he went to Bialystok, where he had acquaintances. The Polish money that he had turned into worthless pieces of paper. In addition, Wolf did not know either Russian or Belarusian, which suddenly became state. Messing confessed to Shenfeld: "It was especially offensive that I did not know Russian: after all, until the age of eighteen I lived in the Privislinsky region, that is, in the Russian Empire. But my father

I thought that the Russian language was useless to me. Oh, our darkness! He realized that you can't earn money for life in the Soviet Union with horoscopes, but to please for classes in astrology in places not so remote

can be easily.

In Bialystok, Messing joined the trade union of performing arts workers, but they were in no hurry to give him a job. And hunger is not an aunt. Wolf was already thinking of retraining as a street magician-fakir, collecting labor copper in a hat. But then he learned that in the regional House of Culture they were recruiting artists for propaganda teams. Messing did not know what a propaganda team was, but he signed up just in case. And luck smiled at him. Party lecturers, who

arrived from Minsk, explained to the freshly minted agitation brigades what would have to be done. The lecturers were supposed to explain to the population how badly they lived in Pan Poland, how peaceful Stalin's foreign policy was, and how great it would be for them to live in the Land of Soviets. To drive people to such lectures, the bait was required in the form of a concert of artists of popular genres. Messing immediately realized that he could become a very useful bait, since experiments with telepathy for the Belarusian hinterland were an unprecedented thing. And to the question of stern people in tunics, what genre he owns, Wolf joyfully announced: "I am a telepath!"

Some comrade Prokopiuk, to whom Messing tried to explain in Polish what a telepath is, and even with the addition of scientific German words, understood absolutely nothing and was about to reject Wolf, but then a pretty blond Jewish girl Sonya Kanish from among the already selected artists kindly translated inconsistent monologue of Messing. She was from Volyn and therefore knew Russian. Prokopyuk was intrigued and ordered Wolf to come to the club in the evening and show in practice what telepathy is. In pre-war life, Sonya was a singer in a Jewish theater studio in Warsaw, and Wolf asked her to be his assistant.

In the evening, the entire local party and economic activists with their wives gathered for Messing's speech. These spectators came from Soviet, eastern Belarus, and for them, tricks with telepathy were generally an unprecedented spectacle. Despite a break of many months, Messing successfully found objects hidden in the hall, read addresses and numbers. He

he gave it his all, realizing that his future depended on these "views". By the end of the performance, Messing could hardly stand on his feet. It's good that Sonya guessed to give him a glass of

water. After the session, silence reigned in the hall. The timid applause immediately subsided. It was felt that the nomenklatura spectators were amazed, but they were afraid to clap, and even more so to speak out - they were waiting for what the older comrades would say. The director of the House of Culture, originally from Gomel, was the first to break the silence. He said that the performance was interesting and unusual, but the trouble is, he does not know if there is a scientific justification for it, or if Messing is just a dodger, deceiving the respectable public. Here the authority from Minsk, comrade Prokopiuk, said his weighty word. He called the artist a man of amazing abilities and an extraordinary phenomenon. Messing told Schoenfeld: "He drew the attention of those present to my nervous trembling and stammering speech. "After all, this is nervous excitement, almost an epileptic seizure, a typical trance with obscuration and ecstasy! But here in Rus'," Comrade Prokopiuk added significantly, "in ancient times, our holy fools enjoyed great respect. Our people honored them and believed that they had the gift to predict the future..." The secretary of the party cell tried to object to him, accusing Messing of mysticism and undermining Marxist dialectics, at the same time calling for the struggle for the purity of the Soviet stage. However, Prokopyuk prevailed, suggesting: "Let Comrade Messing perform at a demonstration concert, and we will observe the reaction of the public. If his speech is successful and will benefit our cause, very good." Spectators telepathic tricks received well. The few Soviet spectators, most of them military men, unaccustomed to such things, whispered with reverence and fear: "Wizard, well, just a magician!" One commander even came to Wolf backstage and, embarrassed, said that his wife had run away with her lover, and asked the magician and clairvoyant to tell where she was now. I had to gently convince the poor fellow that he, Messing, is not omnipotent." In his memoirs, Messing

describes the first days of his stay in the USSR somewhat differently. He emphasizes that he began his artistic career in the Brest region, but does not even mention Bialystok:

"I entered the Soviet land along with thousands of other refugees seeking salvation from the fascist invasion. I came to a hotel in Brest: - I need a room. - There

are no available rooms.

"I'll pay three times the regular price. "You've been told, citizen, there are no available rooms!" — Window with slams shut...

I look at the lucky ones who take and return the keys to the porter, at the people who have found a place in the hotel. No, these are not at all the kind of people I'm used to seeing in the lobbies of European hotels. Ordinary working people, employees with anxious faces, with thick briefcases in their hands. Caps, not hats. Colorful work coats instead of luxurious raincoats - macs. I spent my first night among the other refugees in the synagogue on the floor.

I had a hard time finding an empty seat.

Where to go? The next day I was advised: I went to the department of arts of the city committee. I was greeted with courtesy but restraint. In the Soviet Union, fighting against superstitions in the minds of people, neither fortune-tellers, nor magicians, nor palmists favored ... Telepathy was also attributed to the number of the same unencouraged occupations. Oh, how often it bothered me afterwards!

I had to convince ... I had to demonstrate my abilities a thousand times. I had to prove that there is no trick, deceit, fraud in this. But more on that later.

And finally, there was a man who believed. It was the head of the department of arts Abrasimov Petr Andreevich. At his own peril and risk, he included me in the brigade of artists serving the Brest region. Life started to get better...

In those first days there were many amusing incidents caused by the fact that I knew Russian very poorly. The

head of the department of arts says to me after the performance: -

Great work! - Yes, I'm

healthy ... I never get sick ... Another time

they say: - The secretary

of the Central Committee will receive you.

"I don't want to talk to the secretary... Let this Central Committee talk to me

himself... Despite the inevitable difficulties of the first days of life in a foreign country, I was surprisingly joyful and interesting. The world has blossomed with new colors. It was new and pleasant for me to live in a band of ordinary people, provincial artists living in simple rooms, working with inspiration, satisfied that they live in the same rhythm with the whole country, help it. And I was with them..."

According to journalist Vladimir Kucharyants, Messing's "godfather", "the first official he met was Pyotr Abrasimov. Messing mentally conjured him: "Believe and help me!" Then he suddenly said: "You will become an ambassador in a big country." And so it happened. Abrasimov served as ambassador more than once. In the GDR, in Poland, in Japan. France turned out to be the "big" country... But then Abrasimov, of course, did not take seriously the prophecy of this strange, frightened man. However, he allowed him to perform on the stages of Belarus. The fact that Messing really met Pyotr

Abrasimov in Brest and he took a lively part in his future fate is beyond doubt. After all, Pyotr Andreevich Abrasimov in September 1939 really participated in the "liberation campaign" of the Red Army in Western Belarus as a political worker, and even attended the joint Soviet-German parade in Brest on the occasion of the transfer of the city by the Wehrmacht to the Red Army. Then he became deputy chairman of the Brest Regional Executive Committee. At the beginning of the 1930s, Abrasimov was the director of the club, the authorized representative of the Philharmonic and the director of the art gallery in Vitebsk, so he was also familiar with the stage. Most importantly, at the time of the publication of

Messing's memoirs, in 1965, Abrasimov, unlike Stalin, Hitler, Freud and Einstein, was alive and well, was a member of the Central Committee of the CPSU and held a rather important post of ambassador to the GDR. To invent the fact of acquaintance was a risky business. Abrasimov could read his memoirs and publicly declare that he does not know any Wolf Messing.

Apparently, Abrasimov was a good person, far from the worst representative of the Soviet nomenklatura, who managed to preserve the good qualities of his soul even in high positions. Countryman Abrasimov

Lev Ovsishcher, whose father was unfairly tried to prosecute, recalled: "This decision of the district committee was received by the Central Committee, where at that time our countryman from Bogushevsk, a certain Pyotr Abrasimov, who knew our whole family well, was the secretary for industry. Petya was in the same class with my cousin Aizik, and they were great friends. Father, like our other young neighbors, was called "Uncle Pepper". In general, young Abrasimov from the Jewish guys of the town had all the entourage and friends. He spoke fluent Yiddish and sang Jewish songs. His first love was a Jewish girl. He was an honest, charming man, with an inquisitive and sharp mind, thanks to which he managed to advance and become one of the leaders of the republic ... (Abrasimov ensured that "Uncle Peretz" was transferred from the accused to witnesses. - B.S.)

During our struggle to emigrate to Israel, long-term refuseniks were hung by Jews who supported us from different countries. Once in Minsk, Jews from Paris visited me. They said that they had

handed over to the Ambassador Extraordinary of the USSR in Paris a petition from the Jews of France demanding the release of the old refuseniks. A list was attached to the

petition. "By the way," they said, "the ambassador not only accepted our petition, but even gave the delegates a reception at which he sang Jewish songs in Yiddish along with the

Jews. This ambassador in Paris was Pyotr Abrasimov. Guests from Paris claimed that the Soviet ambassador to France acted like a Jew."

From this story it is clear that Abrasimov was quite tolerant of Jews and Jewish culture. This largely explains his patronage of Messing.

In an interview with Vladimir Shakhidzhanyan, given in 1971, but first published only in 1995, Messing allegedly stated: "The first official with whom the conversation was held was the head of the art department, Petr Andreevich Abrasimov. I looked at him, listened to his reasoning, and inspired him myself: help me, believe in me, you are a good person. I looked at him and kept waiting for a pause. There was a pause. Then I said: "You have a great future. You will become an ambassador to a big country." And he believed in me and included me among the artists serving the Brest region."

True, it is possible that this detail, about the prediction to Abrasimov that he would be an ambassador to a large country (in 1973 Abrasimov was already an ambassador to France. - B.S.), Shakhidzhanyan invented himself. In the preface to the publication of the interview, he claims that the interview was being prepared for publication in Nedelya in 1973, and then, at the request of the editors, he once again endorsed it from Messing, who, however, allegedly predicted that the interview would be filmed at the last moment from number. But in any case, Messing would hardly have dared to lie about Abrasimov. And in 1995, Shakhidzhanyan may have believed that Abrasimov was no longer alive. In fact, Pyotr Andreevich died only on February 16, 2009, at the age of 97. But in 1995 it was unlikely that he would protest, saying that Messing did not predict anything like him. In addition, one could always refer to the ambassador's advanced age, to the fact that his memory failed him. It is also characteristic that the

prediction given by Messing to Abrasimov coincides in the interview, as if given by him to both Kucharyants and Shakhidzhanyan. Rather, it remains to be assumed that we have a legend here. Although, strictly speaking, the assumption that sooner or later Abrasimov would serve in the diplomatic line was not so unbelievable at the end of 1939. In a conversation with Abrasimov, Messing must have made sure that he knows Polish and Yiddish, which means that he probably knows German as well. Such polyglots among the Soviet and party nomenklatura were rare, which means that there was a high probability that Pyotr Andreevich would sooner or later be used in diplomatic work, in which a functionary of his level would certainly have been provided with

ambassador

position. Messing recalled in his memoirs: "I celebrated May 1 in Brest. Together with everyone went to the demonstration. It was a very happy day in my life. And soon after that I was sent to Minsk. Here I met with Panteleimon Kondratievich Ponomarenko, one of the prominent figures of the Soviet state. I am grateful to fate for meeting this man, to whom I owe a lot." This information is also likely to be true. The career of Ponomarenko, a well-known Soviet figure, one of the leaders of the partisan movement in the years

war, by 1965 had long gone downhill - he was just a teacher at the Academy of Social Sciences under the Central Committee of the CPSU. However, he was alive, well, was in Moscow and would certainly have denied the fact of his acquaintance with Messing if this episode was a fictional memoirist. Most likely, it was Ponomarenko who recommended using Messing's talent on an all-Union scale. By the way, unlike Abrasimov,

Ponomarenko treated the Jews, to put it mildly, coolly. However, the Belarusian culture was alien to Panteleimon Kondratievich. A Ukrainian from the Kuban, he was sent to Belarus as a conductor of Stalin's centralization policy and suspected "bourgeois nationalists" in the figures of both Belarusian and Jewish national culture. Shortly after the end of the war, Ponomarenko was visited by the writer and poet Aizik Platner and several other prominent representatives of Jewish literature, including the poet Hirsh Kamenetsky and the journalist Hirsh Smolyar, who was the first to write about the Minsk ghetto. They asked to resume the work of the Jewish section of the Writers' Union of Belarus. However, Panteleimon Kondratievich rudely stated that he would not allow Jewish culture to be revived in Belarus and that they had nothing to count on. After this meeting, some of its participants, using their Polish citizenship, left the Soviet Union forever. Nevertheless, Ponomarenko supported Messing. Obviously, first of all, he was guided by the report of his subordinate Abrasimov, who pointed out the undoubted usefulness of Messing's speeches both in terms of anti-religious propaganda and from a purely commercial side. In addition, Messing's speeches, devoid of any political content, were a good means of distracting the masses from the dull everyday life. Messing's friend journalist Rem Shcherbakov cites the telepath's story about how he was detained after crossing the German-Soviet demarcation line in Poland. And Ponomarenko

also appears in this episode: "Wolf Grigorievich looked suspicious, and therefore was detained by the relevant authorities." The Chekists tried to bring the adventurer, who claims that he can read other people's thoughts, to clean water. But when Messing guessed exactly what

thought the investigators, they were amazed and floated him up the chain of command. The case reached the head of the Communists of Belarus, Ponomarenko: "They brought him into the office, where Wolf Grigoryevich was met by the owner and invited to sit down. Another person was supposed to take part in the conversation - the People's Commissar of the Republican NKVD. Soon he appeared in civilian clothes and went to the visitor. He looked attentively at the Chekist and said: "So who wants to shoot me!" The people's commissar was taken aback, he had already made such an offer to the first secretary. It was decided to send Wolf Grigorievich to Moscow. Some time after I heard this story, Messing celebrated his birthday. It was attended by a former member of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the CPSU Panteleimon Kondratievich Ponomarenko. He confirmed the veracity of the story, it was in his office that everything

happened. Shcherbakov wrote the preface to Messing's book in 1990, when Ponomarenko had been dead for six years. Much earlier, on October 12, 1955, the former head of the Belarusian Chekists, Lavrenty Fomich Tsanava (Dzhandzhgava), died. He was arrested in April 1953 by order of his namesake Lavrenty Beria for organizing the murder of Solomon Mikhoels. While under investigation, he either committed suicide or simply died in a prison hospital from a heart attack. In Shcherbakov's story, it is already suspicious that Tsanava immediately offered Ponomarenko to shoot Messing. After all, Lavrenty Fomich was an experienced Chekist and would certainly have started by simply offering to detain a suspicious foreigner - and what to do with him, shoot or release, could be decided later. Moreover, in the fall of 1939, the "Beria thaw" had not yet ended, when the arrested were shot much less than during the time of Yezhov. So the episode itself with "guessing" Tsanava's thoughts does not look very convincing, especially since clearly unreliable episodes of Messing's meetings with Stalin and successful penetration into Beria's office follow.

It is safe to say that everything that is written about the first months of Messing's stay in the USSR in Shenfeld's documentary story is fiction. Messing did not meet with any "comrade Prokopiuk" either in Brest or in Bialystok, simply because this comrade did not exist in nature. But

real party and Soviet functionaries, with whom Messing really spoke closely in Brest and Minsk, Messing, in the story given by Shenfeld, does not mention a word. This circumstance is proof that Messing's story was invented by Shenfeld and Wolf Grigorievich never told him anything like that. According to Shenfeld, for a month Messing traveled around the districts

of the Bialystok region, and everywhere his psychological experiments were received with a bang. Messing then began an affair with Sima, who was already over thirty, but she was not married. Messing allegedly told Schoenfeld that this was his first true love. But as soon as he was about to make a serious proposal to his beloved, he was suddenly taken to Minsk. Sima stayed in Bialystok. Wolf regretted that he had not insisted that they let him take her with him - after all, he was left literally without a language. I think that this whole melodramatic story was invented by the author of the "documentary story", to whom Messing most likely did not make any confessions about his past novels. We have no information that he was married in Poland. He probably had mistresses, like most itinerant artists, but he did not tell his friends about any of them. It is not clear why Schoenfeld should have been an exception.

Messing seemed to be telling him: "In Minsk, I was placed in the best hotel, in such a suite that I had never seen in my life (here the writer Schoenfeld, it seems, went a little too far. After all, Messing has been to Warsaw and Krakow more than once. Were the hotels there much worse than in provincial Minsk?—B.S.). I had to speak in front of some high ranks and hastily look for an inductor with Russian and Polish languages - fortunately in Belarus this is not a problem. After the performance, I was invited to some offices, they talked a lot with me about something, but only "a real magician" and "colossal success" reached me. And all this happened so lightning fast that I didn't have time to come to my senses, as I was thrust into a contract for signing. The agreement was, it turns out, with the State Concert, and it was necessary to immediately go on a tour of the largest cities of the Soviet Union. Moscow attached an administrator to me, who wrapped everything up, and according to the contract, I

the highest rate was guaranteed. When I first saw the payroll, I could not even believe that it was all mine, and asked if the accounting department had made a mistake? Well, what am I going to do with these thousands? (Is it really that Messing, in the very first weeks of his stay in the USSR, was not convinced that money here does not mean so much, since the basic goods of life are not bought, but distributed? And the highest category rate did not at all give the actor golden mountains. - B.S.) But I

quickly learned not to be surprised at anything. And most importantly, do not show your ignorance. If I didn't know or didn't understand something, I kept quiet and smiled meaningfully. Everyone wanted to know how I was received in the West in the capitals and other big cities, what the press wrote about me. I didn't want to lie directly, but twirled around and around. Why, they would not believe that I have never been anywhere except Poland, and I have only come across the press when I gave my ads in newspapers. But, as evidenced by the materials cited in Messing's memoirs, in Poland he happened to give interviews - another problem.

Messing, who plunged into the maelstrom of unprecedented fame and fortune, did not come to Bialystok for Sima, but he believed in his own exclusivity. Schoenfeld allegedly heard such a confession from a cellmate: "I already believed myself that I am not like everyone else, but special. But what if the Lord really endowed me with superhuman powers? After all, how many people in me can't be wrong? I myself felt how hypnotic forces were developing and manifesting in me. What the hell is not joking when God sleeps! It was nice to see posters in all the cities of this vast country, on which stood in large letters: "Wolf Messing is coming to you." Now, in this stinking cell, I understand very well that the main wealth is freedom. I shouldn't have stood out too much then, it was better to stay in the middle: not quite in the shade, but not in the brightest light either.

To tell the truth, after a while, this vanity of vanities began to overwhelm me. And among the great multitude of people, I suddenly realized how alone I was again. And immediately the thought came: we must go to Bialystok, find Sima. But then everything was delayed. The plan of speeches overshadowed his entire personal life ... "

With the outbreak of war, Bialystok was soon occupied by the Germans. Sima is missing. The accordionist of the Bialystok propaganda team later told Messing that she managed to leave Bialystok in the first hours of the war and wanted to get to her native place Yutevan in Volyn. Messingtuck never found out whether she became one of the millions of victims of the Holocaust or whether she survived the war safely. It seems that Wolf Grigorievich had no idea about Sima at all, since she existed exclusively in the imagination of Schoenfeld. And in his memoirs, Messing does not say a word about Sima, but on the contrary, emphasizes that his wife Aida Mikhailovna became his first and only love, whom we will meet in the next chapter. Much more interesting for us is the meeting of a telepath not with a fictional Sima, but with a real and very powerful

person - Joseph Stalin. Messing claimed that he had several such meetings. The first allegedly took place shortly after the May Day demonstration in 1940: "We toured all over Belarus. And one day, when I was working on one of the Gomel club scenes, two people in uniform caps approached me. Interrupting the experiment, they apologized to the audience and took me away. They put me in a car. I felt that they were not planning anything evil towards me. I say: - In the hotel you have to pay for a room ... They laugh: - Don't worry, they will pay ... - I would grab my suitcase ... - And the suitcase will not go anywhere. Indeed: I met with a suitcase on the very first night spent not on the road. And the

administration did not send me an invoice,
apparently,
someone paid for me.

We arrived, I don't know where. Later it turned out that this was a hotel. And they left one.

After a while, they were again taken somewhere. And again unfamiliar room.

A man with a mustache enters. Hello. I recognized him immediately. I answer:

Hello. And I carried you in my arms ...

- How is it on the hands? Stalin was surprised.

- On the first of May ... At the

demonstration ... Stalin was interested in the situation in Poland, my meetings with Pilsudski and other leaders of the Commonwealth. He was not my inductor. After a

rather lengthy conversation, releasing me, Stalin said: - Oh, and you are a cunning one,

Messing. "I'm not the sly one," I

replied. "You really are a smart ass!" M. I. Kalinin imperceptibly pulled my sleeve.

I also met with Stalin later. Probably, on his behalf, my abilities were comprehensively tested. I remember such checks: I was given the task to receive 100,000 rubles from the State Bank on a blank piece of paper. This experience almost ended tragically.

I went up to the cashier and handed him a note torn from a school notebook sheet. He opened the suitcase and placed it on the barrier by the window.

The elderly cashier looked at the paper. Opened the checkout. I counted out one hundred thousand ... For me, this was a repetition of the case with the railway conductor, whom I forced to accept a piece of paper for a ticket. Only now it did not represent for me, in essence, any difficulty. Closing my suitcase, I walked to the middle of the

hall. Witnesses approached, who were supposed to sign an act on the experiment. When this formality was completed, I returned to the cashier with the same suitcase. He glanced at me, shifted his gaze to a clean notebook sheet, which he

had planted on one carnation with canceled checks, to a suitcase from which I began to take out tight, unopened wads of money ... Then he suddenly leaned back in his chair and wheezed ... Heart attack! .. Fortunately, he later recovered.

Another task was to go to the office of a very high-ranking person, carefully guarded (by "very high-ranking person" was meant the then chief of the NKVD, Lavrenty Beria, whose name in the mid-1960s could not yet be mentioned in the Soviet press. However, in oral stories Messing in this episode, it appeared. In some versions of the story, in

In particular, M. V. Mikhalkov, as the owner of a carefully guarded office, was called not Beria, but Stalin himself. - B.S.). Pass, of course, without a pass ... I completed this task without difficulty. Leaving the punishment cell at the police station, as I mentioned above, was much more difficult.

Stories about these very peculiar "psychological experiments" were widely dispersed throughout Moscow. And they continued to "probe" and "check" me. I was considered a "dangerous person". But I have never done anything wrong in my life. "What if you do?

Can you be trusted?" - at best, my interlocutor thought in response. And very often and even worse: "You are all lying ... Just let you out of your eyes! With such abilities, so as not to use them for yourself. Finally, the "checks" are over. Apparently, not without the

intervention of a super-high authority. However, in the journal of visitors to Stalin's Kremlin

office in 1939–1953, Messing's name is never found. Theoretically, it can be assumed that Stalin received Messing at his dacha in Kuntsevo - after the war, he spent most of his time there and received the bulk of visitors there. But in 1940, only people very close to Stalin were invited to the dacha, among which the visiting clairvoyant could not be included. Therefore, with a high degree of probability, we can assume that Stalin and Messing never met in their lives. Messing's meeting with Beria seems equally unlikely, since the head of the NKVD allegedly carried out a test of Messing's abilities on Stalin's orders.

Just as fantastic is Stalin's desire to hear Messing's impressions of Jozef Pilsudski and other members of the Polish elite. Pilsudski had been in his grave for five years already, Poland no longer existed as a state, and few of Pilsudski's associates played any political role in 1940, even if they were lucky enough to emigrate. In addition, in fact, Messing did not know the Polish elite at all, which is proved by the incident with the "Count Czartoryski" that happened in his memoirs.

As for testing Messing's abilities by receiving one hundred thousand rubles from the bank using a blank sheet of paper, the Ukrainian journalist K. Nevsky convincingly proved that this story is absolutely fantastic, since Messing had no idea how large sums of money are actually issued in Soviet banks. The journalist turned to the manager of the Kharkov regional office of the State Bank A.P. Nayden, the chief cashier of the said office V.D. Bosoton and the chief auditor Ya.M. Pryadok with a request to comment on the episode with the receipt of one hundred thousand rubles. They reported that the procedure for receiving large sums remained unchanged for several decades. He was like that in 1940, when Messing allegedly received one hundred thousand pieces of paper: "The check is served to an accountant who has no money. Then this document passes through the internal channels of the bank. The check is checked by auditors, if the amount is large, then there are at least two of them. Then the issued check goes to the cashier, who prepares the documents, counts the money and only then calls the client. He (the cashier) asks the client for his last name, how much money he should receive and other information (for which organization, etc.). That's the order." Thus, the person whom Messing allegedly hypnotized, with all his desire, could not take one hundred thousand rubles from the vault. To do this, he would need to somehow hypnotize a few more people, and Messing never said that he was able to transfer his own hypnotic abilities to other people. The biography of Messing, as we have already noted, received its artistic embodiment in the novel by Mikhail

Golubkov. It is clear that the novel could not but reflect, perhaps, the most dramatic moment in the life of the great telepath - the crossing of the Soviet-German demarcation line in Poland. After all, Messing entered a completely new, unfamiliar world, where unprecedented glory awaited him. He understood that the old world, in which the first four decades of his life had passed, was perishing irrevocably. If Poland survives, then after the war it will in any case be a completely different country, where not everyone will be happy with the return of the surviving Jews. What awaits him in the USSR, Messing did not know. Probably, he had to read Polish, and perhaps German newspapers, where the Soviet Union

most often given the most unflattering characteristics. But Wolf knew for sure that Jews were not oppressed in the USSR. So, there one could count on protection from the Germans who captured Poland. Although a lot in the new homeland, a person accustomed to a calm bourgeois life, could hardly have liked it.

Here is how Messing's thoughts in connection with the crossing of the Soviet border are reproduced in Mikhail Golubkov's novel Miuskaya Square: ability to inspire. It was called telepathy; what it was, he did not really know, and, probably, no one knew either. The checks began with the very first Soviet person they met, when in 1939 he crossed through the prepared "window" to the USSR. It was a Russian sergeant, cheerful, young, suspicious and, as he himself thought, very shrewd. Standing between his two soldiers, who in all seriousness were holding him at the front sights of the antediluvian "three-rulers", he demanded a passport. Please tell me which passport, don't make me laugh! What passport? Ausweis? Or Soviet? He did not have any documents, crossing either the border or some strange front line between the Germans and Russians (in fact, Poland no longer existed, waves of two occupations, German and Soviet, closed over it) was illegal. It was organized by that nice young man, it seems, Konstantin, and he also said that they would meet. We met, how! With rifles! Messing took out a sheet of a German occupation newspaper from his inner pocket and handed it to the sergeant: here is my passport, mister officer, everything is legal, don't worry. He took the newspaper, read a little, gave it back, saluted and went on to patrol with his soldiers the new state border of the USSR. And to him, Wolf Messing, where do you want to go? Where is he expected? In fact, they were waiting, of course, but in the wrong place and at the wrong time. Then he did not yet know the customs of his new homeland and was extremely surprised. Now I would not think to be surprised! I humbly thank you for not being shot, just like that, by mistake!

Here you will think: why did you have to flee from Poland? Say goodbye! What can I say, there is no question. Because the Germans occupied it and began to exterminate the Jews, or drive them into the ghetto. And Hitler personally opened the hunt for him. Issued, you see, an order according to which any German soldier or officer who discovered him was to be arrested and taken to headquarters, from where straight to the Reich Chancellery. And how do you like it? Why Hitler needed him, Messing did not know, but he was not at all interested in finding out, which is why he met with Russian soldiers who entered Poland from the other side, from the east. Firstly, the Russians did not exterminate the Jews, and secondly, Stalin did not hunt him. Further in

Golubkov's novel follows the well-known story of how Messing predicted the appearance of Soviet tanks in Berlin, as well as the story of his arrest and escape from the Gestapo. Other tests that the telepath was subjected to in the Soviet Union are also described, including the task to leave Beria's office without a pass, and a check to receive one hundred thousand rubles in a bank, as if arranged by Messing Abakumov after the war. Messing tells all this to the editor of Kultpolitprosvet Antonina Gracheva: "And then, already among the Russians, they only did that they checked him, and each check was a step up the stairs of the MGB. The first step was the same sergeant who almost arrested him, or even slapped him, the last step was Beria and Abakumov. And yet none of them believed in his telepathic experiences!

You won't believe it, Antonina, well, no one! Well none of them! I'll tell you about it quietly, since we're alone and no one hears us now, but I'll tell you in confidence, and this is not for wide propaganda, you understand, right? Here, for example, Beria. Lavrenty Pavlovich did not believe me at all! And then he said: "Get out of my office without a pass! Then I will believe that you are not spying!" And I went out. No, I will not say that it was easy to leave this house. A small two-story house, corner. There, as far as I was able to understand, Lavrenty Pavlovich lives and sometimes even works. Vspolny lane, if I'm not mistaken. The first floor is more like a basement. A corner house, rather old, you know. The office is on the second floor. And at every bend in the corridor

fast. Military security. It is impossible to bypass it. But I just imagined that it was not me walking, but Lavrenty Pavlovich walking. And what do you think? An officer sits at the end of the corridor. Sees me, jumps up, stretches out, salutes. And so your Wolf Messing passed several posts! On the street I caught my breath, crossed to the other side of the alley, I see in the window ... imagine, Tonya, a completely dumbfounded and frightened face. Just pressed against the glass. And the pince-nez slipped to one side... I waved to him, and his pince-nez fell off his nose! Or here is

Abakumov - he was recently arrested, in my opinion, no? Such a big and respectable man, and the uniform suited him very well. I think he is very stern and distrustful. And do you know what test he gave me? You will go to the bank, he told me, and without any documents you will receive one hundred thousand rubles at the cash desk. And bring them to me. Here, in my office. How do you like this? Well, what was left for me to do, I left the MGB building, crossed the street - there is just a savings bank - and received these unfortunate hundred thousand. By tram ticket. I gave it to the cashier, such, you know, a frail elderly man with a fluffy and rather gray mustache, such a thin, tired face, and told him that this was my passbook. And that I'm withdrawing a hundred thousand rubles. Exactly one hundred thousand, no more and no less. I put bundles of banknotes in a small suitcase, crossed the street again and brought it to Abakumov. And you know, I think he took the money for himself. But he believed me and let me go. And when I went outside again, an ambulance was standing near the savings bank. That cashier, when he saw that he had released such an amount on a tram ticket, and besides, it was also validated, in my opinion, he died. From a broken heart.

It's very disappointing, yes ... "Of course, everything here is also not true, even if we accept that Messing received money not in the office of the State Bank, where the money was given to representatives of organizations, but in an ordinary savings bank. In savings banks, if we are talking about such a large amount, the money is ordered in advance by order of the client and is issued only the next day or even later. The client, having given the order, would have to leave the premises of the savings bank and come at the appointed time. Thus, Messing would

people who would sign his order for the required amount of money (obviously, this was supposed to be done by the head of the savings bank).

Messing in the novel convinces Antonina: "No, Tonya, of course, I didn't kill him, but Abakumov killed him. But Abakumov was not interested in me, you are right, he was most worried about money. But Lavrenty Pavlovich was even very interested in my modest person! Especially during the war and immediately after. He didn't need money at all. You know, he is a very smart person and came up with the most interesting things. Mostly in counterintelligence operations. Yes, I must admit, I helped him a little a couple of times, maybe a little more than a couple of times, but who counts? And then Joseph Vissarionovich himself congratulated me on the end of the war. It was exactly May 9th! Government telegram! And as for that cashier - Tonya, it would not have occurred to me to take money, why, I'm an honest man! And I have enough money. I make money with concerts. Bandstand. And I see that it's late now and everyone has already gone home for dinner, and I came to you and that's why you are late at work and also want to have dinner, like all your friends. And I don't have a hundred thousand, I gave them to Abakumov, but there is quite enough money to invite you to a restaurant for dinner. How do you consider my proposal? Thank God, the real, and not the novel Messing, did not kill anyone in his

life, although stories about him more than once talk about the involuntary murder of people subjected to hypnosis. But he apparently did not master the art of hypnosis at all. And, of course, he did not write anything about such involuntary killings in his memoirs. Even if such murders really took place, he still would never write about it, so as not to destroy his ideal image and scare off potential viewers. There is a legend that Messing predicted the exact time of the start of the Great Patriotic War. His ardent admirer Tatyana Lungina recalled her meeting with Messing

shortly before the start of this war, at which, as she believed, he predicted its imminent start: "This rather remarkable man hypnotically drew attention to himself. He was in an expensive gray suit, a sea-green shirt, large horn-rimmed glasses. Shaggy, like a gutted head of cabbage, head. The nose, which seemed to him "out of measure" - too wide. Due to slightly bent at the waist

torso disheveled, this head leaned forward with a "screen" of a large square forehead. His hands dangled loosely to his hips, and his fists, as if in a nervous tick, now clenched, then unclenched. He was middle-aged, not very tall, thin. He walked slowly, looking back every minute, lifting his legs off the floor with an effort. It seemed that he was looking for someone, but he moved invariably towards my chair. He stopped, noticed me and, without looking back, headed towards me.

He came up to me, and I saw his eyes: piercing, ironic, with demonic sparks and a little tired. The man, smiling softly, said: - And shein meidele ...

(Beautiful girl). I was embarrassed by the praise. And he asked in bad Russian what my name was. I replied that my real name was Tauba (which means "dove"), but usually they call me Tanya. - Taibole..? he asked.

— Dove..? Are you waiting for someone? Why are you sitting here? Half-closing his eyes and

lowering his head even lower, he listened to my answer ... The lower lip of his half-open mouth trembled nervously, his eyebrows moved to the bridge of his nose, and in his eyes there was anguish that gnawed at his heart

- No! he said loudly, almost shouted. - No! None of this will happen! - What will not happen? I asked the stranger fearfully. - Nothing: no film, no trip, NOTHING! .. And for a long time! He uttered his short tirade in the tone of a prophet - suggesting to me mystical fear of its categoricalness.

So, apparently, the sorcerers and magicians predicted troubles for people ... Without adding anything else, he went to the elevator with the same slow heavy gait, and I remained, dumbfounded by his unexpected appearance, and by the same instant disappearance, frightened by this apocalyptic "NOTHING GO!".

This phrase, unless, of course, Lungina invented it, she interprets as a prediction of the imminent start of the war. However, upon closer examination, many events can be summed up under it - both war, and prison, and a serious illness. In a word, an experienced clairvoyant should be able to predict briefly and vaguely - just as Napoleon once instructed the lawyers who wrote the constitution of his empire: "Write short and vaguely."

But the portrait of Messing, judging by the surviving photographs, Lungina remembered and drew in her memoirs quite accurately. The great telepath did not at all look like a handsome heartthrob. If he attracted the attention of the public, including women, it was not by beauty, but rather even by ugliness. And yet - a certain old-fashioned appearance, the desire to dress not flashy, but elegantly, in expensive, although not the most fashionable suits. Dressed in the latest fashion, Messing would certainly look wild, and Wolf Grigoryevich undoubtedly had a taste, both artistic and in relation to clothes, purely everyday.

Chapter Six What is hypnosis?

Among the enthusiastic epithets that Messing was endowed with by rumor - a telepath, a clairvoyant, a sorcerer - the word "hypnotist" is also found. To many, it seems especially attractive; after all, if telepathy presupposes, so to speak, a passive influence on people, then hypnosis is an active influence. According to popular belief, it can be used to completely subjugate a person, turning him into a passive instrument of his will. In addition, one can become a telepath only with innate abilities, and mastery of hypnosis is the result of certain techniques. Today, special services, politicians, criminal circles and even PR people are trying to use such methods for their own purposes, imposing all kinds of goods and services on the population. Especially popular these days is Neuro Linguistic Programming (NLP), which is not hypnosis in the literal sense, but uses completely hypnotic methods to influence people. All this further increases the interest in hypnosis, and at the same time in the personality of Wolf Messing, who is considered by many to be an outstanding hypnotist. At the same time, Messing himself never called himself that. In the Soviet Union, he could

not perform hypnosis sessions, as they were prohibited. In addition, psychological experiments with mind reading looked much more effective on stage than ordinary hypnosis. We have no data that Messing ever performed hypnosis sessions in Poland. In the only known interview of Messing to a Polish newspaper in the 1930s, he spoke quite a lot about hypnosis, but neither he nor the interviewer call him a hypnotist. On the contrary, Messing is called a "famous telepath". Although in the same interview, Messing claims that he performed with a demonstration of catalepsy, and this is one of the varieties of self-hypnosis. In his memoirs, Messing talks a lot about hypnosis. He points out, in particular, that sometimes hypnotists turn into real charlatans. As

such, for example, Messing considered spiritualists and many other clairvoyants who hypnotized

the public, and then convinced them that they were really talking to the souls of the dead.

What does modern science say about hypnosis?

Scientific literature on this topic has existed since the 18th century. She almost unobstructed and growing exponentially.

In Greek, the word "hypnosis" means "sleep". This phenomenon is understood as a temporary state of consciousness in which it focuses on the object of suggestion. The state of hypnosis is the result of either a special influence on the part of the hypnotist, or purposeful self-hypnosis. Hypnosis is also understood as methods of purposeful verbal-sound influence on the human psyche through the consciousness inhibited in a certain way, leading to the unconscious execution of various commands and reactions. At the same time, the person is immersed in a hypnotic pseudo-sleep.

Hypnosis is both sleep and suggestion. For the onset of such a dream, it is necessary that the person relax and fall asleep, voluntarily obeying the verbal commands of the hypnotist. Hypnosis is the ability to inspire your thoughts to others and subordinate them to your will.

Until now, there is no consensus among scientists whether everyone can master the art of hypnosis with a certain training, or in order to become a hypnotist, one must have special hypnotic abilities. Most researchers tend to the latter point of view. The physiological explanation for the phenomenon of hypnosis is as

follows. In the state of wakefulness, the process of excitation predominates in the cerebral cortex, in the state of sleep, the process of inhibition, and hypnosis is the focus of excitation in the inhibited cortex. The entire cortex is asleep, but the commands of the hypnotist enter the brain through this focus. The sleeping brain is not able to critically comprehend them, and therefore the hypnotized performs these commands, immediately forgetting about it. The theory is convenient enough to explain, but it faces a number of limitations. Firstly, according to Pavlov, hypnosis is always a dream. Consequently, in order to bring a person into a hypnotic state (inhibition of the cerebral cortex with a focus of excitation in it) and begin to control him, he must first be put to sleep. Secondly,

not every person falls asleep under the influence of verbal exhortations and passes of a hypnotist. Therefore, concepts such as "hypnotizability" (a person's ability to fall into a hypnotic sleep) and "suggestibility" (a person's ability to uncritically follow the orders of a hypnotist) are used.

The brain of a sleeping person perceives only the verbal orders of the hypnotist and unquestioningly carries them out. A person cannot think critically in this state, since the consciousness of the sleeping person is inhibited and largely disabled.

The concept of hypnosis entered science after the experiments of the Austrian psychologist Franz Anton Mesmer (1734–1815). He was fond of mysticism and treated his patients with magnets. He once discovered that patients were cured of hysteria without even touching the magnets. Then Mesmer put forward the hypothesis of "animal magnetism", which originates on other planets. Charging this magnetism from the planets and radiating it to other people, a person influences the course of physiological processes and changes in behavior. Subsequently, this hypothesis turned out to be erroneous - the healing of neurotic patients did not occur due to the mythical "animal magnetism", but due to their faith in the power of the doctor, who hypnotizes with the help of smooth and slow passes.

Mesmer undoubtedly possessed the gift of suggestion. He argued that animal magnetism "should be transmitted primarily through feeling. Only feeling allows you to comprehend this theory. So, for example, a patient who is accustomed to the influence that I have on him is able to understand me better than anyone else. At the same time, Mesmer avoided any emotional relationship with patients and tried not to talk to them, only observing their body movements. But all the same, a psychological connection inevitably arose between him and the patient. Since the time of Mesmer, hypnosis has been used primarily for the treatment of neurotic patients.

The first actually scientific attempts at hypnosis date back to the 40s of the 19th century. They were conducted by the English surgeon James Brad. He believed that hypnosis is the same human sleep, only artificially induced, so he first called it "artificial sleep." He later coined the now widely known term hypnosis.

A person in a hypnotic dream is indifferent to most external stimuli. In this he is like an ordinary sleeper. But the hypnotized remains separate waking areas of the brain, through which he maintains a close verbal connection with the hypnotist. At the same time, even in a state of hypnosis, he is not able to commit an act that contradicts his moral convictions. Each word acts as an unquestioning command and is taken for granted without confirmation. In particular, a hypnotized person can sing, even if they have never sung before. Trusting the hypnotist, he opens his eyes (without leaving the hypnotic sleep), takes a stranger for his brother (father, son, wife, daughter, old friend, etc.). The hypnotist also causes imaginary illnesses in the hypnotized person, which are called psychogenic. Related to this is the use

of hypnosis as an important therapeutic tool. Thus, a hypnotist can cause paralysis of the legs, the only reason for which is that a persistent focus of inhibition has formed in the patient's brain, which has turned off the nerve cells that control the movement of the legs. Possessing such power of suggestion, the hypnotist can treat with a simple word a variety of diseases, but only those that are of neurotic origin and are closely related to the disorder

of the nervous system. After all, the very same paralysis of the legs can be caused by the fact that in the patient's brain, and without any participation of the hypnotist, a persistent focus of inhibition has arisen, which turned off the nerve cells responsible for the movement of the lower extremities. Such paralysis can only be truly cured by hypnotic suggestion.

Many similar cases are given in the book of the famous Soviet and Russian psychotherapist Vladimir Evgenievich Rozhnov "Hypnosis and Miraculous Healings". Here, a well-known doctor talks about a case from his practice. For example, a woman stopped walking after a nervous shock. In the course of therapeutic hypnosis, in a deep hypnotic sleep, it was suggested to her: "You have recovered. You can and will walk. You are confident. You are healthy". Already after the fourth session, the patient, waking up, stood up on her own and left the office without outside help. Of course, only those people can be treated with hypnosis who

amenable to hypnotic suggestion. However, only such people usually suffer from neuroses.

Messing also healed patients with the help of suggestion. This was recalled by people who knew Volf Grigorievich well. He managed to cure either paralytics or people suffering from frequent headaches or other pains. However, it is not known for sure whether he used hypnosis or other methods of suggestion. There are three

degrees of depth of hypnotic sleep: drowsiness, hypotaxia (submission) and somnambulism (sleepwalking). In hypotaxia, the hypnotized person is unable to make voluntary movements. In this state, for example, he can be given an unusual posture, which he will never be able to take in his usual state. For example, lift his leg and put it behind his head. In this position, he can remain for many hours until the hypnotist gives the command to change position. In the normal state, such miracles of acrobatics are beyond the power of an ordinary person. But with the third stage of hypnosis, the deepest, a somnambulist can be inspired by a variety of hallucinatory images, including visual, auditory and olfactory ones.

By order of the hypnotist, the somnambulist can walk around the room with open eyes, perform various tasks. He is able to transform into other people, not to feel pain. By some estimates, this degree of hypnosis is achievable in only a quarter of people. Hypnologists say that with deep hypnosis, a person can remember what, it would seem, has been forgotten forever. Thus, the German doctor Levenfeld observed how an elderly woman in a state of deep hypnosis easily danced ballroom dances, which she was fond of in her youth and had not tried to dance for two decades. After waking up, she refused to believe that she was easily doing all the long-forgotten steps and felt like a young, full of strength girl. In a state of deep hypnosis, a person can be convinced that he is

not a thirty-year-old adult man, but only a small five-year-old boy, or that he is not a man at all, but a woman.

Hypnosis is widely used for medical purposes. With the help of hypnosis, various kinds of neuroses are treated, as well as overweight and

obesity, stuttering, depression, fears, lack of appetite, mood swings, feelings of loneliness, panic and anxiety, alcohol and nicotine addiction, as well as addiction to TV or the Internet and gambling - that is, almost all diseases or conditions that are caused by changes in the human psyche. Hypnosis can also be used for pain relief during operations. In April 2008, a 61-year-old British hypnotist, Alex Lenkey, underwent a unique surgical operation on his right hand without anesthesia. He anesthetized himself. During the operation, which lasted 83 minutes, the hypnotist, in his own words, was perfectly aware of what was happening, but did not experience any discomfort at all. Meanwhile, the operation, carried out in the city of Worthing in the south of England, was rather complicated and without anesthesia should have caused acute pain: Lenkey was removed one of the bones from the base of the thumb of his right hand and worked on the joints in order to reduce the effects of arthritis. Orthopedic surgeon David Hlewelyn-Clark said he easily agreed to self-anesthetize a patient who has officially been practicing hypnosis

since the age of sixteen. And Lenkey himself said that the operation "was incredibly successful." "It took me from 30 seconds to a minute to put myself into a state of hypnosis - and from that moment I felt very deeply relaxed," said the hypnotist. "I understood what was happening around: people were talking, and at some point they began to use a chisel and a hammer and a surgical saw, but I didn't feel pain." During the operation, the medical staff had anesthetics on hand in case something went wrong. But they didn't have to be used.

So-called Ericksonian hypnosis is distinguished from classical hypnosis - by the name of the American doctor Milton Erickson, who put a person into a trance (and this, unlike classical hypnosis, can be done with almost anyone). In a state of trance, a person shifts the focus of attention "inside himself", concentrates on his inner experiences and temporarily ceases to perceive the surrounding reality. At this moment, the patient's breathing is slowed down, the body is relaxed and the personality is most